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Vol. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1873.

No. 1.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
54 North Sixth Street.

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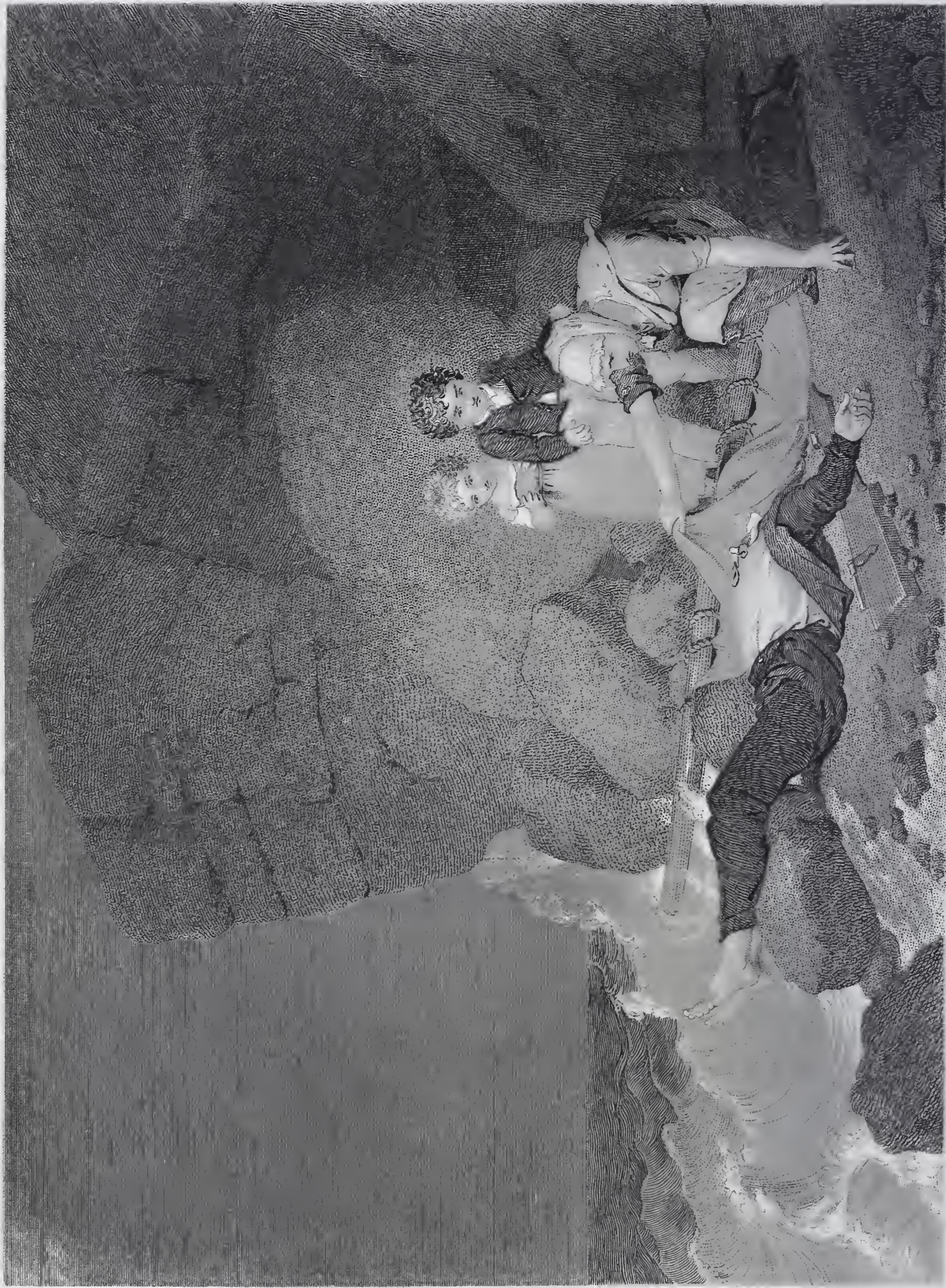
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IS IT FATHER?

THE
GUARDIAN:

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

VOL. XXIV. 1873.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.
1873.

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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV. JANUARY, 1873.

No. 1.

IS IT FATHER?

BY THE EDITOR.

(*See the Frontispiece.*)

“Ye gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,
O, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.”

“Is it father?” Who is father? Where has he been? Is this he? Most likely a brave tar, or sailor. Possibly he went out last night in his fishing scallop. A storm arose. All night long it has lashed the sea, and piled up its roaring, foaming waves. At home sat the wife and children in sleepless suspense. Thinking of father in the storm, perhaps praying for him, anxiously longing for the dawn of day. Surely he and his boat will be swallowed up by the raging sea. Oh, that he had not gone out last night!

Perhaps he is a sailor, just returning from a long voyage. They know that his ship is due; that it approaches the shore in this terrible storm; that it is in danger of being dashed on the rocks.

“Have you a family and home anywhere?” I once asked a storm-worn tar on mid-ocean. “Yes, sir, both,” was his laconic reply. I had watched him climbing up the rigging in a storm, singing his sailor songs, and seen him munching his frugal meals. Seen him, too, at the end of the long saloon, listening with uncovered head, to the word of life, which I tried to proclaim.

“Would you not rather be at home than on sea?” I asked.

“Much rather.”

“Why then not stay there?”

“On every voyage I resolve that it shall be my last. That thereafter I will stay at home, with my family. A few weeks at home make me home-sick for the sea. The sea is my home, not

the land. I shall be very glad to meet my wife and little ones again. Only, I cannot stay on land."

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep;
Like an eagle caged, I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore;
Oh give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar."

Perhaps this father is just returning from a long voyage. His ship is wrecked, in sight of home. The night is cold and dark. The sailor wraps a piece of sail around him, seizes a broken mast on which he hopes to gain the shore. At early dawn the anxious mother and her two children hasten along the wave-beaten coast. Perhaps they can catch a glimpse of the coming ship, or hear some news about it. In the gray dawn of morning they cautiously pick their way along the shore, beneath high over-hanging rocks. At a distance they see an object lying. It looks like a bale of goods, wrapped in coarse sail-cloth. With fearful tread they approach it. They discover the limbs of a person, partly uncovered. Quickly the sorrow-stricken wife tries to uncover the body. The few moments of uncovering seem to be long years, or it is the spell of painful suspense, when the hearts of mother and children ask: "Is it father?" The wild waves washed him ashore, folded in a sail, for his winding sheet. And now there is sorrow in the seaman's home. Alas! for this poor mother and her fatherless children.

Thus many of earth's voyagers sail heedlessly over the ocean of life. The memories of a Christian home, and unimproved early training, haunt them like a pleasant dream. Often they are almost a Christian; but never quite. Fruitful in good resolutions, but barren in good works and a saving faith. All the while coasting along the shores of Christ's Kingdom, but never landing on it. Always putting off the one thing needful, till "the next year." At length the soul is wrecked, in sight of the land of the blest. The means of grace and unimproved mercies of God, like the sail of the seaman, in the end become a savor of death unto death, a winding sheet to the wrecked spirit! wrecked on the ocean of a worldly, impenitent life; wrecked within sight of the harbor and home of the spirit, but never reaching it.

"The race of life becomes a hopeless flight,
To those who walk in darkness on the sea;
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
But there are wanderers o'er eternity,
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be."

THE FORESTER AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

A Christmas Story for Children, by Christoph von Schmid. Translated from the German, by Lewis Henry Steiner.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HAPPENED STILL FURTHER WITH THE FORESTER.

UNDER such sorrowful circumstances holy Christmas Eve arrived. It became dark much earlier than usual, for the whole sky was covered with darkness. The storm raged through the old oaks and the swaying trees of the forest. It snowed and rained very heavily, and the water roared as it rushed down the spout from the roof like a torrent playing over the rocks. "Oh heavenly Father," said the old forester's wife, after they had been gazing out of the window for a long time, "they have not yet come. If they stay away this holy Christmas Eve, some misfortune must have befallen them. I feel unusually anxious. The storm is so terrible, that one would not drive a dog out into it from his door,—and the road is wretched. Oh, if they were only here, let everything go as it may!"

She opened the window again, looked out and said: "God be praised, they are here!" All hastened to meet them at the door, and all shouted: "How did you get along in the city?" "I hope all will be for the best!" replied the forester. "You must have been very uneasy on our account, for we were absent a long time. But I was taken sick on the road and could not go any further; and then when I was better, the streams and brooks had been so swelled by the incessant rains, that we were delayed some days. But, God be praised, here we are again!" He entered the house, put on dry clothes and seated himself by the warm stove in his arm-chair. His wife brought out a flask of wine and two glasses, and lighted a lamp. "Refresh yourselves a little," she said, giving them the wine. "Each of you need it. Supper will soon be ready." "Very good!" said the forester, looking around, "it is very pleasant to be home again with one's family, where he can see nothing but pleasant happy faces!"

The young forester, in the meantime, said confidentially to his wife: "Oh, the news is not good; we shall probably have to seek

employment." This frightened her and she told it secretly to the others. The old forester saw how the countenances were growing darker, and testifying to their anxiety and fear. "Christian has already let it out," he said; "well, nothing must be concealed. You shall hear all, but you must not be so sad. A Redeemer was born this very eve; in the sight of this great joy, we must forget our little earthly sorrows; at any rate, we must not take them too much to heart."

"When we reached the city late in the evening," he added, "I went immediately to old Forest-counsellor Miller. He is a very upright man; and formerly was my Head-forester and has always been my friend. The other Counsellors, who were acquainted with me, were all dead or retired from office. Although at his age he has partially withdrawn from business, still he can give me good advice. Thus I reasoned to myself. The honest man received me indeed with great affection. I told him my situation. He said: 'In the Head-forester you have a very bitter enemy, who has powerful friends here. He wishes to give your place to a young man who was his servant, and he has been continually sending in reports prejudicial to yourself and your son. I fear very much lest he may succeed and deprive the good Christian of his father's office.' 'Oh!' I said, 'that cannot be!' 'It is my intention to see the Prince himself.' 'Do it,' said the Counsellor. 'I will go with you. But you are here now at a most unsuitable time. The Prince has a great deal of business. You can hardly gain admittance. You must also go to the Head Forest-master, and the Forest-counsellors. But I fear that you will accomplish nothing. Herr von Schilf has perfectly blinded every one.' I found that the Counsellor was perfectly right. I made many a painful visit. The Head Forest-master received me very coolly and dismissed me very unceremoniously. The other Counsellors treated me no better. I saw nothing but dark faces and was obliged to listen to many hard speeches. I was not admitted to the Prince, the Head Forest-master had just been with him. The Head-forester had vilely abused me and Christian. I cannot tell you all in detail; it has relation to business which you do not understand. All that we can hope for is an investigation, but we must fear lest it be placed in hands, from which we have but little to expect. But this conversation is making us too sad, and all persons throughout Christendom should be happy this evening. This is indeed holy Christmas Eve; let us think of the birth of our Redeemer. That will lighten our sorrowful minds."

He directed his eyes to the painting of Jesus that Anthony had sent him. It hung on the place formerly occupied by the mirror, and was covered with fine white gauze to protect it from injury.

The little grand-children, Francis and Clara, had been for some weeks looking forward with great joy to the celebration of holy Christmas Eve. They sprang up and quickly wiped the tears from their happy faces. "Grandmother," said Francis, "take the gauze away from the picture and light the candles, as you did last year, so we can see it plain." "And you Grandfather," said Clara, "take your harp, let us sing our little Christmas hymn that mother has taught us."

"Very well," said the forester, "we will sing a Christmas hymn. But stay, tell me first, whether anything special has occurred during my absence?" "Nothing," said the wife, "only, alas! a letter, that came from the Head-forester's office after your departure. What can it mean?" She gave him the sealed letter. He opened it—turned pale—and said with eyes turned heavenward: "Now, Lord, Thy will be done!" All frightened looked anxiously at him. "What is it then?" asked the grandmother. "We must leave this house," he said, "yes, we shall be soon ejected. The Head-forester, in this letter, orders that the Forester's house be vacated and cleared at furthest by Christmas Eve, so that the new forester may take possession on Christmas day. He threatens, if his orders are not obeyed, to have us removed by the officers of the law. I am surprised that they are not already here; we are not certain that we may not be ejected any moment."

"Oh heavenly Father!" cried the young wife, "now in this fearful, stormy night! Only listen, how the storm rages without! How it rains! Where shall we find protection against storm and rain?" She sank down upon a stool and embraced her two children. "Oh good Lord!" she sighed, "have mercy upon these innocent children!" The young forester with folded hands stood speechless before her and gazed at her and the children with eyes full of tears.

"Oh heavenly Father!" said the old wife, sobbing and wringing her hands, "to be driven with children and grand-children out of the house in which I was born, in which my father and grandfather lived—oh! it is terrible. Gracious Lord! let me die in the house in which I was born!"

Catharine wept in silence, and Louisa stood trembling and shaking as a lamb about to be slaughtered. But the old forester, with his venerable face, high bald forehead and gray side locks, looked for a long while upwards in silence, and then said calmly and composedly: "Yes, my dearest children, the thing has been pushed so far that we must leave this house. I know no person, who would be able to take us all into his house. We shall certainly now be separated from one another. True, I had entertained the hope, that I might enjoy a peaceful old age in your midst—that

you would all stand around my death-bed in this house just as you are now standing around me. God has ordained otherwise—let us submit to His holy will.”

Looking then at his grand-children, he said further : “ Our hearts are stirred up when we think of these weeping children. God has still a loving Father’s heart for us. If He sends us such grievous suffering, He has the wisest designs in the same. He will convert this grief also to our benefit. When the worst is reached, then it must get better. The old people were in the habit of saying from well-trying experience : ‘ Where need is greatest, there God is nearest.’ We have spent many a Christmas Eve joyously in this room, let us accept also a sorrowful one willingly from God’s hands.”

“ You are right, dearest husband ! ” said the wife, “ let us leave all to God and take courage even in our great grief. Oh, I have often thought how it must have been with Mary, when she was not only compelled to lodge in the stable, but even to leave her place of shelter soon afterwards in the dark night, just as we shall do, and to go with her divine Child into another land. No matter how great her faith, her trust, I still think that tears must have come into her eyes, if not for herself at least for her child. I know what a mother’s heart is ! Her sufferings were certainly calculated to break her heart. But every person in a certain way must have such an experience. God leaves none of His children untried. That old story is somehow repeated in us. The same being, who sent friends to comfort and angels to guide Mary in the wretched stable and upon her sorrowful flight, will not leave us without consolation. At the proper time He will send us help.”

Suddenly some one was heard knocking at the front door. “ There they come,” said the old forester, “ and we shall be driven out of the house.” The son arose, glanced at his gun and said : “ They shall not attempt to drive my aged parents, my dear wife, my children and my sisters out of the house. The first one who lays his hand upon them shall ——.”

“ Oh no, no, my son,” said the old father, “ Do not speak such terrible words as you have at your tongue’s end. No resistance ; no illegal violence ! God is over us and them. He alone is our protection and refuge. If our entreaties and requests are of no avail with these persons who come to eject us, let us go willingly forth from the house and take refuge, until the night is past, in the forest cave, where we have always found protection during stormy weather while hunting.” “ Oh,” he said, rising from his arm-chair, “ I would that each one of you could say with a much-trying old saint :

'I've cast all care from off me,
And every burden laid
Upon my God and Saviour,
And so I'm not afraid;
Though earth and heaven should fail me,
I know He loves me still,
And if my God is faithful
How *can* I fear aught ill?' '*

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

MEANWHILE the knocking continued, becoming louder and louder. "Go, Christian," said the old forester, "and open the door." Christian went. In a few moments there entered a handsome stranger of elegant bearing, whom they did not recognize; he wore a dark green cloak and a fur cap. "This is the new forester!" each one said with an anxious heart. The stranger took off his cap, stood for a few moments silent, and said: "Does no one know me any more?" "Oh, joy," said Louisa, "it is Anthony." "Anthony?" exclaimed Catharine, "is it possible?" "What are you talking about?" said the old mother; "this gentleman is much larger and stouter than Anthony?" "Indeed it is Anthony!" said Christian. "How did you get here, my dear Brother? I thought you were several hundred miles away from here at Rome?" The old father rubbed his eyes as though he did not trust them, walked slowly at first and then rushed with outstretched arms towards Anthony, embraced him, but was unable to say more than, "Oh my son Anthony!" They embraced each other warmly. Anthony then greeted his foster-mother, Christian, Catharine and Louisa, all filled with the most heartfelt joy at the reunion. He greeted also the young forester's wife and her children—whom he now saw for the first time—with the greatest joy and affection. All were as much rejoiced now as they had been troubled a few moments before. The unexpected joy had dispelled all their sorrow, just as the rising sun disperses the shades of night.

The old mother now began: "Oh Anthony, you find us in a very sad situation. You saw us in tears when you entered the room. Let us tell you our sorrow." "I know all," replied Anthony; "but be perfectly quiet, my dearest parents. Your affairs are

* These lines have been translated by the same hand, to whom the translator is indebted for the Christmas hymn.

in the best possible condition. I have just come from the Prince. He sends you his most friendly greetings, my dearest Father."

"Me?" cried the old Father. "How do you come from the Prince? I cannot understand that. Verily, I fear, lest this is only a pleasant dream."

"No," said Anthony, "by no means a dream but sober truth. Sit down again in your arm-chair, dearest father, and you, dearest mother, take your place here and let me tell you all in detail." He threw off his cloak and brought a pair of chairs. The happy foster-parents placed him between them. The rest stood around and, full of astonishment and expectation, looked on. Anthony began:

"Our present gracious Lord, as you know, spent some time, when hereditary Prince, in Italy. The paintings of the younger artists were then all collected in an exhibition. This he visited, and was very much pleased with one among the numerous paintings. They told him that it had been painted by Anthony Kromer, a young artist from his principality. The Prince had me brought to him, praised me very much and was uncommonly gracious. He inquired what I asked for the painting, and paid me at once, with princely generosity, what I asked. When he wished to see the most celebrated paintings in Rome, I was obliged to accompany him, to sit along with him in his carriage, and even to dine with him, occasionally. There were several old paintings of extraordinary beauty for sale in Rome. The Prince took me with him to examine them. He asked my opinion of the pieces that pleased him and determined to purchase them. The day was appointed for their sale at public auction, but the Prince was not able to wait so long, as he was obliged to return home to assume the responsibilities of his government. He commissioned me to purchase the paintings and to see that they were delivered to him safe and free from injury. He fixed the maximum price that I should give, and furnished me with a large sum of money. This honorable commission I duly appreciated. I was so happy as to secure the paintings for a much less sum of money than he had fixed. As I was ready to return, having seen everything worthy of an artist's notice in Italy, and a ship was about to sail, I set sail with the paintings. I was so fortunate as to arrive with the precious paintings uninjured. Then I hired a special carriage for the transportation of the paintings and accompanied them, in order that they might be under my personal care until we reached the capital. There I hastened to the palace and reported myself. The Prince had just arisen from his dinner and was in his cabinet. I was admitted at once. 'Welcome to Germany!' the Prince said very kindly, 'what good things do you bring me from Italy?' 'The paintings,' I said,

which I had purchased in accordance with your Highness' orders.' 'Very good,' said the Prince, 'but how many of them?' 'All,' I said: 'All,' he cried very much delighted,—'that is perfectly superb.' He ordered the pictures to be immediately unpacked and hung up. I assisted them. All were perfectly uninjured. The Prince was in the best possible humor. He is not only a purchaser, but a connoisseur of pictures. I handed him the receipted bills for the pictures. 'The total amount,' he said, 'is considerably less than I had fixed.' I remarked: 'Your Highness will please direct, where I shall pay over the balance.' 'Oh,' said he kindly, 'say nothing about that. I still owe you my thanks. If you are satisfied with me, I am much more so with you. But you are fatigued from your journey, and still more so from the unpacking. You need rest.' He ordered that rooms should be furnished me in the city.

"As I was sitting in my room in the evening, it suddenly occurred to me, that I should make a call upon Forest-counsellor Mueller. Except the Prince, he was the only person I knew in the city, and I recollected very well how when Head-forester he used to visit you frequently in former days, and manifest, my dearest Father, the warmest friendship for you. He asked me how I happened to be there. I told him: 'You come in good time!' he said, and began immediately to tell me how matters were with you, dearest Father; how much trouble the Head-forester was giving; how only a few days before my arrival, you had left with your business unaccomplished. I wanted to go immediately to see the Prince. 'Not so,' said the Counsellor, 'that will not do. You must ask a special audience in the morning. I will accompany you. The business is in such a condition, that we may secure a favorable hearing.' We were admitted very early the following morning. I began immediately about you, and spoke with much earnestness. I related how I had come to your house, and what you had done for me. I went into details. Occasionally the Counsellor said: 'to business, to business!' The Prince, however, only laughed and said: 'Only leave him talk on. The gratitude of the good son to his foster-parents pleases me. We shall find at last what is the value of all this!' I came now to Herr von Schilf, and described in plain terms, why he was so hostile to you, and that he would have been committed to the House of Correction as a poacher if the late Prince had not been too gracious. 'Not that,' said the Counsellor earnestly to me, 'you forget your proper respect. Princes can scarcely be too gracious. The Head-forester was then a young man, and some honoring should be shown on that account.' 'Go on, only go on!' said the Prince to me. I showed him now the letters, which you, dear Father,

had written to me in Italy. I had hunted them up in my trunk during the night. There was not a single one of them, in which you had not expressed the kindest wishes for the august Hereditary Prince, who was then with me in that country. The Prince not only read the portions that I showed him,' but, after he had very politely asked my permission, the entire letter. 'Well, now,' said he, 'I recollect that you used to speak to me in Italy of this generous man. A man who writes such letters, and brings up so good a son cannot be a bad man.' 'Wherefore,' I said, 'your Highness must punish the Head-forester, and give the son the father's situation.' The Counsellor looked at me earnestly and angrily, and said: 'One should not speak so to the gracious Prince. One should not say to a Prince, 'You must.'"—The Prince, however, said laughing: 'These things cannot be done as quickly as you think, my young man. I must first give a hearing also to the Head-forester.' He beckoned the Counsellor to come to the window, where he spoke to him a little. The Counsellor took a seat at the table and wrote. The Prince, however, said to me: 'Only be content, all will come right.'

"While the Counsellor was writing, he talked with me about paintings. 'My sainted Father,' he said, 'left me quite a handsome collection. I want to know what you will say to them. Moreover they all require to be put in good order. This task I herewith commit to you. Will you undertake it?' 'With great pleasure,' I said, 'after the Christmas Holidays. I saw my respected foster-parents for the first time on Christmas Eve; I must see them again on Christmas Eve, especially since they are now so sad, and I can bring them joyful news.' 'That is not more than right!' said the Prince. 'I will willingly give place to gratitude to your parents!'

"In the mean time the Counsellor had finished his writing and handed the paper to the Prince, who signed it. 'Greet your good foster-father for me,' he said, 'and tell the generous old man, that he may free himself from care.'

"But how freely you spoke to the Prince!' said the Counsellor, as he accompanied me to my room. 'I wanted to check you, but you paid no attention. Well! your love for your foster-parents must excuse it. Even I see, that the straightest road is always the shortest.' I now asked the counsellor what the Prince had said to him, and what he had ordered him to do. 'After entreating him to tell me, he remarked that the Prince had said: 'I was just about committing an act of injustice. There lies a Decree in which another man is named in the place of the old forester. I had, however, some objections to it, and, notwithstanding they urged my signature, it has not been given. I shall now in-

investigate the whole subject much more thoroughly.' The Counsellor had been ordered to write a special order to the Head-forester to this effect: 'His Highness had heard with very great dissatisfaction of the contemptuous manner, in which he treated the worthy Forester Gruenewald: the Head-forester herewith has the most positive orders not to molest the old forester or his son in the slightest manner until further orders.' The Counsellor was ordered to dispatch the document forthwith by a messenger. 'For,' the Prince said, 'I am anxious to bring peace to the honest old man as speedily as possible.' 'The Counsellor also authorized me to present his compliments and to say, that the investigation which the Prince would order must turn out to your advantage, and that your son would secure the situation of forester.'

The old forester frequently wiped his eyes during Anthony's story, as did all the rest. He now arose and embraced Anthony, then removed the gauze from the picture of the birth of Jesus, and, looking thankfully up to heaven, said: "Now let us all unite in the angels' song: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

THAT LINE FENCE.

Old farmer Smith came home in a miff
From his field the other day,
While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life,
At her wheel was spinning away.

And ever anon a gay little song
With the buzz of her wheel kept time;
And his wrathful brow is clearing now,
Under her cheerful rhyme.

"Come, come, little Turk, put away your work,
And listen to what I say;
What can I do, but a quarrel brew
With the man across the way?

"I have built my fence, but he won't commence
To lay a single rail;
His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin—
I am tempted to make a sale!"

"Why, John, dear John, how you do go on!
I'm afraid it will be as they say."

"No, no, little wife, I have heard that strife
In a lawyer's hands don't pay.

“He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,
 I am told that he said he would;
 And you know, long ago, law wronged me so,
 I vowed that I never should.

“So what can I do, that I will not rue
 To the man across the way?”

“If that’s what you want, I can help you haunt
 That man with a spectre gray.

“Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,
 And then you have gained a neighbor;
 It would cost you more to peep in the door
 Of a court, and much more labor.

“Just use your good sense—let’s build him a fence,
 And shame bad act out of the fellow.”

• They built up his part, and sent to his heart
 Love’s dart, where the good thoughts mellow.

That very same night, by the candle light,
 They opened with interest a letter
 Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair
 Said the man was growing better.

THE FEAST OF THE SACRED NIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Bright in the East, lo! the sun of the morning
 Dawns on our darkness and lends us his aid;
 While his pure light the horizon adorning,
 Guides where our infant Redeemer is laid.”

“My landlady has been rushing in, now and then, of late, in the morning in an excited way. ‘Ach Herr Bric—*pardon!* Herr Braez—are you not getting ready for the Weihnachts Fest? You must join in ours. But I know you Americans work too hard for such things.’”

Not *my* landlady said this, but she of Mr. Brace, author of *Home Life in Germany*. By the way, a very readable book, and a true one withal, which can not be said of all books which Americans write about Germany. The kind family with whom he tarried for a season in the fatherland make him a guest at their Weihnachts Fest, which he enjoys with awkward mirth. The German name for Christmas means the sacred or consecrated night. For with them the festive day begins the evening before, which they call *Der Glückliche Abend*—the happy evening.

These sacred nights in the German land are a feasting of Christmas festivities, found in no other part of the Christian world. And especially in America; as this German mother says, many people are too busy for such things. For days before, cakes, candies, toys, books and all manner of useful and ornamental presents, pleasant to the palate, mind and heart are procured in a half-stealthy way. Branches of the fir tree grow upon an evergreen Christmas tree in the largest room in the house. Every branch of it is bending under the weight of its pleasing Christmas crop. Toys, in the shape of a stable, a manger, a star, a cross, or some other Christian symbol give a religious meaning to the tree. Here and there a cheerful wax light glimmers through the fresh evergreen leaves. All the holy little hopes of the past year are borne as the ripe fruit on this tree. And such jubilant, pious joy as gladdens the hearts of these German children is worth a voyage across the ocean to behold. Here and there a billet is tied to a toy, in which the Christ Child addresses a word of cheer or warning to the children by name. One has a hasty temper, another is slow in learning the school lessons, another is disobedient to the parents; one forgets to work, the other to pray. Each one gets a suitable little letter, hung on the tree. Some of these enclose pious counsel in the shell of a humorous German proverb, or a verse of witty poetry. Each one hits the nail on the head. One after another is taken down and read, to the merriment of all, and to the instruction and improvement of their owners. Towards the close of this mirthful fruit-gathering from off the Christmas tree, the mother or daughter takes a seat at the piano, and the whole family join her in one of the glorious old Christmas songs. And as the little ones are put to bed, they fold their hands and pray to "the Babe Divine."

"Christ-Kindchen komm,
Mach mich fromm
Dass ich zu dir in den Himmel komm."

Which means: "Come, dear Christ Child, make me good, that I in heaven with Thee may dwell." And even after their eyes have been closed in sleep, their hearts still bound in dreamy delights over their dear Saviour, who became a child to make little children happy.

To the poor, no less than to the rich, the day is precious. To the poor more than to the rich, for our Saviour belonged to their class. Their Christmas carols gush from hearts no less thankful than those of greater fortune and higher rank. Their music sounds no less sweetly, although their toil-worn fingers could not play the piano even if they had one. With their scanty earnings they can buy no costly Christmas presents. In the village forest they can

gather the needed pine branches wherewith to make the tree. Such gifts as they can buy they have thereon, and with their happy children, their cup of joy is filled to the brim. It is the central social festival of the German nation, and is interwoven with its home religion. It cheers the wintry hearth, and fills the hearts of childhood with happy and holy memories. As Scott has it for the old Caledonians, so is it still in Teutonic homes.

“ ’Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man’s heart through half the year.”

I hail it as one of the encouraging signs of the times, that the Christmas tree, with its blessed social and religious fruits, is increasingly planted and cultivated in the homes of America. The silly old cry about “ Christmas Superstitions ” is waxing weaker. Many, even, who have not derived their birth from German loins, have learned to relish its Christian faith. Many pastors of this class now regularly hold religious services on Christmas, and have beautiful Christmas trees in their Sunday-schools, to give pleasure to the children.

A good dinner belongs to the proper observance of Christmas, provided the getting and enjoying of it will not interfere with the religious services of the day. In the Scriptures the meal is made an important element indeed, a medium of social intercourse. Whenever the heart of a man, be he patriarch, prince or peasant, goes out in kindly feelings towards a friend or stranger, he must needs kill a calf or a kid. And often by thus oiling and gratifying the outward man, are dislikes removed, old sores healed, and hearts of former foes, like kindred drops, are blended into one.

In the Old Testament the meal is a centre of social intercourse, a former of holy alliances. Even angels do not disdain to use them to accomplish their celestial missions. Abraham’s meal at Mamre, Joseph with his brethren and Esther in her palace, will bless the world to the end of time. How many of the divine addresses of Christ were delivered in connection with a meal—sometimes over tables His wonder-working hand had spread. From Cana to Bethany, and at many intervening places, on the grassy hill-side of Galilee and in the house of Martha and Mary, His thoughts and life divine were shed on others around tables where good cheer abounded. The meal of which all other meals are but dim figures, the Evening Meal or Holy Supper, was instituted in connection with the eating of the Paschal Supper, on the sad night before His crucifixion. What Words of Life were spoken at that farewell feast !

After this He appears to His disciples at a morning meal, on the shore of the Galilean Sea. Then again, for the last time on earth, at a noon-day meal. In view of all this, how beautiful and expressive the table prayer, which every German mother teaches her children :

“Komm Herr Jesu, sei unser Gast,
Segne was du bereitet hast.”

Come, Lord Jesus, be Thou our Guest,
And bless what Thou prepared hast.

Allow the blood-thirsty Bedouin to share his crust of bread with you in his tent, and none will dare to harm you. That little act makes him your friend, and gives you a sacred claim to the shelter of his tent and the protection of his arms and valor.

St. Anthony used to feel ashamed because he had to eat, saying that it was a habit unworthy of an immortal being. And some less given to fasting than he, have been of his way of thinking. The voracious appetite of the gourmand is certainly unworthy of an immortal mind. Such an one “lives to eat,” for the enjoyment it gives him. The wise man “eats that he may live,” to get the necessary nourishment. He obeys the will of the Giver of all Good. When I eat a meal in a house, I ever after feel in a different relation to it from what I felt before. Christian grace gently wipes “the sweat” off the brow, in which the fallen children of Adam, by reason of the curse of sin, were to have eaten their bread.

The heroes and gods of ancient history and fable, uttered many of their wisest sayings around their festive boards. All these were dark foreshadowings, dim and distant prophecies of the holy Eucharist—the blessed meal. In ancient and modern times, “the feast of reason and the flow of soul” took place around the festive board of the learned and religious—of scholars and saints. There the stiff scholastic shackles were thrown aside, and great souls touched and grew stronger by contact. As the outward man was frugally regaled, mind met mind through the flash of the eye and the beaming face. The heart was aglow with kindly feeling, and pearls of wisdom dropped from lips eloquently as the dew-drops, glistening in the early sun-light, drop from the branches shaken by the pure breath of morning. Unbending in familiar fellowship they here uttered their sprightly sayings. Minds cast in a sharper mould, as Ben Jonson’s, would strike other minds, as the steel the flint, and bring out kindling sparks of thought—as one expresses it, in words that breathe and thoughts that burn. Meeker wits, like Addison and Goldsmith, rarely gave or caught fire across the table. Kant, “the Aristotle of Germany,” was so accustomed to having some friends with him at dinner, that in the absence of guests one day, he sent his servant into the street to pick up the first person he could find and bring him in as a guest.

The Chinese have a proverb, that a single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' study in books. We get a better insight of Luther's character from his "Table Talk" than from any or all his published works. There is much meaning, therefore, in our festive gatherings around the table. A very solemn meaning, too, in our Christmas dinners, be they never so meager, and never so mirthful. They touch the springs of thought and feeling, of faith and affection, and cement the ties that bind families and kindred in good fellowship. Their virtue is the reflected grace of that higher and still holier meal, of which Christ is both the bread and blessing. This above all we should eat on Christmas. Then we shall enjoy the "unspeakable Gift" of His birth, in the fullest sense.

Our kind readers we wish a merry Christmas. The children have holidays. And they ought to have them. Their school-books and lessons give place to more agreeable employments. Many have nothing to make them happy—nothing but love for the Saviour, and an assurance that He loves them. Visit the poor. Give them a taste of Christmas joy. Bring them wood, coal, flour, clothing, and cakes, candies and toys for their children. This will warm their hearts and homes this dreary, wintry season. Thus kindle in the hearts of others the fire of your own hearts' purest kindness. Praise God with hand, heart and tongue, that His only Son became a child—a human child of a human mother.

Be blissful in the time of bliss,
Unloos'd from toil and school,
They come to you but once in life
These holidays of Yule ;
For us, among the world's dark ways,
Our eyes are on the star—
Beyond which shine our holidays
Though dim and distant far.

THE ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.—The success of almost every enterprise depends upon the degree to which those engaged in it tax their powers of mind. Many things deemed impossible by the rest of the world have been effected by those, who brought the full force of their minds to bear upon what they set themselves to accomplish. Whatever may be said of the difference in talent of individuals, if we inquire into the cause of their success, we shall find genius outstripped by moderate talent, when the latter brings its full powers of mind to the work. Whether in the school-room or in every day business of life ; in the humble walks of bodily toil, or the professional avocations ; in invention or execution, in theory or practice, the question on which success depends is not, who has the strongest power of mind, but who brings that power into use.

WOMAN IN THE KITCHEN.

BY PERKIOMEN.

In the November and December numbers of the "Guardian," of '71, and in the Nos. for February and April, of the current year, a series of short papers appeared on Woman in the Family—Society—Commonwealth, and in the Church. The present communication may perhaps take the place of an Appendix.

The kitchen is no modern institution, in whatever way we may conceive of it. It is no mere off-room to the domicile either, however far off and back we choose to locate it. It formed a principal apartment already when men dwelt in tents, and roamed like Arabs. The rude hut was no less all kitchen at first and only afterwards something besides that. All house-building commenced with the kitchen, as a sort of court, to which additions were hung subsequently, which served as side-rooms. Nor is there much of home now, where this primal quarter is wholly wanting.

But an empty kitchen is a serious calamity. There must be something and somebody in every kitchen. "God be praised!" let us thankfully exclaim—the unwelcome visitor that frightened poor Minnehaha into spasms and death; as well as Hiawatha into a frenzied madness, rarely enters our doorways, glaring at us in hollow tones, the horrid message—

"BEHOLD ME!

I AM FAMINE, BUKADAWIN!"

Ireland has been made to know the force of such an utterance more than once, and Persia, alas, is still paling under their famine-fiend, after having already offered three millions of starved ones.

But America suffers under a *famine in cooks*. It is conceded on all hands, lamented over, and dreaded as waxing still worse and worse. "Mamma" stands in the pass of danger as long as she may; but then it is not to be thought that she can always be about. "John Chinaman" made us some hope for a little while, but now his fingers grow rapidly as long as his *cue*—and, besides, one will somehow think of rats, cats, mice and slimy birds-nests. We can still fall back on "Bridget," to be sure, but no one regards her even as a permanent character. We almost fear to ask, what may be some day, since the probabilities are noways bright.

Now, whilst we are far from secretly holding and slyly teaching that the kitchen is the *only* place for woman, we still cannot rid ourselves of the notion, antiquated as it is, that every woman ought to be inside of the kitchen sometimes, if only for the purpose of "fixing things" and keeping them fixed. And yet no woman is born for the kitchen—as little as for the piano. Among the many surplus women over men, there is not a single born-cook, or born house-wife to be named. A sort of social *miräge* sometimes deludes us into the belief that by virtue of her sex already, every woman can preside over and execute the duties of housekeeping, without any special training. There is no royal road to such a queendom, apart from that of practical experience and knowledge. The thing's got to be learned. Household economy, tidy house-keeping, making and mending, frying, roasting and stewing, as well as baking, and the doing of more than a thousand other things of the same order—all these things are matters of study and instruction. An exchange, from whose columns we pick some of our items, and are helped on in our train of thought, tells us—"not all women can do all these things. Some can do them somehow, and the majority only some how, emphatically." The question now is, since the education of women is becoming so large a theme for serious discussion—What are our schools, seminaries and colleges doing towards fitting our girls for the discharge of those inevitable, home-laid duties? Our authority doesn't say so outright, but nevertheless plainly hints, that our institutions, springing up all about us, do not only not pretend to teach even the rudiments of women's daily household duties, but that many of the establishments, still further, pride themselves in the discreditable task of unlearning them, all that they may have caught up by chance about the house during their impressible child-years. We almost feel like crediting every word of it; and if we had not been taught, that we dare not condemn a whole order, because of the delinquencies of isolated characters, however numerous such cases may prove, we might actually endorse it without any reservation.

It is no escape from the charge, on the part of our "Ladies' Seminaries," to reply, that mothers ought to teach their daughters all the home-arts. Their mothers *ought* to know, both how to discharge such duties, and to impart the knowledge of them to their daughters. But *do* they? Do *they*, first, know all these household duties; and secondly, do *they* know the art of imparting them? In the days of Martha Washington they did; but her day was some time ago. It is another troublesome question, whether mothers of this age have themselves learned the drudgery and worry of house-keeping, except by bitter experience and many sad failures. As for such a thing as *system*—who has thought one out and works by it?

In several parts of England there have been established "Institutes," in which young women have the same privileges as men.

Miss Jewsbury, an author, attends and lectures to a class of young women, in one of these. She gave them the eight following questions:—

"1. State the best method of using up bones and scraps of meat and bread.

2. Would you prefer to use an earthen vessel, or a tin or iron pot, to set in your oven or on the hob to stew any scraps of meat, bones, and bread that you may have? And state the advantage of keeping such a stock-pot continually going.

3. How would you lay out ten shillings in the town, if you had a sick husband and four children too young to work; or how, if you lived in the country, with a small garden, would you lay out seven shillings and sixpence under the same circumstances?

4. Suggest a savory and economical dinner for a husband, wife, and five children.

5. Suggest some savory and economical supper for a husband coming home after a hard day's work.

6. How would you ventilate a sick-room so that a patient would not take a chill?

7. How would you cleanse a room in which a patient has had scarlet fever?

8. How would you make bread?"

"Foolish questions!" says Miss Flora. She may not think them quite so foolish, though, after she shall have become the wife of a mechanic, or working-man (or what is no better), of an American clergyman, the whole order of which serve on an average salary of \$700 per year. And even, as Miss Flora, if she has not been afflicted by a severe stroke of folly, she will be somewhat benefited by solving them.

We append the bachelor-like remark of our authority before us, just to show how such characters *do* talk:—"We would like to see the answers some of our woman's rights women would themselves give, though the questions are solely addressed to the more ignorant of their own sex. We wager not one in a thousand of the boarding-school misses or young ladies in fashionable society could answer half. Their ignorance is not their fault, however."

Leaving our young friends to settle the controversy with this somewhat hard critic, we will quietly retire—merely adding, that, in case any "answers" are forthcoming, they should be forwarded to the pages of the "Guardian."

TO CINCINNATI AND BACK.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was a dreary day towards the close of November. We had the first snow storm. The large flakes vanished as soon as they fell on the moist earth. About one hundred persons met at Harrisburg, who were all more or less acquainted; some of them having been College boys together. Age is printing its marks on many of them. The gray locks, and furrowed brow show how much the "boys" have changed. Fifty have sole possession of a palace car. Here they soon forget the chill blasts of November, whilst they call to mind many a sad and serious trick, and trial of early life. The present too receives its share of attention. Here and there controversial champions unsheathe the sword, and good-humoredly give battle for an idea. A group of a dozen hearers crowds around them to witness the harmless fight. At night-fall from many a satchel is brought forth material for the outward man. Supper is improvised, whilst the train climbs up its tortuous way across the Allegheny Mountains.

At ten P. M., colored servants put the beds in order—beds in this small room for fifty persons. Chums who never bunked together since the happy days of College life, once more lie side by side, and speak half audibly of life's experience since they had been boys together. Some of larger form than others, in their efforts to accommodate themselves to their situation, thought of the fabled procrustean bed of the ancients, and others, given to sermonizing, thought of Isaiah 28 : 20.

"For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the cover narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."

Towards morning a collision of preceding trains beyond Pittsburg, stopped us. A number of wrecked cars lay on the track. The poor engineer lay in the station house, his face shockingly mangled, covered with blood, a martyr to the convenience of the traveling public. No class of men in this country, risk so much and have so many precious lives depending on them, as the engineers on our Rail Roads. The thousands traveling across various parts of this continent, never think of the man at the helm, who holds their lives in his hands. A single mistake or neglect on his part may hurl all on board to a sudden grave. He

is the first mark that is struck in every collision. There he stands at his post, by day and by night, in summer's heat and winter's cold, unheeded and unthanked by the passengers, whose lives he has in his custody. Seldom named, and never spoken to by them, until they see his gory, mangled corpse lying in some station house or coffin, a martyr to the traveling public.

Clear the track! All aboard! Time and tide wait for no man. Not even for a brave engineer, fallen at his post. Others must bear the blow. The little group at home will weep and wail, when the kind husband and father is borne to their door. This accident brings us to Cincinnati, a half a day after time. Whither shall we wander this dark cold night, in this great city? A venerable D. D., who was a missionary in this city, twenty-two years ago, leads the weary procession. Hither and thither, we roamed up hill and down, over a road that seemed three or four miles long, in reality about two miles. All roads seem longer the first time we travel them—especially when the first time is at night. Large cities are a great inconvenience, in that you must usually travel miles if you wish to visit a neighbor. In the country village you have him in the next square.

“Every road tends to the world's end,” says a certain writer; and every clerical journey finds its goal in some church. This journey is to end in a meeting of the General Synod in Cincinnati. The vice President of the Synod, from Louisville, Kentucky, was just at the application of the opening sermon, when we reached the church. There the Synod held its sessions for more than a week.

In 1788 the first white men settled on the site of Cincinnati. In 1800 it was a village of 400 inhabitants. In 1820, it had less than 10,000. It now has from 250,000 to 300,000. Some parts of the city have irregular streets, somewhat after the style of Boston, short, crooked, and crossing each other at all angles. It has a large German population, composed of an industrious, thrifty class of people. To such an extent do they retain the habits, customs, and religious forms of the fatherland, that a large part of Cincinnati, seems very much like a city of Germany. Immense breweries, covering well nigh whole squares, German theatres, little stores tightly crammed with a world of merchandize, shops in a front room of the dwelling—these and many other things give the city a German cast. A large number of daily and weekly German papers are published. Large German churches invite the people to worship God in the German tongue. The favorable and the unfavorable side of German social life can here be seen.

Cincinnati with its suburbs, can boast of the finest private residences found in this country. It seems to be a well governed

city. Its hospitals, Asylums, House of Refuge, and other institutions of Charity, are built and conducted on the most approved and liberal plans.

As in all large cities, the prevailing horse disease has made an embarrassing impression on Cincinnati. Never have the people had so high an appreciation of the horse as now. As a makeshift, for the time being, the ox has taken his place. The streets are full of ox and cow teams. From the little milk wagon with one, to the pork teams with six oxen, his slow plodding services are seen. Many are harnessed the same as horses, with the collar inverted to suit the ox's neck. I saw a man cheerily riding down one of the principal streets, ox back. On the broad space between the hips he seemed to sit comfortably.

All these cattle have been brought into use since the prevalence of the horse disease. They have been brought to the city from the neighboring States. Many are just being broken to work for the emergency. And some of the drivers are as raw as the oxen—neither one understanding the other. Now they become entangled with some street car, then with a wagon. On every hand, you see an ox team locked on the curb stones, or among the wheels of some vehicle. The cruel driver's only mode of speech seems to be his long lash or club. The sad, sullen, blinking eyes of the poor animal but faintly tell his grief.

An extensive pork dealer hitched a locomotive to his wagons. The outer surface of the broad tires is covered with teeth to prevent them from slipping. The engineer has his hand on a small wheel with which he steers his train wherever he wishes. The success of his experiment shows that the locomotive may yet take the place of horses on ordinary roads.

The extensive slaughter houses and pork trade of this city have given it the name of Porcopolis (Pork city). To the herds of swine thronging some of the streets, there seems to be no end. The poor beasts all seem to have a sort of nervous restless gait, evidently showing a knowledge of their coming fate.

"Allow me to show you some of their slaughter houses," said a friend.

"Certainly, they are one of the sights of your city."

From an elevated platform, we see the process, from the grunting bristly hog to the hams, and almost to the sausages. All the while they are driven through a narrow gangway into an elevated pen. Where a man with a heavy hammer gives each a stunning blow, a few men drag them out into another pen, where another sticks them. Four men tumble them into a trough twenty to thirty feet in length, full of hot water. Half a dozen men on each side of the trough, rub and roll them to the other end. They

float on a lifter, like the inverted wires of a hay rake, which raises them on a platform, as long as the trough. Here a dozen men stand on each side, with scrapers and sharp knives. Over the platform hang tubes from which hot water falls on the animal. In a few moments, the hog reaches the farthest men, thoroughly cleansed, not a bristle remaining. In an instant it hangs on the circumference of a wheel, whose edge is made to turn a few feet above the end of the platform. On the wheel are places for twelve hogs, which hang on it as tallow candles used to hang on the old-fashioned candle-dippers. The wheel is made to turn slowly. Twelve men give each one a finishing touch. One slits it open. Another scoops out the entrails. Another turns water on it. The twelfth man bears it away, and hangs it up for cooling. All this is done in half the time it takes me to tell it.

Meanwhile, others work at the entrails, render the lard, &c. In the evening the vast building is hung full of hogs.

In another apartment, the hogs are cut up. A strong man, with an axe, whose edge is about two feet long, keeps a half a dozen men busy in bringing and taking away the meat. With one stroke he cuts off the head, and with a single stroke he cleaves a hog clear through the whole thickness of the body. In from one to two minutes, it lies before him completely dissected—hams, shoulders, sides, &c. On another block a few men trim the parts. "Come this afternoon, and I will show you how we make our sausages," said one of the proprietors, which I was unable to do.

"How many hogs do you kill on an average?" I inquired.

"When we are in complete running order, from eight thousand to ten thousand a day."

People in the East seldom appreciate the value of anthracite or hard coal. It is well known that in the West the beds yield only bituminous coal. This fills the air of large cities with a sooty smoke, that hangs dreary clouds overhead. Cincinnati has in this respect become as smoky as Pittsburg. Its sooty particles are as ubiquitous as the frogs in the plagues of Pharaoh.

And yet, soft coal has its advantages. It gives these people the cheerful fire on the open hearth. It crackles and burns like dry wood. The best stoves and heaters can never take the place of the genial glowing hearth-fire of our forefathers.

"Die alte Dichter lowe schmärt;
'S Holsfeier uf'm Feierheerd;
Ihr Schreiwes heemelt unser eem—
Ich les 's gern—es kummt mir heem!
'S is mir wie aus 'm Herz geredt;
Ich fiehl wie wann ich 's sehne dheth.

For seller Platz trag ich im Herz
 Fascht immerfort 'n Heemweh-Schmertz ;
 Was ich ah dhu, wo ich ah bin
 Dort gehne mei' Gedanke hin.
 Es bleibt m'r immer lieb un werth
 Der alte, warme Feierheerd."

Or, perhaps, our readers prefer the English rendering of these verses from "Harbaugh's Feierheerd," by himself.

"The poets praise in touching rhyme
 The hearth-fire of the olden time ;
 I read their verse with many a sigh,
 And think of times and joys gone by.
 Thus dreaming o'er the past, I'm fain
 To think I see it all again.

I ever feel for that dear spot,
 A home sick love that ceases not ;
 What'er I do, where'er I roam
 My heart returns to that hearth-home ;
 I never can recall the cheer
 Of that old hearth without a tear.

When I that hearth in fancy see,
 My childhood all comes back to me ;
 Then lives my father as before—
 Then is my mother there once more ;
 And brothers, sisters, scattered wide
 Come home again at eventide."

Long shall I remember a certain hearth-fire of this city. On a cold night, after ten o'clock, a little boy led me to a beautiful mansion, in the West End. "This is the place," he said, in broken English. Weary, way-worn, a sense of dreary desolation made me feel the impropriety of a stranger disturbing a home like this, at this time of night. Yet, perhaps the family expect me. Reluctantly I rang the bell. Promptly it was answered by the lady of the house, who received me with all the open, warm cordiality of an old friend. This heartsome hospitality at once made me feel at home. I thought of the command to entertain strangers, in Hebrews xiii. 2, and devoutly wished, that in this case the "stranger" might prove the bearer of angelic blessings to this kind home. A "sweet home" it was, in sooth, with three merry little girls. The dear cherubs covered the stranger with fond caresses, and could not go to sleep without his good-night kiss, and going to school and returning from it the ceremony had to be repeated. No wonder that the rites of hospitality were invested with a sacred meaning by the ancients. To admit a guest into the inner sanctuary of your house, makes him a bosom friend, and forms ties not easily sundered. Thus was I served by this estimable gentleman

and his wife. I entered their home as a stranger, and left it with feelings akin to that of a natural brother.

Our homeward journey was made in a Pullman palace car. A blessing on Pullman. Again we encounter a wreck along the track. Two trains collided the day previous, one running through several cars of the other. Telescoping them, as it is called in railroad parlance. Killing five persons outright, and wounding quite a number. But for the merciful hand of God, it might have hit our train.

Strange company one meets on these Pullman cars, as indeed on all cars. Across the way sits a prominent official from Washington, a prominent, active Christian, too. Evidently a man of much work, for he runs over piles of manuscripts, and writes for successive hours. His flaxen-haired little boy meanwhile blessing him with a world of questions, about things he sees along the road, which the father patiently answers without stopping his pencil. One gentleman occasionally opens a pocket Testament, and reads, or asks a question about a verse. In an adjoining section one of the conductors places a card table, where he and three others gamble for hours. An ex-member of Congress from Arkansas, maintains a dignified silence. He is on his way to New York to attend the marriage feast of his daughter. He comes on a long journey to a feast in the East; a father and two children killed by the above collision are taken to the funeral in their far west Wisconsin home.

How gay and joyful the one home! How sombre and heart-rending the other!

THE BOYS.

BY S. M. W.

There come the boys! Oh dear, the noise!
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!

But never mind, if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber!

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors—Oh wo betide them!
And I must watch the bannisters,
For I know boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted,
By ghostly toys that make no noise,
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper ;
What swords are whittled out of sticks !
What brave hats made of paper !

The dinner-bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming ;
And then the rush of " steam-car trains "
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, " What shall I do
To keep these children quiet ? "
If I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys,
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair—
No laughing, trifling matter.

" Boys will be boys "—*but not for long ;*
Ah could we bear about us
This thought—how very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us !

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us " Mother ; "—
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other.

More gently we should chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket !

TRUE HUMILITY.—A Morovian missionary went to the West Indies to preach to the slaves, and toiled long without success. They rejected him because he was free. Moreover they were always at their toils, and he could not reach them. He allowed himself to be sold as a slave, and went with them to the fields, and became one of them, and thus he won their hearts, and they listened to his teachings. So Jesus came down to earth, and lived and toiled among men that he might win them for heaven.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream.”

So says Blair. And One wiser than, Blair says that “our days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.” And every succeeding year they seem to speed more swiftly in their flight. Our life, like a train crossing a mountain, moves on at a moderate speed till it reaches the summit. But once it turns over the top, on the downhill side, it runs faster and faster as it approaches the base. How far Christmas days seem apart to children! How far they seemed to us in childhood! How near together now! To old people they come in less than half their former time. Another year has rushed into the great gulf, whither all the years past have gone. How much shorter it seems, now that we look back upon it, than it did as we passed through it moment after moment! A year that is past seems like a dream, and the recollection of what it was “like a tale that is told.” To our everlasting Father “a thousand years are but as yesterday, when it is past, and as a watch in the night.” The past year has borne to us its varied mercies, blessings in the form of joy and of sorrow. It has brought its marriage feasts and funeral repasts, its birth-days and its death-days. Some hopes have changed to glad fruition, and others have faded and vanished, giving place to something better, like a morning cloud before the rising sun. Many who a year ago mingled in the mirthful glee of this festive season, fresh with health and hope, are now sleeping their last sleep under the snow. Some hearts are this day sorrowful for their going. Many a Rachel is weeping because her child is not; many a child is sorrow-stricken because father and mother have forsaken it—have been removed from the homes of earth. How many have died without a saving faith in Christ among the thirty millions who have during the year been swept into eternity! All who died in Christ remain joined to Him, and to His people on the earth.

“All joined to Him, their living head,
And of His grace partake.”

In many a happy home the holiday festivities have been mingled sadness, because of the absence of the sainted dead. “I be-

lieve in the communion of saints,"—in a common participation in all sanctified Christian enjoyments, "by saints on earth and all the dead."

Unnumbered mercies have crowned the past year. Thankfully we peer after it, hurrying into the distant past. Many wise and useful lessons it sought to teach us. Alas, that many have been so poorly learned! Our tribulation ought to have worked patience. The goodness of God ought to have led us to repentance. The chastenings of God ought to have led to our correction in righteousness. We should have ended the year wiser and better than we began it. It was designed to be a school-master to lead us to Christ. On every day's page did God's finger write something for our direction. Angels have been our ministering spirits, whom our Father has charged to keep us in all our ways towards the better land. Not fretfully nor with feverish repinings should we part from the old year, but penitently, because of neglected privileges and time unimproved. And thankfully, for the countless mercies of God's providence. Beyond these

"Let the dead Past bury its dead."

God alone sees into the future, and controls all events. Hopefully we should enter upon the new year. Whatever this year may bring to us, be it health or sickness, life or death, it must all come from His merciful hands. Every day's duties and privileges are designed to bring us nearer to God and nearer to heaven. All the aspirings of the believing heart are God-ward, through Jesus Christ. The end and aim of all piety is to become Christ-like. Our lives are hid with Christ in God. Our life-work is, through calm and storm, to draw nearer to God. Let this, too, be our aim this coming year. Then will it be all the same whether next New-Year's day shall find us on earth or in heaven.

"Though, like a wanderer, the sun goes down,
Darkness comes over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts, bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
So, by my woes, to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

And when, on joyful wing, cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot, upward I'll fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen a woman professing to love Christ more than the word, clad in a silk dress costing \$75 ; making up and trimming of same, \$40 ; bonnet or (apology for one), \$35 ; velvet mantle, \$150 ; diamond ring, \$500 ; watch, chain, pin and trappings, \$300 ; total, \$1,000,—all hung upon one frail, dying worm. I have seen her at a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers in New York, wipe her eyes upon an expensive embroidered handkerchief at the story of their suffering, and when the contribution-box came round, take from a well-filled porte-monnaie of costly workmanship, *twenty-five cents* to aid the society formed to promote their welfare. “ Ah,” thought I, “ dollars for ribbons, and pennies for Christ.”

I have seen a man, who had long been a member of the visible Church rush to his business after a hastily swallowed breakfast, without a prayer in his family for God’s blessing through the day, spend hours in the eager pursuit of that which perishes with the using, speaking not a word save of stocks, of bonds and mortgages, and when business hours are over, return to his home exhausted and petulant, to turn away from a sad story of want and suffering with, “ I am tired, and cannot hear it ! ” I have seen him sleep away his evening without a pleasant word for wife or children, and retire to rest with no more apparent thought of God, his Maker, than if his meeting with Him at the last great day were an idle tale. “ Ah,” thought I, “ days and years for mammon, but not a moment for Christ.”—*Christian at Work.*

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

“ On the 8th of October the chloroform began to give out at Metz. A few local druggists had tried to make it ; but the product was not fit for use, and the real article was scarce. At the temporary hospital of the polygon redoubt, where I was on duty, we had hardly a litre and a half left. As we did not know how long the siege might yet last, it was our urgent duty to be sparing with it. On the morning after the fight at Ladouchamps, there was a terrible influx of wounded, and we had our hands full.

A chasseur of the guard is brought into the operating-room, with his hand badly shattered. It is found necessary to take off the bone to which the little finger is attached—the fifth metacarpal. The man comes in on foot, still holding fast his gun, which he carries slung over his back.

“Well, my good friend, we shall have to have a bit of an operation.”

“I know it, major, that’s what I’m here for.”

“Would you like to be made insensible?”

“Oh, dear, yes. I’ve suffered so much all night that I don’t think I could stand it.”

“Are you very particular about it?”

“Why, is it very scarce now—that stuff that puts you to sleep?”

“We have scarcely any left.”

The chasseur reflected a moment in silence, then suddenly—

“Keep it for those who have lost legs or arms; but be quick.”

He put his poor cravat still bloody, in his mouth, lay down and held out his hand.

The operation over—

“Did it hurt you much?”

“Yes, but what can you do? We poor fellows must help one another.”—*Aldine*.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The Heidelberg Teacher and Lesson Papers for Sunday-schools and families, is a Sunday-school monthly Magazine, published from the office of the “Christian World,” in Cincinnati. It is intended for the use of Sunday-school Teachers of the Reformed Church. We are pleased with the first number. Its contents of 32 pages comprise a variety of apt and instructive reading matter. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance.

From the same office *The Leaves of Light*, a neat semi-monthly Sunday-school paper, is published. The first number presents a neat and attractive appearance. The pictures and reading matter are well adapted to interest and benefit children. The price of the paper is: 100 copies to one address, per year, \$25.00; 50 copies, \$14.00; 25 copies, \$8.00; 10 copies, \$4.00; and one copy, 75 cents. We cordially commend the enterprising spirit of our western brethren. They deserve, as we feel confident they will receive, a liberal support.

Editor's Drawer.

GOETHE said that the destiny of any nation at any given time depends on the opinions of its young men under the age of five-and-twenty.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology; "for though many of my friends are both arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them to be good book-keepers."

MR. SPURGEON relates the following case of "bringing forth fruits meet for repentance:". A servant girl was asked, "Are you converted?" She replied, "I hope so, Sir." "What makes you think that you are really a child of God?" "Well, Sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be." "What is the change?" "I don't know, Sir; but there is a change in all things. But there is one thing: I always sweep under the mats now."

We remember to have heard of another case, quite similar. A woman, a shop-keeper, heard a sermon which greatly moved her. She could not remember the text, or give any account of the sermon afterward; all she could say was that when she got home she burnt her half-bushel. The sermon was on the use of false weights and measures.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

HOW TO KEEP BIG BOYS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—*Make all the exercises intensely interesting.* Let superintendents in the opening and closing exercises and in the entire conduct of the school, keep their eye upon these youth. Let teachers study to illustrate the lesson, and in every way to interest these restless but very important people who are just entering manhood. Never ridicule them. This they cannot endure. Don't treat them like children. This they regard as an unpardonable offence. A little effort may keep them in school, and thus perhaps secure their future welfare and usefulness. But let the effort be very easy and natural. These big boys require effort, but they don't want to see you put forth a special effort to interest them. The truth is no one relishes this.

Talk to them about reading. Recommend to them some good book. Draw out their knowledge. Ask them occasionally to come and see you, and be sure when they do come, to receive them cordially. When you meet them in the street or elsewhere, recognize them, and give them a real hearty shake of the

hand. Put your heart right up against their hearts, and you will win their love and keep them in the school.

Give them something to do. This is a very important injunction, and it is not easy to say just what the work should be. This each teacher or superintendent must determine for himself. Some of the manly boys can do good service in the library. One might be secretary. Each class should have a treasurer, and the most restless boy in the class perhaps, could fill this office efficiently. There is nothing like work to sober fractious horses, or fast growing young men.—*The Sunday-School Times.*

FROM CALIFORNIA: THE CHINESE.—A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* writes that "It is delightful to see how much the churches in California are doing for the Chinamen among them. Almost all have Sabbath-schools for them. About one hundred Chinese youth are gathered every Sabbath afternoon at 6 o'clock, in the beautiful lecture-room of Dr. Stone's church, for instruction. Some, it is true, are only learning their A B C's. Others are just beginning to read. But some have already learned this art, and are gathered in Bible classes for the more thorough study of the Scriptures. The Superintendent, Mr. Pillsbury, manifests great interest and enthusiasm in his work. It is plain to see, that he has learned to love the 'Heathen Chinese,' and to hope for their improvement; and he makes the Chinese love him; and this is the secret of his success.

"The school is opened very properly with singing, but in this we cannot call the Chinaman a great proficient. His voice is not melodious. We doubt if a Jenny Lind will soon be found in that race. Still they try, and some do pretty well; though the teachers have to do most of the real singing. Prayer is offered, closing with the Lord's Prayer, in which all join; and then the teaching begins, generally one teacher to one scholar, and it is delightful to see that so many Americans are ready to engage in this service, and that they manifest so much interest and patience in performing it.

"The prejudice against the Chinese is evidently wearing away. They are not hooted at, or pelted in the streets, as they once were. The hard law against them as miners is repealed. Their testimony is, in some cases, allowed in the Courts. There is generally a better feeling toward them. But much remains to be done. Here are twelve thousand absolute heathen in San Francisco alone. There are a dozen heathen temples, where incense is burned to wooden gods every day, and immortal beings are bowing down to them, and asking help for their need from these images that can neither hear nor save."

AN excellent lady of this city retired last week on account of age from her work as a Sabbath-school teacher. She has been constantly engaged in it for fifty years; has had five hundred children under her instruction; how many of these have been hopefully converted she knows not, but she has the names of one hundred and three, who have made profession of conversion while in her class. Such an example is a stimulus and encouragement to fidelity and perseverance in this good work.

AND the teacher's work is not done when the child is converted and led to the Lord's Table. Is there any danger that in our eager desire to bring persons, young or old, into the Church, we overlook the important duty we owe to them after conversion? It is well always to aim at the conversion of every scholar, but the aim should take in also the Christian nurture and culture of each convert. The young believer needs the most tender and watchful care during his early Christian life. The obligation of the Church to him is analogous to that which parents owe to the young child born into their family.

—*S. S. Times.*

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

No. 2.

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GUARDIAN, FEBRUARY, 1873.

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GUARDIAN, FEBRUARY, 1873.

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A. Maddar, Union Deposit, "	1.50	24	Kate Pott, Big Cove Tan'ry. "	1.50	24
Isa'a M. Brummer, N. W, "	1.50	24	Mrs. D. H. Neff, Reading, "	1.50	24
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Lydia Eschbach, Gery's, Pa.	3.00	23 & 24			

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Pa.	10.50	19 to 25	B. Wolff, jr., Pittsburg, "	1.50	25
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Pa.	3.00	23 & 24	E. A. Moses, Mechanicsbg. "	1.50	22
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Mrs. Levi Quier, Reading, "	1.50	24	Mrs S H. Bush, Whitemarsh, "	2.00	24 & 25
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Pa.	1.50	23	Rev Wm Riley, Meyerstwn. Pa.	1.50	24
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P. Bausman, Lancaster, Pa.	1.50	24	G. G. Prugh, Dayton, Ohio,	1.75	22
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J. B. Leinbach, Oley, "	3.00	24 & 25	A. A. Heller, Williamsport, "	1.50	
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Amelia Bingaman, "	1.50	14	Hon. H. Ruby. Shipnsbg. "	3.00	23 & 24
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Henry Bausman, "	1.50	22			
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Belinda Rubert. Ederton, "	1.50	24			
Miss K. Hoffer, Ctr. Hall, "	1.50	25			
P. L. Kern, Venango, "	3.00	24 & 25			
W. H. Stiver, Potters Mls. "	1.50	25			

THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXIV. FEBRUARY, 1873.

No. 2.

THE FORESTER AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

A Christmas Story for Children, by Christoph von Schmid. Translated from the German by Lewis Henry Steiner.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

After Anthony had ended his story, he inquired very closely into the circumstances of his beloved parents. He had noticed not without pain how very much both had changed since his departure. Their gray hairs and numerous wrinkles almost made him weep, but he refrained lest it might trouble them. He had, however, a great deal to admire—Christian, Catharine and Louisa now in the bloom of life. He called Christian's two children pleasantly to him. "Oh how time passes away," he said. "Twenty years ago, Christian, Catharine and I were children like these; Louisa was still smaller. Now these children occupy our places." He gazed at the two children with pleasure. "Now," said he, "have you had your Christmas presents yet?" "Oh, no," said little Francis, "the Head-forester spoiled all our joy; he is a real Herod." The mother reproved him for this remark. Little Clara said: "Anthony, an angel certainly sent you here. Did you not bring a Christmas present along for us?" "Yes, indeed," he said. "I have not forgotten you. You must wait, however, until my carriage comes. Everything is in it." The children were then very well contented.

The supper was now brought in, but there was more conversation than eating at the table. After supper the children went to bed. The others still remained up. "We must prepare a special pleasure," said Anthony, "for the little ones in the morn-

ing. We must dress a Christmas-tree. In some countries they have a representation of the manger on Christmas, and in others a Christmas-tree. Christian, out of love for his children, must agree to bring in a young pine-tree this evening from the neighboring forest. I have the articles needed for adorning the tree. I left my coachman, whose horses were nearly exhausted, back at Aschenenthal, and hastened hither over the mountains by the foot-path. In the morning, however, before the break of day the coachman will be here with my trunk and other baggage."

The next morning, very early, while the children were still sleeping sweetly and soundly, all adults in the house were employed in putting up and decorating the Christmas-tree. A beautiful, young pine with thick, green branches had been placed in the corner of the room between the windows. After the coach was unloaded, Anthony opened a large bandbox quite full of such things as please children. He hung the little presents—beautiful fruits, pretty confectionery of various kinds, neat little baskets full of sugared almonds, wreaths of artificial flowers tied with rose-colored or sky-blue ribbons, along with some bright toys—upon the branches of the tree. He was quite artistic in their arrangement. Then he also took out a few dozen small tin-lamps filled with wax. These were hung carefully on the branches, so that the tree might be illuminated without being set upon fire. When all was ready, Catharine and Louisa went to awake the children. "They must not come in," said Anthony, "before I have finished lighting the lamps, when mother will call them."

When the children heard, that their Christmas-presents had come, all sleep passed away in an instant. They could not get their clothes on quick enough. At length the mother cries: "Now come in." They spring quickly into the room—but stop suddenly, blinded by the glare and brilliance of the same. At first they are not able to speak for astonishment and delight at the unexpected sight. They stare at the wonderful lighted tree, with open mouths and large eyes. The green lustre of the branches, the lamps shining like stars in their midst, the bright dazzling red apples, the golden yellow pears, the numerous colored, sparkling toys, seem something magical to their minds. They know not whether they are awake or dreaming. At last they cry out in great delight, "Oh, how beautiful, how splendid!" Francis says: "There is not in our whole forest such a tree, so beautiful, and bearing so many kinds of fruit." "Indeed," says Clara, "such trees only grow in Paradise, or it may be in heaven. Is it not true, mother, the Christkind sends us this tree?" "Not exactly as it is there," says their mother. "And yet Christ, who once lay a Child in the manger and is now in heaven, gives you this pleasure. For if He

had not been born, then we should know nothing of Christmas-joys and Christmas-presents." "Very well," say the children, "then we will love Him very much and try to obey His commands. He is so very good and has so great love for children. No man in the world has such joys as He furnishes us."

The grandmother says: "It is indeed true that an adult can scarcely experience such joy as you children. Innocent children are the most blessed creatures upon earth; their joys are pure and unadulterated. May God preserve you pure and innocent!"—"Ah," says she to the others, "the joys of adults are only too often embittered by sorrow and care, by immoderate ambition, covetousness and other evil passions, and certainly by the stings of conscience. Hence we have these true and beautiful words of the Divine Redeemer: 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

The grandfather says: "I like the custom of erecting Christmas-trees very much. The very idea of our ancestors was wise and judicious, that the beautiful Christian festivals should be made in various ways joyful days to their children. These joys of childhood cause them to love and prize the festivals of the Lord, and prepare their hearts to have a part in that still higher festival joy, the salvation that has come to us all. Henceforward a Christmas-tree shall spread its green branches every Christmas for the dear children in this house. It may not always be as handsomely decorated as this one is, but the pleasure given by it will be none the less. But little is needed to please children,—a few apples, pears and gilded nuts are sufficient, if one has nothing better. Who would begrudge these, if he could secure by their use innocent, wholesome joy to his children? I can understand also how the Christmas-tree might be made of use in the way of discipline, and enable us very often to dispense with the rod. Children, who have once seen a Christmas-tree, certainly have joy in the recollection for the whole year and will certainly pay more respect to your words: 'If you are not obedient, you shall have no Christmas-tree,' than they would to threats of corporal punishment."

The parents and grandparents then thanked Anthony for the many pleasures he had given their children and grandchildren. "It is a trifle," he said, "not worthy of mention. But I must also beg you not to disdain some small Christmas-presents from myself to you." He opened the trunk that stood in a corner of the room. "This trunk," he said, "you richly filled with presents for me, when I started off on my journey; it is no more than right, that you should receive it back again not altogether empty." He handed the old forester's wife some costly furs and silks. "It is the duty of affectionate children," he said, "to keep their old parents

warm during the inclement season of the year." To the young wife and the young women he gave green Taffeta for dresses, silk neck-kerchiefs from Milan and other feminine adornments. The young forester received an excellent, double-barrelled gun, whose walnut stock was beautifully inlaid with silver. "You, dear father," Anthony said to the old forester, "must no longer go hunting; you must henceforward rest from your many labors. You need something strengthening in your old days. The basket there is filled with flasks of the best Rhenish wine. And here is a goblet also." Anthony handed him a silver goblet, elegantly gilded on the inside. There was engraved on the outside a wreath of oak-leaves encircling these words: "Presented to my dear father, Frederick Gruenewalt in remembrance of Christmas-Eve, 1740, by his grateful son, Anthony Kroner, on Christmas-Eve, 1768." The old forester embraced Anthony with tears in his eyes. But Anthony in addition gave him a rouleau of gold. "Dear father," he said, "you have expended a large sum upon me. It would not be right, if your other children and your grandchildren should suffer stint on that account." The honest old man was astonished and did not wish to take the present. But Anthony said: "It is nothing less than a present from me. The gracious Prince has remembered me so richly, and his present gave me two-fold pleasure, since it placed me in a position to contribute something towards the payment of an old debt, which I never can fully pay." Every one was very much surprised. The old wife said: "Oh Anthony, how could we have imagined on the Christmas-Eve on which you came to our house for the first time, that you would ever prepare us such a happy Christmas-Eve; save us, through the Prince, from such dire suffering; and repay us so richly for what we were doing for you!" "God has done it," said Anthony. "He led me to your house, so that He might bless both you and me abundantly. To His name be all the praise!"

"But," added Anthony, "you must now permit me to leave immediately." "What, how, why?" they all exclaimed astonished. Anthony replied: "I must now go to Herr Riedinger's. I hope to be able to attend Christmas service there, to give my excellent Instructor an unexpected pleasure by my visit, and to bring him here to-morrow evening. Then we will all enjoy right pleasantly the remaining Christmas Holidays and the rest of the year together." All accompanied Anthony to the coach. On the evening of the next day, he returned with Herr Riedinger, and the old forester's house in the dismal forest lodged, during the following days, those who were as happy as any who have ever lived upon earth.

What remains of Anthony's history can be summed up in a few words. Anthony asked the old forester and his wife to give him

their daughter Louisa in marriage. Both joyfully consented. "Oh, Louisa," said the old grandmother, "when you gave Anthony that little apple for a Christmas present, I never thought he would take you as a bride to the altar." The marriage festival was as joyous a day as had ever been celebrated in the forester's house. Anthony purchased a house for himself in the city, where, as a popular painter, he had a great deal to do, and lived in the most blessed harmony with Louisa.

The following spring the Prince arrived quite unexpectedly at Felseck, his Hunting-seat, bringing with him Counsellor Mueller and an excellent man well versed in the management of forests. The Head-forester was quite surprised, and expected but little advantage to himself from this visit. "You have exceeded my orders," said the Prince to him. "I was indeed induced by your representations to deprive the old forester of his situation, and disposed to transfer the young forester to a very menial position in the forest; but to thrust the whole family so inhumanly out of the forester's house, as you designed, never entered my mind. Let us, however, first make an examination of the forester."

The special district of the Head-forester was in a lamentable condition. "In the reports that he has made me," said the Prince, "everything looked admirably. All was so prettily written and ruled as if by the card. But I find it different in the forests. In many places there is manifestly much more wood cut than appears in his accounts. The fellow has deceived me shamefully." The Head-forester, as it further appeared, had sold to a neighboring iron-furnace, by degrees, some thousand loads of wood more than he mentioned in his report. In order to meet his great and almost princely expenses, he had not only squandered his own property and plunged himself in debt, but, in addition, had been unfaithful to his Prince. The latter dismissed him and required him to make good his defalcation. The poor Herr von Schilf thenceforth lived in very needy circumstances upon his small estate, overburdened as it was with debt.

The Prince found the old forester's district in excellent condition. He visited him personally at his house, in the presence of his family expressed his satisfaction, and conversed kindly with them all. Before he mounted his horse, which a servant held by the bridle in front of the forester's house, he said to the son: "Henceforth you are the forester. Only continue to do as well as you have heretofore." "You," said the Prince to the old forester, "you are somewhat old, but by no means the superannuated old man that Herr von Schilf represented you. In spite of your age, you are still in possession of your faculties. I cannot lose you from my service. You will understand me, when I say, in parting with you: Farewell! Herr *Head-forester*."

HOW TO MAKE AND UNMAKE ENEMIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.”—Rom. xii. 20, 21.

Three things are hard to do with one's enemies, which ought to be done. 1. To understand the cause of their enmity. 2. To appreciate their difficulty to overcome it. 3. To be able to treat them in a Christian spirit.

Enmities usually do not spring from one cause but many. Often they originate in causes, over which the persons cherishing them have no control. Sometimes family feuds are entailed from parents to children, through successive generations. Many a man has inherited a quarrel from his father, which embittered his life and embarrassed every honest and generous effort.

Some men are born enemies. Constitutionally suspicious, mistrustful, envious, full of prickly points, always hating and hurting somebody. Such have few friends, and these few are more attached to them from pity than affection. These deserve and need our sympathy. They can not help it, that they are natural enemies; that they are Ishmaelites, whose “hand is against every man,” even though every man's hand is not against them. It is much harder for them to cherish a friendly spirit towards their fellows than for many others. Few appreciate their difficulty, and those few will bear with their thorny nature, and seek to heal their sores by gentle forbearance and charity.

Some are born with “the black eye,” as the Arabs call envy. They cannot bear the idea, that any one should have better clothing, a better house, or better manners than they have. Plutarch says, as often as such “see the cattle of those they have no kindness for, their dogs or their horses in a thriving condition; they sigh, fret, and set their teeth; and show all the tokens of a malicious temper, when they behold their fields well tilled, or their gardens adorned and beset with flowers.”

Men are often themselves to blame for having enemies. When Plato was told, that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, he replied: “It is no matter, I shall live so that none will believe them.” Trustful people usually have few such. The mistrustful can not be trusted. The suspecting are the first to be suspected.

Garrulous people, rattle-brains, whose tongues are evermore wagging, have few friends. Tale-bearers as the Bible calls them, scandal mongers, who like vultures are ever scenting after some disgusting object—these are the disagreeable people, whom none can love, whom none can thank. They are the first to find out the defects of their neighbors, the faults and fall of the feeble.

Excitable, irritable people are troubled with enemies. Be they never so sincere and earnest, they evermore get into trouble with their fellows. The least provocation will set them in a rage, ignite their passion. The fire burns within them; they must let it out. Thus the person in a rage must uncork his heart; his wrath boils over in hot rageful words. Soon the passion will calm down, the heart becomes cool, but the hot words have escaped, and hurt somebody; perhaps made life-long enemies. If anger must needs come, then we should “be angry and sin not.” One of the late Dr. Spencer’s parishioners in Brooklyn, New York, met him hurriedly urging his way down the street one day; his lip was set, and there was something strange in that grey eye. “How are you to-day, doctor?” he said, pleasantly. He waked as from a dream, and replied soberly, “I am mad!” It was a new word for a mild, true-hearted Christian; but he waited, and with a deep, earnest voice went on: “I found a widow standing by her goods thrown in the street; she could not pay the month’s rent; the landlord turned her out; and one of her children is going to die; and that man is a member of the church! I told her to take her things back again. I am on my way to see him.”

Control and subdue violent passion, and above all, seal the lips against its hot and damaging utterance. Like water spilt upon the ground, once it has flown forth it can not be gathered back. “A word which is the highest of all things, both gods and men inflict the heaviest penalties.” So says Plato. And a greater than Plato says: “But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.” Matthew xii. 36.

Some wise men thus tempted count one hundred before they open their lips. Some pray the Lord’s prayer before they speak. Words rashly spoken have separated hearts forever; hearts that should have been cemented together by ties of undying love.

Few passages in our English tongue excel in beauty of expression, in touching tenderness, that found in Coleridge’s *Christabel*, wherein he describes the life-long alienation of Sir Leoline and Lord Roland de Vaux, of Tryermaine. They had been ardent friends in boyhood and youth. In a fit of passion they separate. With proud disdain they harbor bitter hatred, and stay apart. Still the sad ruin of their early friendship sleeps in sad silence in their hearts.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 Parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between:—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."

A charming poem is this *Christabel*. *Christabel* is old Sir Leoline's lovely daughter. At night she goes out in the wood, near her father's castle

"She has had dreams all yester-night
 Of her own betrothed Knight;
 And she in midnight wood will pray
 For the weal of her lover that's far away."

Beneath a huge oak tree, in the solemn hush of midnight, she kneels in prayer. She hears some one moaning near by. She breathes another prayer, then with timid fear approaches the sorrowful one. It is a lost lady, who "scarce can speak for weariness." She is Lord Roland's lovely daughter, Geraldine. Yesternorn five warriors carried her away from her father's castle, and left her under this tree "scarce alive." *Christabel* brings the poor lady to her father, Lord Roland's ancient foe. Leoline listens to her sad story. His knightly heart swells high with rage. Forgetful of her age, he swears that he will punish her cruel abductors.

"He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
 For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
 In the beautiful lady the child of his friend."

Bracy, the bard of Leoline, with music sweet and loud, must bear the good news of her deliverance to her father's castle.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
 Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
 More loud than your horses' echoing feet,
 And loud and loud to Lord Roland call.
 Thy daughter is safe in Langdale Hall!
 Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
 Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.

He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array,
White with their panting palfrey's foam.
And by mine honor! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!"

SOME MORE GEOGRAPHICAL PERISCOPICS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

"*Holland*" is formed from the German words *hohl* and *land* and signifies a *hollow* or *low* country. It is a narrow slip of swampy earth—no mountains or rising grounds, no plantations, purling streams, or cataracts. When looking down from a tower or steeple, the face of the country appears like a continued marsh or bog, drained, at regular intervals, by innumerable ditches. Canals serve as high-roads, which in the summer months are as offensive as our city culverts. The usual way of passing from town to town is by a covered boat called "*treck-senits*," which are dragged by horses on a slow but uniform dog-trot. They are said to make exact time, though. The houses are built on large piles, driven into the mud. The "*Stadt-house*" stands on 13,659 such. Even the names of the cities savor of water; for instance, *Amsterdam*—*Rotterdam*, &c. The Holland women are proverbial for their rubbing, scouring and cleaning propensity. We never did believe that any woman was naturally fond of being forever in the suds; nor would our Dutch ladies use the scrubbing-brush so persistently, were it not that the moisture of the air causes metals to rust, and wood to mould, more than in any other country. There is a virtue made of a necessity, you see. Smoking tobacco is practised by old and young, of both sexes. Habitual tippling is charged upon the inhabitants too, without regard to sex. They say there is no *love* in a Hollander, only a mechanical affection. Every appetite and passion seems to run lower and grow cooler here, than in any other country. It is a rule with every one of them, to spend annually less than one's income is, be that what it will. Every Dutch man must show a margin. Whoever cannot do that, is put down as having lived to no purpose, that year. So the thirst for

money, after all, does not run low or grow cool. No failures occur among them, nor are there any bankrupt laws. They have a queer way to defend themselves against an enemy. They cover their frontiers with many sluices, by means of which, they can inundate, at the shortest notice, and become inaccessible. They are grand skaters—the best in the world. Only at this exercise do they betray any suppleness, unless, when they believe their interests are at the point of being sacrificed. Let us hear them pray, their

OUR FATHER:—

Onse Vader, die in de hemelin zyn, uwan naam worde gehey-light, uwe koningryk kome; uwe wille geschiede gelyck in den hemel zoo ook op den arden, ons dagelicks broot geef ons heeden, ende vergeef tonse schulden gelyk ook wy vergeenen onse schulden aaren; ende enlaat onse niet in versaeckinge, maer vertast ons van der boosen. Amen.

Switzerland is a romantic country. We all know that, and will, therefore, tell what our geographies omit. Here is an item on “Goitres and Idiots in Valaës.” The people in this latitude are much subject to *goitres*, or large swellings about the neck, and idiocy. The notion that the snow-water, peculiar to that latitude, occasions these enlargements, is totally abandoned by this time, and the theory maintained, that the springs are impregnated with a calcareous matter, called “*tuf*,” so minutely dissolved as not in the least to affect the transparency of the water. Wherever there are goitrous persons, there is much of this *tuf*. Such *tuf-stones* have been taken from the necks of affected persons.

Mr. Coxe speaks of the numerous idiots about these quarters. “I saw many instances of this unfortunate kind, as I passed through Sion. Some were basking in the sun, with their tongues protruding from their mouths, and their heads hanging on their breasts, exhibiting the most affecting spectacle of an intellectual imbecility that can possibly be conceived. The cause is unknown. But, stranger than this, is the fact, that the people very much respect these idiots, and even consider them a blessing from heaven. The common order esteem them so far, as to call them “*souls of God without sin*,” and—would it be credited?—parents prefer these idiot children to those of a full understanding, because they are incapable of sin, and are deemed sure of future happiness. Singular as is such a preference, yet it is not without its good effect, since it disposes parents to pay greater love to such helpless beings. In our own country, an imbecile or invalid child oftentimes monopolizes the affection of a household. How wise a Providence!

The Swiss are a brave race—always have been. Albert I, treated them with so much rigor, that they petitioned against the cruelty

of their Governors. This complaint only served to double their hardships. One Gresler, in wanton tyranny, set up a hat upon a pole, and obliged the people to bow to it, as to himself. The famous William Tell wouldn't do it. Being an excellent marksman, the tyrant condemned him to be hanged, unless he cleft an apple upon his son's head, at a certain distance, with an arrow. Tell cleft the apple, without touching the boy's head. Gresler asked him, what the other arrow meant, which still stuck in his belt? Tell bluntly answered, that it was intended for *him*, if he had killed the boy. Gresler sent him to prison; but, escaping, he watched for Gresler and shot him through the heart. This was the foundation of the Helvetic Republic and Liberty.

Silesia was the sad home of the persecuted 'Schwenkfelders'—a religious sect, now only known in two settlements in East Pennsylvania. The principal of the Protestant churches is the Lutheran Cathedral of St. Elizabeth. In the library belonging to it, is what may be considered a curious manuscript. To the naked eye it appears to be a drawing with a pen of the *Venus de Medicis*, upon a half-sheet of folio paper. But on examining it with a magnifying glass, it is found to be a copy of Ovid's *Art of Love*—perfectly legible, and the whole five books within a compass of ten inches in length and three in width. Prussia and Austria have swallowed up *Silesia*.

Poor dismembered *Poland* has always been a country of interest to us. You may blot a nation from the map, but memory and history will preserve it. The Poles are of noble *physique*. They salute each other by striking the breast with one hand and stretching the other towards the ground, with the head inclined. A common character, however, brings his head to the leg of his superior, near the heel. Their exercises are bracing and manly; such as vaulting, riding, hunting and skating. Horse-back riding is their daily diversion. A Polish gentleman will not travel a stone's throw without his horse. They never live up stairs. When they sit down to dinner or supper, they have trumpets or other musical instruments playing. Every Pole has his own knife, fork and spoon. They carry the pomp of their attendance, when abroad, even to ridicule. It is not unusual to see the Lady of a Polish grandee move beside a coach-and-six, with a great number of servants, attended by an old gentleman-usher, and an old gentle-woman for her governante, with a dwarf of each sex, to hold up her train. If it be night, her coach is surrounded by a great number of flambeaux. The nobles call each other *Brothers*. They do not value titles, and think a gentleman of Poland, the highest appellation to be enjoyed. They are fond of dress, some of the rich owning as high as fifty suits. *Kosciusko* was their unsuccessful Washington.

The *Hungarians* are well-made persons, as all who saw Kossuth

will testify. Their peculiar hat with plume, or fur-cap; their close-bodied coats, girded by a sash, and their cloak or mantle, which is so contrived as to buckle under the arms, so that the right hand may always be at liberty,—all this gives them an air of military dignity. The men shave their beards, save their whiskers on the upper lip. Still, not every man can look the Hungarian by simply letting *that* grow. It is strange that gout and fever are predominant diseases in Hungary; though, the climate is said to be the cause. There are many *faraons*, *zigeuners*, or *gypsies*, in this country. These are believed to be real descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They carry the Egyptian features down from father to child, and perpetuate a propensity to isolation and melancholy. They preserve the dance of Isis, in religious veneration of the onion, and in many of their manners and customs, superstitions and peculiarities, resemble their Egyptian ancestry. Many of the female gypsies, around Temeswar, still hatch eggs after the old domestic style.

Hungary was formerly remarkable for its coinage. There are still extant, in cabinets, complete sets of coins of their former kings. More Greek and Roman medals have been discovered in this country, than, perhaps in any other of Europe.

Crossing the Strait, let us come as far as *Wales*, which is almost cut apart from England, by the Rivers *Severn* and *Dee*. It means *the land of the strangers*. Don't the Welsh strike you as such, whenever you meet them? It came to be so named, because the Romans drove the Belgic Gauls thither—into a far and strange country.

Wales contains many quarries of free-stone and slate; several mines of lead, and many coal-pits. In Anglesea is a rich copper-mine, which produces, not in veins, but by large heaps. Now it is plain, why *our* Welsh are well-nigh all miners. But there was a time, when the people in Wales did more than dig under ground. Wales was once a seat of learning. It was famous for its birds and poets. Thaliessin was an early Welsh genius, and inspired his people with the spirit of independence. Edward I, did not like such men, and had all the poets massacred. Wales furnished the Anglo-Saxons with an Alphabet. After all, it appears that the great merit of the Welsh learning, lay, in former times, in their knowledge of antiquities, language, and history of their own country.

Let us light on some Islands now—the British Isles.

The *Isle of Wight* has been called the 'Garden of England,' because of its beautiful and picturesque prospects. More wheat grows here in one year, than can be consumed by the inhabitants in eight. The air is pure; the soil fertile, and the landscape of great variety. Here are some of the finest gentlemen's seats, and even the farm-

houses are built of stone, with splendid lawns enclosing them. In the English Channel lie four Islands—*Jersey*, *Guernsey*, *Alderney* and *Sark*.

Jersey Isle is noted for its cider and honey. This is the only place we have ever heard of, where ‘a physician has no business.’

Guernsey has its cider. But the objection to it is that it lacks fuel, which is a very serious one.

Alderney is known to us principally for its fine breed of cows. And the *Sark Isle* is famous for its long-lived inhabitants.

The *Isle of Man* has been supposed to take its name from the Saxon word *Mang* (among); because it lies in St. George’s Channel, and at an equal distance from England, Scotland and Ireland. One, who has been there, says: “On a clear day three Britannie kingdoms may be seen from this island.”

The *Isles of Scotland* fall into three clusters:—

The *Hebrides* are supposed to exceed 300 in number; but 30 only are of any significance. Staffa is noted for its ‘Cave of Fingal,’ 371 feet long, 53 broad, and 117 high. The whole cluster is a home for the “*Shanachies*,” or ‘Storytellers.’ They supply the place of the ancient bards, so famous in history, and are the historians or genealogists of the family and people, as well as the poets. The chief, when making his round, is attended with his musician—a Bag-piper, of whom we have all heard and read. Notwithstanding the contempt into which this order of music has fallen, it is almost incredible with what care and skill it was cultivated among these islanders, so late even as the beginning of the last century. They had regular colleges and professors, and students took degrees according to their proficiency. As a body, the people are of a romantic, poetic turn; and the agility of both sexes, both in their field exercises, and when dancing to their favorite music, is remarkable.

The inhabitants pretend to the power of *fore-knowledge* too. They claim the wonderful faculty of seeing visions of events before they happen. The real truth seems to be, that these islanders, by indulgence and dissipation, acquire visionary habits of mind, and overstimulate their imaginations, till they are haunted with those fancies and phantasms, which they mistake for prophetic manifestations. They incessantly prophesy, and it is natural to suppose, that of the thousand predictions, some may happen to be realized; and such fortuitous chimings give sanction to the whole.

Of the *Orkney Islands*, 80 in number, *South Ronaldsha* is most fertile, and *Hoy* is noted for a mountain, called ‘Wart hill.’ Its summit sparkles, when seen at a distance, though its brightness fades on a nearer approach. The peasants call it “the enchanted carbuncle.” The cause of this phenomenon is supposed to be the reflection of the rays of the sun from some hidden water; but no such water has as yet been discovered. There is also a hermitage

here, cut out of stone, called the '*dwarfie stone*.' Within is what resembles a bed, with a pillow large enough for two men to lie on. At the other end is a couch, and in the middle, a hearth, with a hole cut out for a chimney.

The *Shetland Isles* count 20, in number. We are familiar with them through the '*Shetland Ponies*,' a small breed of horses, which are extremely active, strong and hardy. They are employed to draw the carriages of the wealthy, especially the ladies, on account of their diminutive size and beauty.—We leave the Islands, now.

The *Netherlands*, or Belgium, are the Low Countries, and are so called from their low situation in respect to Germany. The natives are known as the "*Flemings*," though the appellation was strictly applicable to the province of Flanders. They have become entirely French, in some parts of the territory, in dress, language and manners. Hence our "*fashions*" come largely from Brussels, one of their elegant cities, since Paris is down. Who has not heard of Brussels carpet? The manufacturing of beautiful linens and laces is carried forward in the Netherlands, so as to be unrivalled by their neighbors. The species called '*Cambrics*,' from Cambray, is particularly fine.

The Flemish painters and sculptors have great merit, and constitute a school of their own. The works of Rubens and Vandyke cannot be too much admired. The models for heads of Firamingo, or the Fleming, especially those of children, have never been equalled. The Society of the Jesuits once trained learned men here. Works on Theology, the Civil and the Canon Law, Poems and Plays were their productions. The learned Lipsius was born near Brussels.

The Palatinate, a former Province, and dear to the Reformed Church, is no longer to be identified on our modern maps. It once consisted of two adjoining tracts, called *Oberpfalz* and *Unterpfalz*. The former section lay at the side of Bohemia and Bavaria; the latter extended down on both sides of the Rhine. Hence it is sometimes styled *The Palatinate of the Rhine*. In 1620, the two Provinces were separated, Bavaria swallowing the *Oberpfalz*, and Germany *Unterpfalz*. In later times, Prussia, Bavaria, Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt dismembered with a ruthless hand, this once fertile and noble section of Germany. Heidelberg had been its ancient capital.

Bohemia becomes notorious, just now, since Napoleon III, is about purchasing a residence here—at least the Newspapers say so. Its name signifies, *the home of the Boii*—a Celtic people, who removed thither from Gaul, before Cæsar's expedition. At one time no middle class could be found in Bohemia; every lord was a sovereign, and every tenant a slave. This is no longer the case, however.

Prague is the capital. In 1414 John Huss and Jerome (of Prague) were burnt as heretics, at the Council of Constance. This caused an insurrection. The people of Prague threw the Emperor's officers out of the windows of the Council Chamber; and Zisca, with an army of 40,000 Bohemians, defeated and drove the Imperialists out of the kingdom. But divisions occurring among the Hussites and Jeromites, the Emperor's forces regained possession.

It is hard to tell a new or unknown thing of *Prussia*, just now. But we wonder, nevertheless, whether most of our readers know the origin and meaning of its name? 'Prussia' is derived from *Po-russi*, and means—*near Russia*. It is perhaps safest to say, that it is bounded by the valor of its arms, by the diplomacy of Bismark, and the ambition of Wilhelm. At all events, to define its territory in any other way, might not long remain in accordance with the facts, after this day—March 12th, 10 o'clock, A. M. The Prussian Army is the great national institution, even in time of peace. For further information concerning the now Empire, we must refer every one to the Newspapers, which abound in it.

And what shall we say of *France*—or Paris, which is the same thing? Is it safe to speak at all, save disparagingly? The Newspapers are in a *dilemma*—not knowing which man to style the 'Man of Sin,' exactly—Napoleon III., or Pius IX. As so many judges are bothered, we will render no opinion. Still France attained to her dizziest heights under the historical Uncle and the equally historical Nephew. A bold, bad man, is Napoleon the Little; but who will deny that he is a wonderful character, after all? Once he trained a tamed Eagle to fly and perch right on the Statue of his Uncle, to show the Parisians that Fate would have *him* to rule the French. The trick was successful, and he ruled well nigh unto a score of years. The Parisians have had anarchy since. Perhaps another Eagle is being trained by the wily ex-Emperor. He says, at all events, that his going back to Paris is only a question of time. He believes himself to be pre-eminently a "Man of Destiny," and that destiny has ordered the French to call him back to his now shattered home. Shall we believe him? The Newspapers say—"No!" But the Newspapers have lied ere to-day, no less than Napoleon. We will say—"Wait I say on the Lord!"

Now, after jumping from one point to another, until we have tired ourselves and others, let us ask—*What is to be the ultimatum of Nations?* Are they but so many swarms of grasshoppers? Are they but to thrive for a season—commit their share of ravages, and die away as shadows die? Reader;—That opens up a question to which we would not venture an answer in the "Guardian." All the philosophy of history to which these pages are open, the Psalmist furnishes: PSALM II.

THE HISTORY OF A SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ ‘Twas here I first attended school,
When I was very small:
There was the Master on his stool
There was his whip, and there his rule—
I seem to see it all.”

—*Harbaugh.*

“ Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village Master taught his little school.”

—*Goldsmith.*

It was in the latter part of May last. The Board of Visitors of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, were in session in the principal recitation room, on the second floor of Franklin and Marshall College. Sitting at the window, aside of a friend, I discovered a one story frame building, near the edge of the College grounds. For a while, I heard but few of the questions and answers that passed between a certain learned professor and his students which I ought to have heard; which my duty as a member of said Board required me to hear. The little white-washed dwelling carried my thoughts far back to other days and other scenes. Then this building served as a country school-house, less than two miles from its present site. It was sold, and conveyed hither, almost under the shadow of the College. Just then and here, the sight of it made a strange impression on me. I told the secret to the friend at my side, and he told it to others, and these made it the occasion of sport at my expense. Their first school-house was elsewhere; for *this one* they had little affection. For them no early memories hallowed the humble dwelling. We are unwilling to forget our first school days, our first school-house, and first school-master.

Our babyhood is a blank. After it, comes the twilight of consciousness. Into that dim dawn of our knowing and known life, memory eagerly strives to peer. And the older we get, the more eager the striving. A dreamy vision of a little check frock and

apron often haunts my memory. Was it mine? And then on a certain day the boisterous owner thrust his awkward little limbs into a pair of pantaloons and "roundabout." And he bounced after everybody around the premises, with infinite prattle, displaying the insignia of boyhood. And well he might. Thitherto he was a child in a frock, now a boy in pantaloons. Very well, must you know, my dear reader, what an epoch this transition from a frock to pant-life makes in the history of a boy. No wonder that such an important turn in his affairs should impress itself on his memory. Beyond that, his life is pre-historic, antediluvian.

Another event I can remember more distinctly. It was on my sixth birthday. And great was my joy over its blessings. "Old Remmig" was the flax-breaker and sheep-shearer for the whole neighborhood. He was a great snuffer, great swearer, a great whiskey-drinker, and a great liar. When out of humor he was the terror of the children. Seated on a chair aside of the old clock, giving vent to my joy, the ruffian slyly seized my ear, and well-nigh lifted me from my seat, seeming determined to pull it out by the roots. My joy was turned into a shrieking sorrow. Had I possessed the strength of a man to back my boy-wrath, "Old Remmig" would very likely have left the room with a bloody nose. Every almanac reminded me that January was a very bad month to be born in. That all thus born are self-willed, ill-natured, selfish—in short, people hard to get along with. And I, having the ill-fortune, as I thought, to come into the world in this month, tried my utmost to behave so as to prove the almanac a liar. But "Old Remmig" threw me off my guard, and that yet, on my birthday. Was it a wonder that I did just what the almanac said I would? This event has fixed itself clearly and indelibly upon the tablet of memory. And poor "Old Remmig" helped to write it there, of whom I can remember no good thing—naught but his snorting efforts to cram more snuff into his nostrils than there was room, his drunkenness, his horrid oaths, and his incredible yarns.

My acquaintance with the aforesaid school dates from about this period. It stood on the edge of our farm, where two roads met. A part of the house was occupied by a family; one room, about 10 by 20 feet in size was used for the school. The benches had no backs: the few small windows furnished too little light, and the low ceiling too little healthy air. On the opposite side of the street was my uncle's black-smith shop. His furnace was the daily wonder of us scholars. Between school-hours he always had a group of timid spectators around the door, watching with childish curiosity the great bellows make the fire on the hearth roar, and when he drew the heated iron out on the anvil, there was a rush for the street to escape the large sparks his strokes sent spitting around.

“ There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village Master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.”

Schoolmaster Schwartz was revered by us as one of the great men of the world, albeit he could not pass such tests as the teachers' examinations now impose. He boarded around among the farmers, coming and going, as freely as the children of the family. He was a great tea drinker. When the busy servant girl waiting on the table, could not promptly fill his cup, he would thump the table and cry out before all of us: “Tea, TEA, TEA, Betz.” This impatient explosion gave certain little folks at the table great trouble to keep straight and sober faces. It was characteristic of the man. His business was to command, that of others was to obey.

The small school-room, packed with children, had no ventilation, save the little fresh air that stole through the window cracks and the door as we passed in and out. This close impure air produced drowsiness, especially in the schoolmaster. Many a nap he took, leaning back in his chair, behind his little desk—going to sleep in the presence of his company. At first, the closing of his eyes was the signal for a general row among the scholars. But we soon learned to our dismay that Master Schwartz was given to thinking with his eyes closed. Whether asleep or engaged in introverted reflection, it was hard to discover. Sometimes his heavy breathing assured us, that we might safely start our fun. Cautiously the juvenile jokes passed around, when lo, the wakeful spirit of the master peeped through the half-opened eyes from under his bushy brow, who at once laid the rod on lustily, to the sorrow of the transgressors.

Full well I remember one of the proud days of this school. In the morning, uncle called me to the door of the blacksmith shop:

“ I will give you a cent, this evening, if you will not get a whipping to-day.”

“ Will you, uncle? ”

“ Yes, take my word for it.” I triumphed. Not once did the master flog me on that day. I demanded the reward, and got it. No penny ever gave me greater pride than that.

But it required great exertion to get it. Our Master had a great fondness for flogging the boys. The slightest movement of the feet or tongue, brought the rod on one's back. Fortunately he rarely hurt any one. So lightly, and so often came the thwack, that we sometimes hardly knew whether he intended to fondle or flog us. This cramping of the child-nature is unnatural and inhuman. To

force a child to sit motionless, on one and the same spot, for several hours, forbidding its tongue to wag at some person or thing, making the scraping of a foot a penal offence—is an outrage on its nature. Its whole innocent being demands motion of this kind, and if you attempt to suppress it, you make it a martyr.

Withal Schoolmaster Schwartz was a good teacher. Among other lessons, he made us commit hymns to memory. A pleasing scene occurs to my memory, where two little brothers spent hours by themselves, in a certain room, and studied their hymns by the light of a tallow candle. How the one found it so easy a task, and the other so hard. Many a choice hymn such as

“When all Thy mercies, O, my God.”
“From all that dwell below the skies.”
“Jesus shall reign where’er the sun.”
“Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,”

were treasured up in the memory. And there they remain to this day.

These hymns we were taught to sing. Often the tediousness of school hours was relieved with singing. A certain urchin had to raise the tune. After all had been duly arranged on certain benches, and the hymn announced, the Master called on the little fellow to begin, and he did it with a will, the rest joining in the song. Often as I repeat or help to sing one of these hymns, it calls up the memory of Schoolmaster Schwartz. He disappeared no one knows whither. In some quiet God’s acre he sleeps his last sleep. None of our scholars know where he lies. But all gratefully cherish the memory of the Master, who filled our childhood memories with sweet hymns, which we shall continue to sing until the school-days of earth shall end.

“Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,—
We love the play place of our early days ;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight—and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill ;
The very name we carved subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ’d,
Though mangled, hack’d, and hew’d, yet not destroy’d.

The little ones unbutton’d, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot ;
As happy as we once to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw.

To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat :
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollections of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.

This fond attachment to the well-known place
When first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway
We feel it e'en in age and at our latest day."—*Cowper.*

THE RIVULET.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART,

White Marsh, Pa.

As I, in sad and thoughtful mood,
Came wandering through this silent wood,
I here unwittingly have met
A happy dimpling rivulet,
That issuing out, so sly and still,
From a dark hiding in the hill,
Before me sprang, in open sight,
With limpid tones of loud delight :
Just as a little child once did ;—
She, full of joy, from me had hid
Within a dusky corner, where
She lay in wait till I drew near,
And then with merry ringing shout
Before me sprang to dance about,
With clapping hands and laughing eyes
To see my startle of surprise :
And all the golden sunlight shone
Her unbound golden hair upon,
From head to foot arraying her
With such a glory, I aver,
That ne'er before and ne'er again,
Such lovely vision have I seen ;
Then whilst I stood half filled with awe,
And gazed perplexed at what I saw,
On white-bare feet away she tripped
And into darkness softly slipped,
And left me turning o'er and o'er,
A thought by me unsolved before,
Whether it was a gleeful child
Who thus with sport herself beguiled,
Or if it was a merry elf
That played this prank upon myself.
And thus before my very feet,
When least I thought such thing to meet,
Like to the little child I met,
Yon dimpling dance, my rivulet.
And babbling o'er the mossy stones,
You've charmed mine ear with such sweet tones,
That all my gloomy thoughts have fled,
And naught but joy is left instead.

And laughing now at what you've done,
On your bright course you gaily run,
As if you dared me to pursue
The winding way marked out by you :
Perchance 'twill lead amid the shade
Which the dark verdant leaves have made,
Where not a single shaft of light,—
Although the sun with all his might,
From the unclouded sky above,
Shines down upon the leafy grove,—
Can pierce the covering thick and green,
Which you so lover-like doth screen ;
And then by different mood possest,
Perchance you'll air your limpid breast
Within some open sunlit glade
Undimmed by shadow or by shade,
Where 'mid a stillness deep, profound,
The sunlight rests upon the ground,
Like to a holy blessing said
Upon a young child's gentle head ;
Or yet, fatigued with th' quietness
Of the great forest's deep recess,
You'll gaily fly the silent glade,
And speed to form the high cascade.
Adown your frolic plunge to take,
And into thousand spherules break,—
Bright pearls of water, pure as day,
That with incessant patter play—
As glistening through the air they go—
Upon the shining pool below,
Which like a round and silver shield,
By tiny hammers beat, doth yield
Sweet tuneful notes of bell-like sound,
Which through the forest dim resound,
Still charming all the woody air
With tones so musical and clear ;

And thus, where'er you choose to go,
Your laughing waters lightly flow ;
And none I ween can e'er draw near,
Your wave to see or voice to hear,
Without partaking in the joy
Which your sweet time doth all employ.
E'en though one come, in woful plight
A poor and melancholy wight,
Of every friend on earth bereft,
By fortune scorned, whom hope hath left,
Your cheering influence will steal
O'er his tired heart, and he will feel
Some of the joy, which now from thee
Hath banished far my misery.

This he must feel, for all things here
Attest the wondrous power you bear
To give of your unfailing wealth,
To those who need, new life and health :
The columbine which here hath grown
The richest crimson claims her own ;

Of golden hue the butter-cup
His tiny chalice lifteth up,
And every flower draws from you
A deeper and more lovely hue ;
While these great trees, here towering high,
Decay and years seem to defy,
And sway their brawny limbs as free,
As if through all eternity,
They were predestined still to grow ;
Why, ev'n the rocks your influence show,
For here no longer do they lie
In cold and death-like apathy,
But roused from out the sluggish sleep,
Which their whole life so long did keep,
They've clothed their naked forms, so gross,
With silky robes of velvet moss,
Which glitter o'er with jewels, bright,
As e'er upon a banquet night
The snow-white brow or dimpled neck
Of radiant maiden did bedeck,
As on the floor with dainty tap,
Her dainty slipper light did rap,
And she to music's silvery sound
In the gay dance sped round and round.

Indeed, it almost seems to me—
How much soe'er that thought may be
With thoughts of wiser men at strife—
I've found the Elixir of life.
That Liquid, which, with power strange
Old age to youth 'twas said could change ;
Could turn the hoary hair to brown,
And smooth the yellow wrinkles down,
Could give to him, whose twitching pains,
And creaking joints, and clogged reins,
And palsied hand, and dim weak e'e,
And shrunken shank, and feeble knee
Compelled, with long and piteous groan,
The loss of youthful prime to own,
As warm and red a flow of blood,
As sparkling and as gay a mood,
As supple and as strong a limb,
As was in youth possessed by him,
When with his comrades on the lawn,
Perchance at eve or yet at dawn,
Their shouts of laughter ringing clear,
He kicked the foot-ball through the air ;
Or yet, as when, at close of day,
To some still haunt he stole away,
His heart with love's sweet trouble laden
To meet his rosy little maiden,
And with coy words from her to steal
The avowal she would fain conceal,
But which, with him, in spite of art,
Would find its way from out her heart :
E'en as the gentle violet sweet,
When warmed by morning's balmy heat,

May close its petals as it will,
The petals soft will open still,
And delicate emit the scent,
Which makes the air all redolent.

And thus to change old age to youth
'Twas often said,—and held forsooth,—
This power had that magic draught,
Which wizards old, with wizard craft
And never wearying industry,
Sought in their old-time alchemy,
Or where for them it might have birth
In some deep cavern of the earth,
Which the strange waters did produce
For wrinkled mortals' timely use,—
Here bubbling up all clear and cold
'Tween rocks with many a century old.
Ah, happy stream, do you possess
The magic power which thus can bless
Mortality? Give life a form
Which chilling death can never harm?
Well might I think it! ne'er indeed,
From sombre hill or sunny mead,
Have waters of so pure a ray
O'er their white pebbles slid away,
As here, with voice of music low,
Well from this rock before me now!
And never did the joyous spring
To the sad earth such gladness bring,
As here in richest verdancy
On every side delights the eye!

Ah! how the invalid would love
On this smooth bank to idly rove;
To feel the wind upon his brow
Allay the pain he suffers now;
To kneel upon this mossy stone,
As he perchance may once have done,
And in your stream his hand to dip,
And, bearing to his feverish lip
Refreshing waters cool, to drink
Renewed life from this green brink;
Then on this fragrant grass, so sleek,
To press his wan and wasted cheek,
And gazing far above to see
The clouds sail on thus tranquilly;
Then close his eyes, and free from pain,
Dream—dream himself a boy again.

Oh! happy streamlet, may you still
Flow onward, onward where you will,
And give to others, as to me,
The joy of your dear company.
Through waving wood, and new mown field,
And flowery meadows, which do yield
To grazing herds the tender grass,
May your bright waters ever pass!
By you may fern leaves ever grow,
And wild-wood flowers peep and blow!

By you may richest mosses keep,
And slender grasses ever sweep,
With a long drawn and graceful motion,
Thy dancing wave; as, passing by,
You onward speed, in glad commotion,
And babble loud and merrily!!

BEGIN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

A hard-working, clerical friend has just told me his experience with begging vagrants. No. 1 is a man in the prime of life. Complains bitterly of his misfortunes. Has a wife and children somewhere, who will both freeze and starve if he does not get help at once. He must have money.

But why does he not work?

Can get no work.

There is a shovel, please clear the snow off that pavement and I will give you your wages.

He takes the shovel and as soon as the Minister turns his eyes from him, he takes to his heels.

No. 2. Two healthy girls, grown and vigorous.

One approaches, and tells her story.

They are so hungry and so cold. Would he not please give them clothing, food and money.

But you are young and strong; why do you not work?

Sir, we can not get work.

Very well; there is a broom and bucket, scrub our front pavement, and I will pay you for it.

Yes, but my sister yonder is waiting for me, I cannot disappoint her.

Very well; when you are willing to work I will help you, but no sooner.

No. 3. An active strong-bodied girl, nearly grown, with a basket. She wants *vittels*.

Can't you work?

Yes, sir.

Why don't you get work then, and earn your living. Many people want girls like you to do their work, and are willing to pay them well for it.

My sister is out working, but I don't want to work! And so on through a long list of similar cases, that we might give.

With young men it is even worse. It is true, they do not beg so much, but steal instead. The country is filling up with a rising generation of vagrants and jail birds, who will give work to our courts and prisons for the next thirty years. They come not only from low and degraded families. In many comfortable homes are disobedient children, who refuse to go to school and church, refuse to learn a trade or fit themselves for any kind of usefulness and for an honest living; too lazy or too proud to work. Their inevitable end will be pauperism and crime.

Many a man is punished through life for the sins of boyhood. I know several who, instead of going to school as their parents wished them to do, loitered along the Railroad, and tried their skill in stealing rides on the passing trains. The result is that every one goes sadly through life with one arm or one leg. I have several in my mind's eye, who stubbornly refused to learn a trade. The parents urged and coaxed them day after day, but they would have their own way. The result is that now they are driving a cart, or digging in the earth for \$1.25 a day, instead of making from \$2 to \$5 as bakers or machinists. They must strain every nerve to live in their humble huts.

Much of the present misery and crime comes from the squalid homes of irreligious parents. The truth is, that some parents are not fit to have children. They are not fit to give birth to them, because they entail upon them the curse of their own physical and moral constitution. They are not fit to train and educate them. So far as they get any schooling, it is in vice and crime. Eminent educators are discussing the importance of the State making the education of children compulsory—that is, compel all parents to send their children to school. But this would not meet the case fully. You may educate them to become adepts in crime, unless you will compel them to get a proper heart training. Schooling alone, such as the common schools furnish, will not give the children character, purity and rectitude of heart and life. That can only be done by the Gospel and Church of Christ. If compulsion is necessary and right in mental, why not in moral training?

We have had children in the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa., who were cradled in an atmosphere of sin. The fathers fell in the war. The State handed the ill-born offspring to the Home. Five years of training brought the poor souls into a new life—a life of prayer, faith and piety. In vacation they visit the lowly home of their childhood. They sit down at a mother's table, but refuse to eat until she allows them to fold their hands and pray over their meal. They follow her to the little bed-room of their childhood, but refuse to lie down until they have knelt by the bedside, bowed their heads and prayed their evening prayers. The poor mother had never learned or seen anything like this.

Oh it makes one's heart bleed to think of the multitudes of ill and low-born unfortunates, whose very birth excludes them from the way of life. The diseases of the soul, no less than those of the body, run in the blood. And these waifs of humanity are, from their birth, sent adrift on a current, which they have no power to stem. Emerson and his school say, you must let the child grow up according to its own inward bent, without bias, control or training from without. That doctrine is purely Satanic. Here is just the trouble. The moral stream of every human life starts wrong. The only way to save it is to turn it into the right channel. By nature it bends sin-ward, death-ward, hell-ward. To save it, you must turn it God-ward, into grace and truth through Jesus Christ.

The Christian State devotes its reformatory strength almost wholly to the enforcement of the civil law—to courts and prisons. There is an important work to do at the other end. It reminds one of the man, who tried to purify the Mississippi by dipping the muddy water out of the channel with a tin ladle near its mouth. The source of the stream is the proper place to purify and direct its current. If the State would give half the money now spent to run the courts and prisons, to establish and sustain reformatory schools and religious Homes, wherein to train the children of the poor who are not fit to have them, in twenty years' time the courts and prisons would have little work.

THAT RED SPOT.

No more striking subject for a painter could be imagined than Mr. Vallandigham, as described in the newspaper reports, gazing with fixed eyes, set teeth and deathly paleness at the little red spot in his skin, which had been so inadvertently caused by drawing a pistol from his pocket. The wound was quite incidental, if we may so speak, and it appeared a small matter. Little blood and less pain accompanied it, and as the wounded man felt round for the ball it might have been hoped, that he would squeeze it out and attend to his business again in a day or two. But, to the practiced examination of the surgeon, that little red spot indicated death. All the wealth of the United States and all the strength of the great party, of which he was the chief, might have been spent in vain to save the leader, who a few moments before was sound and whole, and full of life and vigor. The spot became larger, the blood flowed more freely, both inwardly and outwardly, and in a few hours death closed the scene.

There are other ways, in which a moment's inadvertence may leave a fatal wound. The boy, who first steals from his employer, or looks into a lascivious picture book, has made the red spot. The youth, who takes life in a fit of drunkenness or passion, has consigned himself to the gallows. The man of business, who is tempted into forgery, has inflicted the incurable red spot on his character. And we need not add, that the other sex are even more liable to be irretrievably ruined by a moment's inadvertence.

It is true, however, and it is a glorious truth, that there is a Divine physician, who can and will heal even the most fatal wounds of the truly penitent soul, and present it without spot to the Judge of all the earth; but so far as this world is concerned, the injury inflicted on character, in the ways to which we have alluded, are like the wound of Mr. Vallandigham, very easily caused, but hopeless of cure.—*N. Y. Daily Witness*.

LAWYERS AND THE SABBATH.

The noble example of Sir Matthew Hale, as a conscientious Christian, and especially his sacred regard for the Sabbath, has been often referred to. Toward the close of his long and busy life, he wrote to his grandchildren :

“Though my hands and mind have been as full of secular business, both before and since I was a judge, as it may be any man's in England, yet I never wanted time in my six days to ripen and fit myself for the business and employments I had to do, though I borrowed not one minute from the Lord's day to prepare for it, by study or otherwise. But on the other hand, if I had at any time borrowed from this day any time for my secular employments, I found it did further me less than if I had left it alone; and, therefore, when some years' experience, upon a most attentive and vigilant observation, had given me this instruction, I grew peremptorily resolved never in this kind to make a breach upon the Lord's day, which I have now strictly observed for above thirty years. This relation is most certainly and experimentally true, and hath been declared by me to hundreds of persons, as I now declare it to you.”

We are glad to know, that this race of English lawyers has not died out. A letter from a son of Dr. Guthrie of Scotland, a lawyer, published in the *Presbyterian*, makes the following mention of two eminent men, the late Lord Chancellor and the present :

“The Lord Chancellor under the late conservative government (Lord Cairns) and Sir Roundell Palmer (who has just been made Lord Chancellor) are not only great lawyers and men of splendid abilities, but, I am glad to say, are both decidedly religious men. In reference to Sabbath keeping, for instance, Sir Roundell Palmer is so strict, that, as Miss Palmer told me, when in connection with the late Alabama arbitration, he received some papers from the Foreign Office on Saturday afternoon, which had to be sent off on Monday forenoon, he sat up until twelve on Saturday night, and began again before break of day on Monday morning. He has never, during all his life, done any work on the Sabbath, and certainly, if a man with his enormous practice, the largest in Great Britain, yielding him, when he was Attorney General, something like £25,000 sterling, or \$125,000 per annum, could dispense with Sunday work, so might many lesser men, who now say that at times they find it absolutely necessary.

“Lord Cairns, again, when in the Highlands preaches to his servants and visitors every Sunday; and in order that all may be able to attend, there is no meat cooked in the house on Sunday. In fact, the British Bench, at the present moment, is in a very healthy state both as regards perfect integrity, morality, and religion.”

TRAFFIC ON RAILROAD TRAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Railroads are a great convenience; a blessing in many respects; a curse in many others. On the most of them certain practices are tolerated, which have a most pernicious influence. Many of our readers have doubtless been annoyed by the boys selling prize boxes.

“Only twenty-five cents for a prize-box, each and every one containing a coin worth from five to fifty cents. Only twenty-five cents.” It must be surprising to every thinking mind, that these powerful dignified corporations, should allow their passengers to be annoyed and insulted by having these sugar-coated lottery swindles thrust upon them. An incalculable benefit, in point of moral influence and gratitude, would accrue to these Railroads, if they would prohibit the sale of these prize candies. The principle is wrong, and fosters immoral habits.

The immoralities of Railroad literature are well known to all travelers. The sale of the daily and weekly papers and monthlies is an accommodation to the traveling public. But beyond this the reading matter sold on most Railroads is execrable. Novels of the lowest and emptiest type, with pictures depicting, in horrid colors, how some murder, theft or abduction was committed, stuff that panders to the basest desires and tastes of the reader; books which Railroad managers would be ashamed to have seen in their libraries—all these are huckstered through every car for the hundredth time. Many of them detail the silly offspring of the most degraded minds of the country. So far as our knowledge extends, we have traveled on few roads in this country, whose reading matter sold is so unobjectionable as our Reading and Philadelphia Railroad. If any of our readers can catch the ear of men who control Railroads, they may do a good work by suggesting a reformation in the traffic of prize candies and papers on the trains.

The *Christian Intelligencer* says on this subject:

No thoughtful person can have failed to be struck by the low character of the literary wares dispensed on our railroads—whether they are looked at from a stand-point of taste, or morals, or religion. It is seldom that a book, worthy of admission to one's library, forms a part of the selection of those, who buy from our railroads the privilege of supplying reading matter to travelers, and it is almost as rare that one can be found, which is fit to be read by the young and impressionable. For the most part, the books, and the greater part of the weekly papers that are offered, are beneath criticism on the score of good taste, and exceedingly objectionable for their teachings in life and manners.

It is a satisfaction to be able to say, that there is at least one railroad in the United States, which has a true conception of its duty in this respect. The Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, not only provides racks in each of its cars for Bibles furnished by the American Bible Society, but it allows no light or vicious literature to be sold on its cars. Nor does it stop even here. It does not allow its employees to shock the ears of its patrons by the use of profane language, as they almost universally do on the trains running from this city and its vicinity. It runs no Sabbath trains, except for stock which would suffer by being detained in the cars. And it has established at one of its central stations a well selected library for the use of its employees, when not running on their trips. It is to be hoped, that this excellent example may be considered worthy of emulation by railroad corporations throughout the country.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.—A Sunday-school missionary in the West, while addressing a Sunday-school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburnt face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small, brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, whispered kindly to her, and taking her by the hand, led her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said :

“Is that your little sister, my dear?”

“No, sir,” answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes, “I have no sister, sir.”

“Oh! one of the neighbor’s children,” replied the missionary—“a little school-mate, perhaps?”

“No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before.”

“Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her, if you do not know her?”

“Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her.”

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.—Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said, that even in a stage coach he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made, when he was a journeyman stone-mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment’s leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

A NOBLEMAN holding a position in Prussia similar to our State Superintendents of public schools, was accustomed to say, that he looked upon every child in the kingdom as one that might appeal against him to God, if he failed to bestow upon him as good an education for time and eternity as was in his power to give. Thus may a Christian man say of all persons coming under his daily influence. Each one has the right of appeal to God against him, if he does not use his best abilities and opportunities to secure for him his eternal welfare.

LOOK UPWARD.—A young man once picked up a gold coin that was lying in the road. Always afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eyes on the ground, hoping to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, both gold and silver. But all these years that he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never let his eyes turn away from the filth and mud, in which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road in which to pick up money.

Editor's Drawer.

THE recent death of that pioneer of Methodism in the West, the Rev. Peter Cartwright, brings to the surface many characteristic anecdotes of that remarkable man. Here are a few, which will be new to most of our readers: Cartwright used to relate the following anecdote of a Dutchman's cross: The Rev. Mr. Lee was preaching from the text, "Except a man deny himself and take up the cross, he cannot be my disciple." In the congregation were a Dutchman and his Frau, the latter of whom was a notorious scold. They were deeply touched by Mr. Lee's preaching. After service Mr. Lee mounted his horse and started for his evening appointment. After riding some distance, he saw a little ahead of him a man trudging along, carrying a woman on his back. The traveler was a small man, the woman large and heavy. Mr. Lee rode up and found, that it was the Dutchman, carrying his scolding wife. "You did tell us," said the Dutchman, "dat we must take up de cross, or we could not be saved, and dish woman is de greatest cross I have."

Cartwright, though not a radical Abolitionist, had very swelling views of the equality of mankind. One day, when he was preaching in Nashville, General Jackson entered the church. Another preacher whispered, a little loud, "General Jackson has come in—General Jackson has come in."

Cartwright said, audibly, "Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro."

The congregation, General Jackson and all, smiled and laughed outright. The resident preacher told Cartwright, that General Jackson would chastise him. The general, on the contrary, expressed himself highly pleased with his independence. "A minister of Jesus Christ," said Jackson, "ought to love every body, and fear no mortal man."

KINGSLEY SAYS:—"If you wish to be miserable, you must think about *yourself*; about what *you* want, what *you* like, what respect people ought to pay *you*, what people think of *you*; and then to *you* nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

To punish ourselves for other's faults is superlative folly. The arrow shot from another's bow is particularly harmless until our thought barbs it. It is our pride that makes another's criticism rankle; our self-will that makes another's deeds offensive; our egotism that is hurt by another's self-assertion.

GOOD WORDS.—The late Dr. Bethune wrote to his consistory these memorable words: "We can never despair of a church that puts the cause of mercy first and itself second." Again he says: "I would as soon try to cultivate a farm without rain as a church without benevolence," and "I hate to be economical with the Bread of Life."

ALBERT BARNES.—When Albert Barnes sent his father a handsomely bound copy of his commentaries, the old gentleman's only remark was: "Albert was a good boy to work."

FASHIONABLE CHILDHOOD.—The following note, written to her school-mate by a girl who had been absent several days, illustrates the sweet simplicity of fashionable childhood: "Dear Susie—I shan't attend school again until I get some new cuffs, collars and jewelry—dear mamma agrees with me, that it is my dooty to take the shine out of that up start Mamy Jones, and I'll do it if I never learn nothing."

THE following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the State: The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar, who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time, should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour all the beggars of the city assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggar's Bridge!

IS PROFANITY INCREASING?—It is thought so from the efforts made to repress it. At South Bend, Indiana, the residence of Vice-President Colfax, a public meeting was lately held—"a mass meeting of the citizens,"--to prevent this vice. Ministers, Sunday-schools, and many Christian people have combined for this end. "Honor societies" have been formed in the Sunday schools, tracts are circulated, manufacturers and other business men issue injunctions to their employees, and other measures are taken to promote thorough reform. There can be no doubt, judging from what we often hear upon the streets, that this vice is fearfully prevalent among boys who have not entered their teens. They but copy their superiors in age. Let all aim to secure a better observance of the third commandment.

LITERATURE OF GERMANY.—The number of literary works published in Germany, in 1871, was 10,669, classified as follows: Theology, 1,362; education, 1,059; law and politics, 1,052; history, 891; poetry and fiction, 950; natural science, 579; medicine, 459; commerce and manufactures, 453; philosophy, 153; architecture and machinery, 1,206; war and horses, 251; languages, 697. These figures show a tendency in Germany, to the practical and useful in the production and demand for books.

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Received of Bausman & Co. \$1.50 Jan 1st 1873

Vol. XXIV.

MARCH. 1873.

No. 3.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV.

MARCH, 1873.

No. 3.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.”—*Thomson.*

Some months ago I dropped in at the annual meeting of our County Teachers’ Institute. There must have been several hundred teachers present. They were all young people, in the prime of life. The only gray hairs I could discover were those of the speaker on the stage. I took a seat in the rear of the hall, on a little stool aside of the door, where I could see a large part of the audience. I was pleasingly impressed with the youthful, vigorous complexion of these teachers. Here and there a head or beard had that peculiar, unnatural tinge, produced by hair dye. The most of them must have been under thirty years of age, but few over forty, perhaps none over fifty.

Their exercises were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. They sang sweetly, their voices having that clear, ringing sound, distinct expression, and accuracy of time, which indicate a knowledge of the science of music. Occasionally the president gave them five minutes for conversation, when their tongues made a merry hubbub, chattering like so many swallows on a barn-top in midsummer. At least one-half were ladies. When the speaker invited questions, a sweet voice, undaunted by the crowd, pertly responded in a style as only a lady could.

To me it was an interesting scene—an assemblage of young, active, inquiring minds, eager to learn, equally quick to notice a

pedagogic flaw and to catch at a new idea. In sooth it was a pleasant atmosphere which one here inhaled. And as I sat on the little stool I found many things to think about. This assembled fresh, mental and muscular force, represented a great power for good or evil. The most possessed a healthful glow of bodily life. The sons and daughters of farmers and mechanics, buxom girls, who evidently know how to milk and bake bread, sun-burnt boys and young men, lithe of limb, with bodies which are a pleasure to behold, still bearing the faint marks of the harvest-field, some a little awkward and gawky, as country boys would naturally be. But fellows with active, inquiring minds, who are bent to fit themselves for usefulness in life. All seemed athirst for knowledge, with sharp attention relishing every word of instruction that fell from the speaker's lips. Many of them have arisen and are still arising out of the laborious rural surroundings, diligently using their fragments of spare time, snatched from the intervals of home work, in mental improvement. More than one young lady I saw there, who supports a widowed mother by teaching.

While here thus engaged in fitting themselves for their important work, the vain, worldly outside throng unheedingly press through the streets. The heirs of wealth and the butterflies of fashion disdained to countenance their convention, who, compared with these teachers, in point of intelligence and usefulness, are donkeys and drones—ignorant, and of no substantial use to anybody. I fancied I could see these teachers, presiding over their little flocks in many an humble country school-house, and in the more pretentious buildings of town and city; now assigning lessons, then directing or correcting a scholar, busily engaged in making first impressions, which usually are lasting. Nursing, bending and nourishing the child-mind, while cultivating and studying human nature in its most impressible and interesting season. Next to the ministry, the teachers hold the destiny of our nation in their hands. Whilst teaching the children lessons immediately belonging to their duties, they can and do drop many a word of truth and counsel to affect and mould the character. We cannot foresee the future of these children. Without doubt, however, many who have had good teachers will be favorably heard from. I have heard of teachers who abused their office and the confidence which parents reposed in them, by poisoning the minds of scholars with wicked principles of unbelief. Such people are more dangerous than thieves and robbers. They can start a child on the wrong road, who will keep on in the ruinous path to a hopeless death. Immense power is committed to the hands of these teachers. They have charge of the immortal mind, when its habits of thought and conduct are like a small stream, near its fountain, which is easily

turned out of its course, and easily turned into it when out. Ten or fifteen years later the stream has a well defined, fixed channel, its broad, stemless tide rolls over its bed and between its banks, defying all efforts to stem or turn it.

“ A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river,
A dew drop on the baby plant,
May warp the giant oak forever.”

Within the memory of people in middle life, the character of the school teacher has undergone a marked change. “Schoolmaster” used to be the name, now it is “teacher” or “professor.” Then a lady teacher was seldom found. There were no school boards, to whom the teacher was responsible. In some neighborhoods the school-house was jointly owned by the people living around it, who would select their teacher. Very often he would elect himself, with the consent of the neighbors. If he did not suit, they would not send their children, and thus stop his salary.

In the more German districts, where the Reformed and Lutheran churches were early established, especially in eastern Pennsylvania, the school-house was owned by the congregation, and usually stood near the church. There the schoolmaster corresponded to the same official in Germany. He was at the same time the organist of the congregation, which elected and supported him. Along with the usual studies, he taught the scholars their catechism, and also to sing and pray. He was well cared for, sometimes receiving almost as much support as the pastor. Very often he had, besides a comfortable home, the use of a valuable farm. He had to be a man of good character, to whom the religious instruction of the children could be safely entrusted. Many a schoolmaster would read a sermon and a prayer out of a prayer-book, if the pastor was prevented from meeting his appointment. A very old mother, in Reading, informed me, that from eighty to ninety years ago, old schoolmaster Roland often officiated in this way, in the Reformed Church of this city. When parson Boas, or the elder Pauli could not preach, he left the organ, after the first hymn had been sung, took his place at the altar, read the Scripture lesson for the day, then led the congregation in prayer out of a prayer-book, then read a sermon from a book, most likely on the Gospel or Epistle for the day, then returned to the organ and concluded the services with another hymn. I am sorry, for many reasons, that this kind of schoolmasters has become almost entirely extinct. In the cities foreign German congregations have revived the office. But outside of these the organist is no longer the school master.

The old masters had more age than the present teachers, and more experience. They had fewer educational advantages, many having had to pick up their learning as best they could. Each one had to stand on his own footing, without any intercourse with other teachers. Teaching then was not so much of a science nor a profession as it now is. There were no books, lectures, school journals and Teachers' Institutes, to assist the masters in their work. I will venture to say, that, in a meeting of fifty masters of that day, at least one-third of the heads would have been silvered with age.

The old masters were perhaps more severe in their school government, and less in sympathy with childhood than our present teachers are. There is now less use of the rod made, and more of moral suasion. Many of these young teachers still retain the fresh, warm glow of youthful sympathy, which brings their hearts nearer to the scholar than would be the case in older people. The introduction of the female element is a modern feature in the department of teaching. It is a great improvement on the old method. Woman is by nature eminently adapted for a teacher. No man can control, mould and manage a child as can a lady. Her womanly tenderness, practical sense and peculiarity of judgment, her tact to govern, and a score of other qualities, give her a rare fitness for a teacher. As a rule, ladies are our best and our most successful Sunday-school teachers. No male teachers can "break in" ungovernable boys as they can.

The male teachers in our Common Schools may be never so well qualified, but in a certain heart power the lady teachers are their superiors. The hearts of teacher and scholars affectionately interweave their warmest ties, and that gives her power. I have buried scholars where the Common School teacher was among the mourners. She was among the chief comforters and counsellors at the death bed. Among the last words of the dying child was a parting blessing upon the teacher. The prettiest floral cross laid on the corpse her hands made and put there. Among the most sincere mourners at the grave was the teacher, with her band of scholars, and they shed sincere tears o'er their friend's early bier. Is it a wonder that such a teacher can teach and train her scholars almost as she pleases? No service of theirs is too much for her, no present too costly to show their affection. At the above Institute, I was a learner, along with the teachers. Some of the lessons I studied are herewith described. All successful teachers are good disciplinarians, understand how to govern human nature. Like many other people, their theory is often above their practice. I can imagine with what persistent effort these teachers have labored to prevent their scholars from whispering, and have the children quietly to study their lessons. And

their failing endeavors must try their patience, and discourage, if not dishearten them. Yet in this Institute, some of the teachers let their tongues wag and whisper, to the great annoyance of the lecturer, and of many hearers. The former playfully remarked, that it was much harder for ladies to hold their tongues than for the stronger sex. Be that as it may, to me it was a singular feature of this meeting, that the sticklers for order should be disorderly. It reminded me of a saying of Paul (Rom. 2 : 21), "Thou, therefore, which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

Some of the old masters, could they have risen from their graves and appeared in this meeting, clad in home-spun clothing, as they used to be, very plain and humble men, their looks and manners would perhaps have provoked mirthful remarks among their more favored successors; for the glib tongue, tidy dress and smooth exterior of these teachers would present a strange contrast to those simple instructors of our parents and grandparents. Yet their acquirements would be a credit to the teachers of the present day. Their disadvantages incited them to extraordinary personal efforts. Many a problem not found in the books did they learn to solve.

Chief Justice Strong spent the early years of his professional life in Reading, Pa. Being a member of the School Board, it became his duty to visit the schools. Among others, he visited the school of Daniel Holl, an humble son of toil, who served his generation as a day laborer and a school-teacher. He was dressed in laborer's clothes, and had the plodding, heavy tramp of a man who had borne heavy burdens. He spoke broken English, his heavy tongue not being able to handle the language glibly. His appearance was against him. The polished lawyer saw, or thought he saw at a glance, that this man was out of his place. He plied him with a series of questions. Master Holl not only answered them, but put the lawyer on the question stand, and pressed him most annoyingly for light. "What do you think of Daniel Holl?" said a friend to the learned director afterwards. "My dear sir," said he, "I felt greatly relieved to get out of his clutches."

He was a great student. Even in later life, he worked as a day laborer by day, and studied at night. He not only became a proficient in practical astronomy, but improvised the instruments needed to study it. He was a fair specimen of the old style schoolmaster, a true man, in the highest sense, a faithful, active, working Christian, and now, as I verily believe, is a saint in heaven.

A very interesting schoolmaster of the olden time we have in our city—"Father Stephens," as he is called. He was born in Ireland, and educated according to the strictest doctrines and rules of the Presbyterian Church. After teaching school for a short time, he came to this country in early life. He was the only

school-teacher in the town of Womelsdorf for many years. He started the first Sunday-school in Berks county, and is the oldest living Sunday-school superintendent of the county, if not of this State. In his week-day schools, he imparted religious instruction. The Bible was regularly read, verse about (as he calls it) by teacher and scholars. When they came to a precious verse, he paused and said: "Just see, children, what a nice verse this is." Then each scholar had to read it, and by the time they got through with it, the most of them had it committed to memory. He taught his scholars to commit much of the Scriptures and many hymns. His memory is a store-house of Scripture verses and hymns. Every question and answer of the Westminster Catechism, he can repeat from beginning to end. I love to hear him talk. Like all old people, he lives in the past. I have listened to him for a whole hour, repeating beautiful hymns, indeed have more than once started him in such a pleasing recitation. He began to commit hymns and Scripture verses, when a boy of six years; has been at it ever since. And not long ago he told me with a smile: "Mr. B., I am still learning hymns. I am hard of hearing, but when I cannot hear what others say, I converse with the good and great of other days, and with my heavenly Father, through these precious hymns."

He had his own way of putting things to children. A short time ago, he spoke to our infant Sunday-school. Among other good things, he said: "Children, when I was a little boy, four years old, in Ireland, we had a little grassy yard in front of our house. As I rolled about on the damp, grassy ground, my mother said to me: 'My son, come away from that wet place. Come quickly, my son; obey your mother, and you will never get the rheumatism.' Dear children," he continued, "I obeyed my mother, and am now eighty-seven years old, and have never had the rheumatism." Then he spoke to them about the love and goodness of God, with weeping tenderness.

The rigid discipline of his early home and education enabled him to conduct his school in an orderly and instructive way. He has never used spectacles; can read without them now. Into many a susceptible heart of childhood has he sown good seed, which will bear fruit in its season. He is a pleasing specimen of a cheerful,

"Green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around him."

PAPERS ON THE PASSION OF JESUS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

I.

Concerning the Silence of the Darkness of the Passion.

The sacred historian briefly says: "Now from the sixth hour, there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour" (Matt. xxvii. 45). Its very brevity appears like supporting the truth of the event and the candor of the author. But GIBBON, as is his habit, must needs turn the laconic style of the Evangelist to his service against the truth, and amplifies it into a lengthy sneer.

"Under the reign of Tiberius, the whole earth, or at least a celebrated province of the Roman Empire, was involved in a preternatural darkness of three hours. Even this miraculous event, which ought to have excited the wonder, the curiosity, and the devotion of mankind, passed without notice in an age of science and history. It happened during the life-time of Seneca and the elder Pliny, who must have experienced the immediate effects, or received the earliest intelligence of the prodigy. Each of these philosophers, in a laborious work, has recorded all the great phenomena of nature, earthquakes, meteors, comets, and eclipses, which his indefatigable curiosity could collect.

Both the one and the other have omitted to mention the greatest phenomenon, to which the mortal eye has been witness since the creation of the globe. A distinct chapter of Pliny is designed for eclipses of an extraordinary nature and unusual duration; but he contents himself with describing the singular defect of light which followed the murder of Cæsar, when, during the greatest part of a year, the orb of the sun appeared pale and without splendor. This season of obscurity, which cannot surely be compared with the preternatural darkness of the Passion, had been already celebrated by most of the poets and historians of that memorable age." (*Milman's Gibbon's Rome*, Vol. I., pp. 589, 590.)

Such is Gibbon's ugly commentary on St. Matthew's short text. Ugly, we call it, not because of its style and wording, by any means; but rather for the nasty sensation it causes, as it keenly cuts through the soul—like a razor, passing down to the bone.

And yet a Christian reader can bear it all, together with his specious "Notes" besides, which he dovetails along the margin, and which we may as well append too :

No. I. The Fathers, as they are drawn out in battle-array by Dom. Calmet, seem to cover the whole earth with darkness, in which they are followed by most of the moderns.

No. II. Origen, and a few modern critics, Beza, Le Clerc, Lardner, &c., are desirous of confining it to the land of Judea.

No. III. The celebrated passage of Phlegon is now wisely abandoned. When Tertullian assures Phlegon, that the mention of the prodigy is found in the ancient archives, he probably appeals to the Sibylline verses, which relate it exactly in the words of the gospel.

No. IV. We need not, then, be astonished at the silence of the Pagan authors, concerning a phenomenon, which did not extend beyond Jerusalem, and which might have been nothing contrary to the laws of nature ; although the Christians and the Jews may have regarded it as a sinister presage.

To this famous onset, brilliant in words and trifling in execution, it may be replied, simply : "*If ye will not believe, ye cannot be established.*" It is concerning CHRIST, His person, character, and history, that Gibbon is unbelieving, and hence his doubtings in attendant circumstances, whether pertaining to His birth, miracles, or death. Pagan authors are not much given to making long paragraphs over any event in the life of Jesus. Why, then, should Gibbon expect them to tarry long by the darkness, the earthquake, or any thing coupled with His Passion ? Believe in Jesus Christ, first, and nothing that is recorded of Him will then appear improbable. Gibbon himself can accept the paling of the sun over the death of Cæsar, simply because he concedes a Cæsar. Doubtless, he could have joined in the lamentation : "The great God, Pan, has died !" But certainly if there is no CHRIST, there was no Passion ; and if not that, then no darkness, no earthquake—nothing of the kind. Is there a CHRIST, however ? then how fitting the event of a protracted darkness during His demise, as though the aptest symbol of Himself in Nature were longing to descend with the Maker into the gloom of Sheol. If new light beamed out over His advent, in the Star of Bethlehem, how likely that a strange darkness should brood over His departure.

II.

Concerning the Saintly Sleepers that awoke.

"And the graves were opened : and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many" (Matt. xxvii. 52, 53).

This we feel like calling the wierdest phenomenon of the Passion. Earthquakes, eclipses, cleaving of rocks—these are terribly grand, indeed, especially in view of their surroundings; but, after all, only remarkable coincidences, transpiring at the moment of a more significant dissolution on the Cross. Few men there are, who have not witnessed all, or who will not be able to realize them, as though they had themselves seen such results in nature. Even the opening of graves, we can imagine as natural effects of upheavings of the earth, and rending of sepulchres. Save Gibbon, and his kith and kin, all men will find it easy to believe, that the sphere of nature should mourn, fear and quake over a dying CHRIST.

But the return of sleeping saints; their visible intrusions among mortals; these apparitions of holy men in spiritually-real uniforms, are manifestations, on a different plane, and evidences of the effects of CHRIST'S Passion going beyond this realm, and deeper than the grave.

Besides, the return of these saintly beings seems somewhat troublesome to the gospel readers. What was their mission? What were their habits? their staying-places? What was the period of their earthly tarrying? What became of them? What effect had their re-visits to their friends? Or, had they all been strangers? We confess, nothing concerning the Passion tries us so much! And yet we believe every word of the narrative.

They did not *anticipate* the Easter of Jesus, let us remember. It was after all only "*after* His resurrection" that they came out of their graves. Well, then, why should the fresh appearance of Jesus from Sheol not afford, in miniature, say, a picture of what will occur on the general Easter of humanity? This choice group of sheaves for the heavenly garner, is to serve as an encouraging sign, to a believing race, of the great in-gathering at last.

The manner and order of their bodies were, perhaps, to mortals, very much like lovely phantoms; embryonic bodies of what they and we shall wear, after death shall have given up its prey entirely. They "appeared unto many"—nothing more. And only to such mortals, we fancy, as had their spiritual eyes sufficiently opened to discern such unearthly sights. They interfered in no wise with the earthly economy, surely, save as they enraptured certain choice mortals for the moment; as when souls, prepared therefore, in our age may be honored by a vision from above.

Danger lies in idly living,
Health in labor freely done;
Sweat of toil is honor-giving
To the brow at setting sun.

STATESMANSHIP AS A PROFESSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

When Tom Hughes lectured in Boston, on his late visit to this country, he said that one of the most surprising things he had met with in the United States was the absence of educated men in politics. That very few of the graduates of our colleges and universities, men of a thorough finished education, became active and influential in the political world, and in our halls of legislation. Instead of these, you find so-called self-made men, many of whom lack the necessary education to make them safe and useful legislators and statesmen.

In England politics is a profession. The thoroughly educated men of the nation direct and dignify it. The scholars of Britain, whose works are rich treasures in the student's library, have addressed, and still address, the meetings of their fellow Britons, whose votes they crave. Many of the stump speeches made by politicians canvassing the counties, are models of classical English, and of clear, cogent reasoning. The English counties once represented by Disraeli, Macaulay, Bulwer, and others, point to these men with a double pride. Such men make a conscience of their work. They have characters to make or to lose, and with them character means something. Say what we will of a system which provides for noble and titled families, some of these English noblemen are an honor to their race. They might be as noble in character without their elevation into such a rank. There is a solid grit and worth in British statesmen that one must admire. When the Queen of England offered the title of nobility to the present Disraeli, he gracefully declined to accept it. At the same time intimating that any little mark of kindness bestowed upon his dear wife would be gratefully appreciated. In this way his wife became a noble lady, while the husband remained plain Mr. Disraeli.

These Britons come by their learning and fame through hard, plodding work. Think of Lord Brougham working at writing and mastering books, like a veteran Titan, till he was nearly eighty years of age. A Prime Minister of England, with the immense

work and responsibilities of his office, finds time to translate and publish one of the Greek poets. Dozens of members of the British Parliament and Cabinet Ministers, have written works that will live and be read and admired as long as the English language endures; works on theology, history, poetry, ancient and modern literature, they write—and they write them while filling these important offices.

The celebrated “Speaker’s Commentary on the Scriptures” has been projected and written by speakers and members of the British Parliament. How many such statesmen—politicians—can the United States point to? Among the later scholarly politicians are William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, and perhaps a very few others. We have men whose scholarship, industry and character would be a lasting honor to any of our national councils, but they are too pure to be elected. They keep aloof from the vile pool of politics. Its corruptions repel them. Its reformation they seem to have no heart for. Who would want to defile himself by entering and mingling with such a seething cauldron of iniquity? Yet, without this class of men, there is no hope of deliverance.

Some of our uneducated representatives at foreign courts have made us a by-word among the nations of the earth. “Why is it,” inquired an accomplished gentleman of me, in Frankfort-on-the-Main, connected with a German government—“Why is it, that your government appoints consuls to our city, who can neither speak German nor French? In our social and diplomatic intercourse, their ignorance excites astonishment. Surely you have many intelligent persons more competent to be sent on such a mission.”

In England and Germany such appointments are impossible. Only those possessing the proper education, and a knowledge of the language, and history, and social customs of the country whither they are sent, can be appointed. Happily these foreign representatives are now being more carefully selected. Bancroft is capable of addressing public meetings in Berlin in the German language. Motley is as much admired and honored in England as in America. Jay is not only respected by the Austrian court, as an accomplished statesman, but has recently formed a domestic alliance with the German Empire by giving his daughter in marriage to the Prussian Ambassador at the court of Vienna. The following sketch given by a foreign correspondent of the *New York Observer*, will help to illustrate our remarks on British politics:

The three foremost lawyers in Great Britain, and I may say, aside from Mr. Gladstone, the three most influential men—are Lord Chancellor Selbourne, late Sir Roundell Palmer, Lord Cairns, the Lord Chancellor of the last conservative administration; and the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, (pronounced Coburn).

Lord Chancellor Selbourne is about sixty years of age, and were it not for his wig, would be a fine-looking Judge. He is the son of a clergyman of the English Church. He is a very religious man, and he does not scruple to let the world know it. He is very High Church, at least to the extent that he has never been in a Presbyterian church, and will not allow his family to go there. So I was informed by a friend of his family. Since his elevation to the woolsack, his tenantry in the country were invited by him to an entertainment, on the occasion of the consecration of a new church, erected mainly by him. The speech he made to them might well have come from the lips of an humble and devout Christian minister. He spoke of the vanity of earthly honors, and said the highest ambition of any man should be to honor his God and do good to his fellow-men. The best collection of sacred hymns in England, has been compiled by Sir Roundell Palmer.

Before his elevation to the woolsack, he was the first equity lawyer at the bar, and his income was not less than fifty thousand dollars annually. His income as Lord Chancellor is twelve thousand pounds. He is a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, a Liberal in politics; and was offered the office of Lord Chancellor a long time since, but he declined the honor, the highest, in most respects, in England, because he could not approve of the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. But his labors as Counsel at the Geneva Conference, have afforded another opportunity for his advancement, and he has accepted the honor. He has, perhaps, more power than any man in England. He appoints all the judges and all the great dignitaries of the Church; presides over the House of Lords, and is the Supreme Judge in all the equity cases in the realm. England appoints her very best men to wield such mighty power. Lord Hatherly, the Chancellor just retired on account of age and ill-health, is also a very religious man, of high tone and noble character. He has written a book on "Continuity of Scripture."

Sir Roundell Palmer was an indefatigable worker, as all great men are. It has been his habit to rise at four o'clock in the morning, prepare his cases for the courts, go into the equity courts where he principally practised, at 11, and go into the House of Commons, of which he was a member, in the evening. All this at a time when he had more law business than any other man in England.

Lord Cairns, the Lord Chancellor of the late conservative administration, is one of the most remarkable men in England. He was the youngest Lord Chancellor that ever sat on the woolsack, and was advanced solely on account of his pre-eminent fitness, when forty-nine years of age. He is the real leader of the Conservatives, and will be the Lord Chancellor when that party comes to power.

He is the son of an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, although he is himself a member of the Church of England. But he is a very liberal Christian man, of high tone and pure character. In his country residence he is far from church, and he gathers his own people on the Sabbath and reads the Service and preaches a lay sermon to them. He is now fifty-three years of age.

Such is the character of the men that England delights to honor, and elevates to the highest posts of influence in the kingdom. As a general rule, the Judges of England are men of unblemished character in public and private life, and the best men to fill the offices to which they are appointed. Public opinion is so strong in favor of such appointments, that every administration is forced to prefer to these offices the men in whom the community have confidence, whether they are supporters of the administration or not, and it is a favorite way of disposing of a formidable opponent by making him a judge. The English people well know that upon a learned, pure and upright Judiciary, depend the very well-being of society; and how long will our American people be in learning the same truth?

The present Lord Chief Justice Cockburn was one of the most distinguished lawyers in England. He is noted for his full grasp of his subject, clear judgment, and great learning. His instructions to the jury are models of their kind, for terseness, clear statements, and full comprehension of the whole case. As an arbitrator at Geneva his course has not met with the approval of the government. He admitted their negligence in allowing the Alabama to escape, which was not satisfactory to the administration. But the English people seem to sustain him heartily, and he is greeted with applause on public occasions. He is a bachelor, now seventy years old, and on his mother's side from French extraction, and is a thorough French scholar and an indefatigable student, but he is not in private life a man of so high tone and so pure character as the Lord Chancellors I have named."

CONNUBIAL BLISS:—What greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting.—*George Eliot.*

LEAVE company when you find you lose by it and see that you cannot improve it.

THE WRONGS OF THE RED MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I appeal to any white man, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not."—*Speech of an Indian Chief.*

The fate of the American Indian is very sad. To the masses of this race, the discovery of America has brought more ill than good. The few have been brought under the influence of the Gospel, and are now a godly, peaceable people. The many have been deceived and defrauded by the white man. He taught and trained them in the habit of drunkenness. The cruelties and murders perpetrated by the Indians, were provoked by the injustice of these white oppressors. To Columbus and William Penn the Indians were as confiding and trustful as little children are to their parents. William Penn under the great tree, holding the papers containing his treaty with these children of nature, a group of their chiefs clustering around him, with their belts of wampum and pipe of peace—that picture fills one with mingled joy and sorrow. With joy at the sight of these untutored lords of the primeval forests, sitting at the feet of this honest missionary of civilization, in their right mind welcoming him as a messenger of peace. With sorrow, at the wicked treatment, which the red man has since then received at the hands of the American people. Often our Government has driven him from his hunting grounds, which were his property and assigned him new territories, with the explicit promise, that they should be his home forever, and as often has the promise been broken. In vain did Christian people raise their voice against the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia. Repeated acts of Congress guaranteed to the Indians undisputed possession of their lands. But all are violated. White men with the help of the Government have robbed them of their property and driven them from their homes. Extermination, instead of civilization, has been the aim of the commissioners and agents sent to treat with the Indians. Many of these kept the money, which the Government owed and wished to pay to them. Despite the earnest efforts of the present Government wicked agents and politicians still rob them.

Left to himself, or treated with justice and kindness, the Indian is a noble specimen of untutored manhood; a grand being, in the

rough undressed rock of humanity. He possesses capabilities, which, if properly developed, pruned and polished, might give him a foremost place in the roll of fame and genius. Silent, stern and thoughtful, frank and confiding by nature, hating falsehood and shame, he is a true nobleman of nature. He is an adept in stratagem; but among all civilized nations, that is not only justified but applauded in warriors. He is capable of cruel revenge, but the injustice of the white man has goaded him to maddening desperation. His scalping knife and tomahawk hack his victims heartlessly to pieces. So they do. But the deserted camping grounds of his fathers, covered with the proud unpaid homes of a superior race, and the blood of his murdered kindred cry to him to avenge their wrongs.

Is it a wonder, that the Indian has lost faith in the white man? At this writing, an effort is made in Congress to seize upon a vast territory, which the Government years ago, explicitly declared should belong to the Indians, until they should consent to dispose of it. A few greedy scoundrels thus bribe their fraudulent measures through Congress. A few bad men lead the nation into the perpetration of crimes, from which many a barbarous people would shrink with horror. In spite of the efforts of our present Government to be just to the Indians, evil designed politicians swindle the helpless race by its authority and in its name. The poor victims cannot discriminate between the Government agents and Christianity. They hold the latter responsible for the sins of the former. The smuggling of "fire water" (whiskey) into their territories, ruining their people by teaching them habits of drunkenness, the theft of Government agents, defrauding them of the money which they are commissioned to pay to them, the unjust seizure of their lands—all this they charge upon the Christian religion.

When Thomas Mayhew requested permission to preach the Gospel among the Narragansetts, one of their chiefs indignantly told him to go home and preach to his own countrymen, and make them honest first. The frequent removals to which they have been compelled to submit, have also prejudiced them against the efforts, which have been made for their conversion. The Stockbridge tribe has been torn up every twenty years since 1734. The Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws were oppressed by the States of Georgia and Alabama, until at last they were driven beyond the Mississippi. An extract from the speech of the great Seneca Chief Red Jacket, in reply to the overtures of missionaries to preach the Gospel among his people, will show the feelings of many of his race:

"Brother," said the Chief, after the missionary concluded, "listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers

owned this great land. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the deer, buffalo, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver, and their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread, and this He had done for His red children because He loved them. If we had any disputes about hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and came here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, and granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat, they gave us poison in return.

“Brother, our seats were once large, and yours were very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied: you want to force your religion upon us.”

Redress for their wrongs they see nowhere, save in the skillful use of the rifle, tomahawk, and scalping knife. They cannot hope to conquer their oppressor, but they can die in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of their people. And by dying bravely, they hope to be taken to the pleasant hunting grounds and to the just and kind dominions of the Great Spirit,

“Where friends no more torment
Nor Christians thirst for gold.”

And of that country these wild children of nature have very earnest views. Unscriptural they are, of course, yet for them the world and home of the Great Spirit is a very real place. Thither their fathers have gone; where thievish traders, and Government swindlers can find no place. Where the red man will receive justice, and be forever secure against the cruel oppressions of a superior race.

Their burial grounds are supposed to be right at the threshold of this land. And for this reason, they will not bury their dead among the cruel white men. For these there can be no room there.

In one of the townships of Maine, an Indian was cruelly treated by the whites. His only child died, and he had to bury it alone, no white man showing any kindness or sympathy for him. He gave up his farm, took up the dead body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests, to join the Canadian Indians, and gently lay it to rest among the dead of a

friendly people. This incident Mrs. Hemans describes in the following poem :

“ In the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead ;
In the darkness of the forest boughs,
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne ;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as Love and Scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defiled ;
On to th' ancestral wilderness,
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have asked the ancient deserts,
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—
“ Go bring us back thine own ! ”
And the streams from all the hunters' hills,
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll ;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings,
For evermore, behind,
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone around these hearth-fires,
I watched my child's decay,
Uncheered, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, “ A friend is near ? ”
There was none !—pale race, farewell !

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing thence,
I bear thee slumbering now.

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone;
I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread."

Alas for the lone Indian! The cruel power of the white man threatens his destruction from two directions. From the East his Government and might is pushing westward, from the Pacific his rule is pressing eastward. Between the two, the Indians have their possessions. There may be in all, from 300,000 to 400,000 Indians left. Their possessions are rapidly narrowing. It will not be many years, until the last vestige of this noble aboriginal American race will be exterminated.

"Alas for them! their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from shore to shore,
No more for them the wild deer bounds—
The plough is on their hunting grounds,
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims through their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry.
Their children—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the West—
Their children go—to die!"

EDMUND BURKE, at the age of nineteen, planned a refutation of the metaphysical theories of Berkley and Hume. At twenty he was in the Temple, the admiration of its inmates for the brilliancy of his genius, and the variety of his acquisitions. At twenty-six he published his celebrated satire, entitled, "A Vindication of Natural Society." The same year he published his essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful," so much admired for its spirit of philosophy and the elegance of its language.

OUR BOOK TABLE:

PERIODICALS.*

"OUR CHURCH PAPER." This is the title of a neat and very readable quarto religious paper, just started under the auspices of the Pittsburg Synod of the Reformed Church. It is to be published every other week, under the editorial care of Rev. G. B. Russell, of Pittsburg, Pa. The first number makes a very favorable impression, both as to its contents and mechanical appearance. The paper aims to meet a certain want in the Reformed Church of Western Pennsylvania, as well as to make itself useful in the Church at large. We are pleased with its character and design, and bespeak for it a cordial reception. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year. Address, "Our Church Paper," 367 Liberty Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

"COLLEGE DAYS" is the title of a very spicy monthly paper devoted to the interest of Franklin and Marshall College. Its object is to communicate the current news of the institution to all who have ever been connected with it. To accomplish this, and to afford a medium through which old students may learn the whereabouts and movements of each other, this enterprise has been projected. In this respect the January number is a gem. Columns of paragraphs about the Alumni, living and dead, enrich its pages. The current college gossip is pleasantly given. An article by Dr. J. W. Nevin, on the Philosophy of History, and a variety of information about other colleges, are offered to the reader. We can imagine what a treat the monthly visits of this spicy sheet will be to the old students and alumni of our dear old college. If this first number is an average specimen of the work of its publishers, W. U. Hensel and W. M. Franklin, two of the resident graduates, we feel satisfied, that the readers will not regret the payment of \$1.00 a year for "College Days." The paper is published at Lancaster, Pa., where all who desire its monthly entertainments, can address the publishers.

* The notices, which here follow, were prepared for the February number, but were crowded out.

"REFORMED CHURCH HERALD" is the title of a neat religious monthly paper, edited and published by the Rev. I. K. Loos, and Rev. D. F. Brendel, and Rev. N. Z. Snyder, of Bethlehem, Pa. It aims to fill an important mission in the Reformed Church, more particularly in Eastern Pennsylvania. The January number contains a variety of reading matter calculated to interest and instruct the reader. Price 50 cents a year. Address, Rev. I. K. Loos, Bethlehem, Pa.

"THE WORKING CHURCH" is an eight page religious monthly paper, edited and published by Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., George H. Hepworth and George J. Mingins. Several dozen of the foremost divines in the leading denominations are among the contributors. The January number is sprightly in style and diversified in its contents. Its introductory says: "This paper means work. Its patrons will be the people who have a mind to work." Price \$1.00 a year. Address, "The Working Church," 108 Wooster Street, New York.

THE GUARDIAN AS A GUIDE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

The *Guardian* was a guide and inspiration to us already in our youthful days, and we can always feel safe in commending its contents to young men and ladies. It is as much above the ordinary trashy literature, in cultivating true Christian character, as good bread and butter is superior to floating island for developing the physical frame.—*Reformed Missionary, Vinton, Iowa.*

We thank the editor of this sprightly monthly for his kindly notice of the GUARDIAN, and his flattering allusion to the editor. The letter, we prefer not to give here. Many notices like the above the GUARDIAN receives.

To scores of useful ministers it has been a "guide and inspiration in their youthful days," as it was to him. Many grateful blessings like the above has it received.

Its chief aim is to benefit "Young Men and Ladies." It is a pleasure to write for such a class of readers. While in the act of gathering material and weaving it into a suitable story, you get into the habit of thinking of the dewy life of youth, and mentally communing with the fresh, sunny world of youth, in imagination we gather our readers around us.

A lady friend of Cincinnati, reading the GUARDIAN for the first time, without knowing who was the editor, wrote to us a few days ago:

“When I read the January number of the GUARDIAN, not knowing that you were the editor, I remarked to my children: ‘Why it just seems as if Mr. B. were talking to us.’ Not till then did I discover the name of the editor.”

To us this seems perfectly natural, as it must to all who write with their readers before their minds and hearts.

Thus far the text, and body of the sermon. Now for the application.

1. The “facile pen” of our Iowa friend formerly enriched many a number of the GUARDIAN. We should like him to resume it in the service of its pages. In his varied, bustling, western, pioneer experience, he could find matter for many an entertaining sketch. A number of articles written for the GUARDIAN have found their way into “the pigeon hole.” Not because they were not well-written, but on account of their inaptitude. To make our monthly as useful as possible, we desire to insert only the matter which will the most directly meet the peculiar wants of its readers. The kind writers will not think hard of us for doing this.

2. Very pleasant to us are the numerous clerical names in the list of our subscribers. That men of education and fine scholarship should take and read a magazine published in the interest of the young, shows the importance they attach to the education of this class of the community. Will they please to speak a kind word for it in their pulpits and the families of their people.

THE FIRST POCKET.

BY ELIZABETH SILL.

What is this tremendous noise?

What can be the matter?

Willie's coming up the stairs

With unusual clatter.

Now he bursts into the room,

Noisy as a rocket;

“Aunty! I am five years old—

And I've got a pocket!”

Eyes as round and bright as stars;

Cheeks like apples growing;

Heart that this new treasure fills

Quite to overflowing.

“Jack may have his squeaking boots;

Kate may have her locket;

I've got something better yet—

I have got a pocket!”

All too fresh the joy to make
 Emptiness a sorrow ;
 Little hand is plump enough
 To fill it—till to-morrow.
 And, ere many days were o'er,
 Strangest things to stock it ;
 Nothing ever came amiss
 To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
 Licorice sticks and candy,
 Stones, a ball, his pennies too ;
 It was always handy.
 And, when Willie's snug in bed,
 Should you chance to knock it,
 Sundry treasures rattle out
 From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife
 Found a place within it ;
 He forgot that he had said
 "I want it *just a minute*."
 Once the closet key was lost,
 No one could unlock it,
 Where do you suppose it was ?
 Down in Willie's pocket.

Christian at Work.

WHAT IS THINE AGE?

"Father," said a Persian monarch to an old man, who, according to oriental usage, bowed before the sovereign's throne, "pray be seated ; I cannot receive homage from one bent with years, and whose head is white with the frost of age."

"And now, father," said the monarch, when the old man had taken the proffered seat, "tell me thine age ; how many of the sun's revolutions hast thou counted?"

"Sire," answered the old man, "I am but four years old."

"What!" interrupted the King, "fearest thou not to answer me falsely, or dost thou jest on the very brink of the tomb?"

"I speak not falsely, sire," replied the aged man, "neither would I offer a foolish jest on a subject so solemn. Eighty long years have I *wasted* in folly and sinful pleasures, and in amassing wealth, none of which I can take with me when I leave this world. Four years only have I spent in doing good to my fellow-men ; and shall I count those years that have been utterly wasted? Are they not worse than a blank, and is not that portion only worthy to be reckoned as a part of my life, which has truly answered life's best end?"—*American Messenger*.

THE FATE OF IMPERIAL BOYS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,
O! that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, to expel the Winter’s flaw.”

—*Shakspeare.*

In 1860 the *GUARDIAN* gave in a foot note, on page 17, a sketch of the cradle of Napoleon’s future heir. A description of the elaborate, highly artistic, and very costly bed of the baby Emperor is given to show the contrast between it and the cradle of the infant Jesus. The former in a palace, amid the splendors of imperial pomp and power; the latter in “a stable!” Above and around are the naked, rough-hewn timbers. See the empty racks—the mute, slaving ox and ass, standing back astonished, and yielding the empty manger to the wonderful babe. See the open crevices! through which are heard the rude murmur and boisterous, idle laugh of the taxpayers, borne from the crowded inn upon the chilly, mournful night wind. For—

“It was winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe of Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master to sympathize.”

Previous to this the papers had given graphic descriptions of the Prince Imperial’s Baptism. It was an imposing royal show, such as only French taste and French vanity could produce. For almost fifteen years this tender sprig of royalty has been the most conspicuous boy in Europe, indeed in the civilized world. He was the heir of the crown of France, bore the charmed name and life of Napoleon. What a glory awaited this boy, as all the world thought!

In October, 1870, a certain person entered the castle at Wilhelms-höhe to visit the imprisoned father of this boy. He says:

The Emperor was standing before the fireplace when I entered. He was attired in plain black clothes. In the button-hole of his coat I noticed the orange-colored ribbon of the order of the Black Eagle, a Prussian decora-

tion. He gave me a searching glance, then putting aside all assumption of court ceremony, he advanced, and returning my bow, he expressed himself glad to see me. I cast a look about the room. The apartment was high, though not spacious. Deeply recessed windows looked out on the park and were hung with curtains of crimson velvet. The furniture, of which there was but little, looked old and faded. Not a sign of richness was there. The Emperor's writing desk, which stood on the right of the door, was literally jammed full of dispatches, books and papers relating to the war. I also noticed the photographs of the Empress and of the Prince Imperial, and, with considerable astonishment, an elaborately carved crucifix and a copy of the Bible. * * *

I casually remarked, "Has the Prince Imperial recovered from the effects of the trying ordeal to which he has been subjected?"

I asked this question, alluding to the Prince's flight from Paris.

"He writes that both the Empress and himself are enjoying good health," quickly replied the Emperor, while the expression of his countenance all of a sudden changed as I mentioned the name of his son. It was no longer the imprisoned, dethroned monarch, who had lost his empire, that sat before me; it was the affectionate father, whose thoughts centered in the fate of his son, a boy not quite fifteen years old, who had been obliged to seek safety in flight, unaccompanied by either father or mother.

"You can not imagine how my poor boy has suffered," continued the Emperor. "In the year 1814 I had to pass through a similar trying ordeal, but at that time I was only six years old, and impressions received at so early an age are easily effaced. My son, however, has attained nearly his fifteenth year; he mourns deeply the fearful misfortunes which have overtaken France. He feels keenly the sad condition of his country; it causes him a vast deal of grief and sorrow."

It is a dreary December day, two years later. In the home-like castle of Chiselhurst, England, lies a dying man—the exiled Emperor of France. At his bedside stands the youthful Prince Imperial, weeping. His sobbing grief tells of the loving, affectionate heart of a son, at the death-bed of a father. England helps him and his sorrowing mother to bury all that is mortal of Louis Napoleon. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburg, Victoria's two sons, visit the bereaved family. Despite the cold court etiquette of the royal consolers, the visit seems to comfort the two mourners. The Empress must nerve herself to receive the English Princes. The Napoleonic Princes and sympathizing French celebrities, all await on tip-toe the coming of English royalty. They group together in a saloon, set apart only for Princes, the Prince Imperial, Napoleon's sorrowing son, of seventeen years, forming the centre of the group. The two English princes step from their carriage, and exactly at the right moment the Prince Imperial rises from his chair, and, followed in due order by the other Princes of his house, meet the Prince of Wales exactly at the right moment and the right spot. Taking the hand of the Prince Imperial the Prince of Wales leans forward and kisses him on the cheek. The Duke of Edinburg gives a kiss on each cheek, and after a shaking of hands between the visitors and Prince Napoleon

and the other Princes, the eight scions of Imperial and Royal houses enter and seat themselves in the inner drawing-room.

The London *Times* says: "We should not like to take a less weighty opinion than Lord Sidney's, as to whether this kissing was royal or merely continental, and whether the difference between the one kiss of the Prince of Wales and the two of the Duke of Edinburgh was due only to accident or to etiquette aforethought. There was a sad contrast between the robust health and appearance of the Prince of Wales and the pale, worn look, the delicate frame and the slight stoop of the Imperial Prince."

The saddest part of the Imperial mourning remains. Well may the young Prince look pale-worn. He must follow his exiled father to the grave. And feel as an affectionate youth must feel, when he buries his father. What avails the multitude of sympathizing spectators—the thousands in the curious staring assemblage? "Long live Napoleon!" shouted the French sympathizers, as he passed along the street. Lifting his hat, with melancholy grace, the sorrowing youth replied: "Napoleon is dead. Long live France." Could any language, just then and there, falling from the lips of this youth, be more touching.

For centuries England and France have been rival powers. On many a field have their sons slaughtered one another. At Waterloo Wellington gave the first Napoleon the fatal blow. Some years ago, Napoleon III, at a New Year's levee, dropped the expression "Waterloo must be avenged." The papers caught and published the declaration as oracular. France must wipe away the dishonor of Waterloo. It can only be done by humbling England. So the world interpreted this New Year oracle.

What next? "The Empire is peace," was Napoleon's version of it, and for years peace and plenty crowned his reign. England's version was given at Chiselhurst. There she gave the royal French refugee a home, a death-bed, a royal burial, and a royal grave. To Louis Philippe, whom this Napoleon had driven from the throne of France, she gave a refuge. Thus England has avenged Waterloo.

What is to become of this young Napoleon? Apart from the loss of his father, he is well provided for and needs not our commiseration. That he shall some day become Emperor of France, is not impossible, indeed, not improbable.

This calls to mind another royal boy, of sixty years ago. His father had for many years been the rightful king of Prussia. The first Napoleon then dashed victoriously over Europe, with his desolating French army. At his bidding Kings were exiled and nations put their scepters into his hands. The King of Prussia was driven out of his country. His wife, Queen Louisa, over a secret way,

sought a place of safety for herself and her helpless children. It was a galling fate, to be thus hounded out of their own kingdom by a royal plunderer. With the Queen mother was her son William, then seven years old. Never before had he tasted the bitter cup of sorrow. He felt the anguish of their homeless wandering all the more keenly for his dear mother's sake. Perhaps mutely resolved some day to wipe away the stain of this banishment. Ere long the scale turned again. The King of Prussia resumed his crown.

Sixty years later another scene occurs. The Prussian and French armies have just been engaged in a deadly battle at Sedan, in France. A tall, gray-bearded, stately old gentleman sits on a plain stool, at a plain table, in a plain cottage. Around him is a group of venerable warriors. A messenger approaches, with cap in hand, bearing a note. It contains a request from Napoleon III, for an interview. He proposes to surrender. The old gentleman is William I, of Prussia, once the boy of Louisa, ten years old, sixty years ago. With gratitude to God the venerable Emperor returns to Berlin. His first act, after his return, is to visit the tomb of his mother, Louisa, at Charlottenberg, near Berlin. With uncovered head, he lays a laurel wreath upon her grave. By this act he wished her to share the glory of his victory, and to show that the banishment of her and her family, by France, sixty years before, had at length been avenged. In sooth, a grand subject for a painter would the old King make at the grave of his mother, reverently laying thereon a victor's crown, his own hands and heart had woven. A great poet says—

“Die Welt-Geschichte est das Welt Gericht.”

“The World's History is the World's Judgment.”

And there is a sense in which it is true. Often God avenges great wrongs already in this life. What instructive lessons the changeable, battle-ridden life of these Imperial boys teaches us!

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather lambs to His fold;
Watching, they listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blankets round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying only as a mother can pray.
“God guide and keep them from going astray!”

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

The Boston correspondent of the *Chicago Journal* tells this story :

Five years ago the wife of one of the most prominent men of State street was a poor seamstress. When she first came to the city (from Maine), she worked three weeks before receiving any pay, and sleeping with one of her shopmates, she borrowed money and bought bread, having been refused regular board without paying in advance. In order to keep body and soul together, relentless work employed her all day, and hours at night demanded that she should ply the needle. But the most cynical of men approve of woman's making a good personal appearance, and this seamstress finally managed to dress well and pay the price of a seat in an up-town church. Her natural beauty, coupled with a spirit of womanly independence drew towards her kind friends, and the result was that she married one of the wealthiest gentlemen at the South End, against the wishes of his friends, however, who did not like the idea of his marrying outside the circle of wealth. But Cupid cuts up some curious tricks, sometimes. The poor seam-

stress is now sitting in the lap of affluence, and those who know her are inclined to envy her good luck as she comes down town in a carriage to do her shopping. But this sudden change in her worldly condition has not made her a bit "stuck up." She not only drops a tear of sympathy over the heart-sick condition of the struggling shop-girl, but italicizes that sympathy by donations of much cash for her benefit, through the medium of Boffin's Bower, the institution recently organized for the amelioration of the temporal condition of the workwomen. It isn't every seamstress that can catch a rich man. The lady in question is not over twenty-five years old, and no doubt you have seen her name in the papers more than once in connection with the efforts of ladies here to help the needy poor. Her husband is a banker, and within a year made a pile of money in land speculation in Kansas; while she is now as accomplished as the young ladies who "never sewed a stitch," and is the peer of many of them.

THE BOY AT THE PALACE GATE.

A little boy in England wished very much to see the queen; so he determined to go at once to her palace, and ask to see her. But the sentinel on guard before the gate only laughed at the boy, and pushed him aside with his musket. Still the lad could not give up his purpose, now he had come so far. Not till the soldier threatened to shoot him did he turn and run away. One of the young princes saw him crying, and, on learning the cause, said, with a smile, "I'll take you to the queen;" and past the guards he walked, into the very presence of his royal mother. With surprise, she asked her son about the lad; and when she heard his story, she laughed, as any kind-hearted mother would, and with some kindly words, sent the delighted boy away with a bright piece of money in his hand.

It is a hard matter for the poor to gain admittance into the presence of an earthly sovereign. But the way into the presence of the great King is always open, and even the beggar in his rags is welcome. Just as this prince brought the child, who longed to see her, into his mother's presence, so Christ takes us by the hand and leads us into the presence of His Heavenly Father. For the dear Son's sake we are made welcome. Without Him we can never be admitted. Never forget, when you pray to God, to ask all blessings for the sake of Jesus; for in no other way will prayer ever be heard and answered. No one who longs to see the King in His beauty but will find the Prince of life ever ready to lead him up to His very throne.

MY LITTLE LABORER.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender
As any lady's fair ;
Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender,
And curls of sunny hair.
A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty—
Yet with each rising sun
Begins his round of toil—a solemn duty,
That must be daily done.

To-day he's building castle, house and tower,
With wondrous art and skill,
Or labors with his hammer by the hour,
With strong, determined will.
Anon, with loaded little cart, he's plying¹
A brisk and driving trade ;
Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow, is trying
Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little beast of burden,
He drags himself along,
And now his lordly little voice is heard in
Boisterous shout and song—
Another hour is spent in busy toiling
With hoop, and top, and ball—
And with a patience that is never failing,
He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Joy's thrown aside, the day's hard labor over,
He sinks to quiet rest ;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,
I think, 'mid gathering tears,
Of what the distant future may be keeping
As work for manhood's years.

Must he, with toil, his daily bread be earning,
In the world's busy mart,
Life's bitter lesson every day be learning,
With patient, struggling heart ?
Or shall my little architect be building
Some monument of fame,
On which, in letters bright with glory's gilding,
The world may read his name ?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation,
But shared with sweet content ;
Perhaps a life in loftier, prouder station,
In selfish pleasure spent.
Perchance these little feet may cross the portal
Of learning's lofty fame,
His lifework be to scatter truths immortal
Among the souls of men !

The Sunday-School Drawer.

ON the subject of Sunday-school library books, the "Sunday-School Times" remarks: "A writer in the 'Advance' says some plain unpleasant things to the publishers of Sunday-school books. He tells them, that the mass of the books they publish are absolutely unsaleable, except when sold in quantity, without examination; and that under the name of religion, the veriest literary trash is packed into libraries, and sold for children to read. Not only are the books trashy in their character, but the printing and binding are bad. They are badly written, and even their moral character is often questionable, through the ignorance or stupidity of their writers. These complaints and charges are not new, but they are painfully true in too many cases. It is time Sunday-school workers should grasp this evil with a firm hand, and resolve to shut every library door against all religious trash. In no way can any one do more to harm a child, than by putting into its hand a worthless or injurious book; even granting that the moral tone of the book is harmless, if it be light, sensational, or chaffy, it forms a false appetite and creates in the mind of a child a distaste for better books. Much of the false popular reading taste of the day may be traced to the Sunday-school libraries."

TWO OR THREE.—"Ane stick'll never burn! Put more wood on the fire, laddie; ane stick'll never burn!" my old Scotch grandfather used to say to his boys. Sometimes, when the fire in the heart burns low, and love to the Saviour grows faint, it would glow warm and bright again if it could only touch another stick. We are weak and imperfect. A hundred things—health, digestion, anxieties, little frets and cares—hinder our soul's progress. The spirit cannot soar, for the flesh constantly keeps it down. There is a true life begun in us, but it flickers like a candle in the wind.

What we need, next to earnest prayer to God and communion with Christ, is communion with each other. "Where two or three are gathered together," the heart burns; love kindles to a fervent heat. Friends, let us frequent the society of those who are fellow-pilgrims with us to Canaan's happy land. "Ane stick'll never burn," as a great, generous pile will be sure to.—*Christian Banner.*

UNCORKING.—Prof. Olney uses the following apt illustration: "I want to tell you a secret, teacher. *You can't fill a bottle with the cork in.* Let the fountain be ever so abundant, and the pump be plied with ever so much vigor and persistence, it is all in vain. Do you know what I mean? The philosopher puts it in this wise: 'Curiosity is the parent of knowledge.' Your first business, then, is to awaken a desire to know. It is what a few years ago we used to hear lectured about so much, under the phrase, 'waking

up mind.' A large part of the failure among Sabbath-school teachers comes from the neglect of this principle. They know something to teach—they actually say excellent things and do excellent things, but their pupils don't care a fig for the wares they are asked to buy. Now, my friend, you may go on in this way till you teach your class to death. You may pour your stream of knowledge upon them till you drown them, or till they run away, and never get a drop of it into them, because their mouths are shut."

FOR WINDY TALKERS.—It was in allusion to the present profuse habit and facility of public speeches on all subjects and occasions in England and America, that Thomas Carlyle declared, in his inaugural at Edinburgh, that "the two foremost thinking nations of the world were going off in wind."

"I served," says Thomas Jefferson in his Memoirs, "with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia before the Revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would take care of themselves."

Editor's Drawer.

INVENTORY OF A DRUNKARD.

A hut of logs without a door,
 Minus a roof, and ditto floor;
 A clapboard cupboard without crooks,
 Nine children without shoes or frocks;
 A wife that has not any bonnet
 With ribbon bows and strings upon it,
 Scolding and wishing to be dead,
 Because she had not any bread.

A tea-kettle without a spout,
 A meat-cask with the bottom out,
 A "comfort" with the cotton gone,
 And not a bed to put it on;
 A handle without an ax
 A hatchet without wood or flax;
 A pot-lid and a wagon-hub,
 And two ears of a washing tub;
 Three broken plates of different kinds,
 Some mackerel-tails and bacon-rinds;
 A table without leaves or legs,
 One chair and half a dozen pegs;
 One oaken keg with hoops of brass,
 One tumbler of dark-green glass;
 A fiddle without any strings,
 A gun-stock and two turkey wings.]

O readers of this inventory,
Take warning by its graphic story;
For little any man expects,
Who wears good shirts with buttons in 'em,
Ever to put on cotton checks,
And only have brass pins to pin 'em.
'Tis, remember, little stitches
Keep the rent from growing great;
When you can't tell beds from ditches,
Warning words will be too late.

—*Alice Cary.*

IN early times in California, military titles as handles to the name were very common. John Phoenix tells the story, that he was one day leaving San Francisco by the steamer. Everybody else was taking leave of friends—but he did not know a soul in the crowd. Ashamed of his loneliness, as the boat sheered off he called out in a loud voice, "Good by, Colonel!" and, to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted, "Colonel, good-bye!"

ACCORDING to an article in Chambers' Journal, the number of young men who go in college seems to be greater in Scotland than in any other country; the proportion being one to every thousand of the population; while in the whole of Germany there is one to every two thousand six hundred; and in England one to every five thousand eight hundred.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS.—Professor Aytoun, of Edinburgh, married the daughter of Professor Wilson, better known as "Christopher North," but was too bashful to ask for her. Miss Jane Emily told him, that, before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval. "You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library; and, taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty Christopher North. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

DR. CHALMERS was no exception to the saying that a prophet is not without honor save among his own countrymen. When he preached in London, his own brother, James, never went to hear him. One day, at the coffee house which he frequented, the brother was asked by one who was ignorant of the relationship, if he had heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of his? "Yes," said James, somewhat dryly, "I have heard him." "And what did you think of him?" "Very little, indeed!" was the reply. "Dear me!" exclaimed the inquirer, "when did you hear him?" "About half an hour after he was born," was the cool answer of the brother. When he preached at his native place, so strong was the feeling of his father against attending any but his own parish church, or so feeble was the desire to hear his son, that although the churches of the two parishes of East and West Anstruther stood but a few hundred yards apart, the old man would not cross the separating brook to hear him.

GIVEN AWAY.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

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ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 54 North Sixth Street. Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

APRIL, 1873.

No. 4.

—
“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”
—

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—
Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.
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PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
54 North Sixth Street.

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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV.

APRIL, 1873.

No. 4.

THE FRUIT-GROWERS IN COUNSEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

“I own that I am sometimes distressed at the manner, in which, during these latter days, we are too prone to look upon our fruits. By this last appellation I would, of course, comprehend at present not all vegetable productions, but only those variously tinted, rounded, succulent, and in many cases, redolent esculents, which are dependent from our trees. The apple, considered as a nosegay merely, without any reference to its edible contents, every person, one would suppose, who had his senses in proper harmony, should acknowledge to be most delectable.”—PROF. WILLIAM M. NEVIN.

On the 23d of a certain January I traveled between Terracina and Naples. The air was balmy; the apple and pear trees all along the road were in blossoms; the atmosphere was laden with pleasant odors, and the orange-groves looked charming. Among their dark-green leaves hung the large golden fruit. At Castallone de Gaeta I paused a few hours. Through Cicero’s villa, I leisurely strolled, where the grand Roman orator had a country-seat. In rambling, I came to a large orange-grove. The luscious yellow fruit lay thickly strewn about under the trees, and hung still more thickly from their boughs. As many as I could eat, I was at full liberty to pick up. It was a sight as pleasant to behold as the fruit was sweet to the taste. As a great German poet has it:

“Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunklen Laub die gold Orangen glühen?”
Knows’t thou the land where the Citrons do grow,
Where, mid the dark leaves, golden Oranges glow?

Even to the famous Gardens of Hesperides, bearing the golden apples of June, is this region compared by the German Muse:

“In Hesperius Gärten geht man hier ein, es ergreifet
Jubel den Geist; die Natur jubelt enzückt mit ihm.”

In this fertile region, Nature seems to produce fruit spontaneously. In our more northern climate, the soil and the trees need careful nursing and training, to make them yield good fruit. Fruit-growing with us has become one of the fine arts.

I was much interested in a Council of fruit-growers held in our city, a few months ago. It was the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Fruit-growers' Society. I hold that the man, who makes a blade of grass grow where none could grow before, does not live in vain. And he who plants and rears a tree, is a benefactor to his fellow-men.

From fifty to seventy-five of these men were here in counsel. They were all practical fruit-growers. Nearly all men who planted their trees with their own hands, and eat the fruit of their own planting. Not a half-a-dozen of them were men of what is called a scientific education. Yet, they were scientific men, who have been questioning the laws of Nature these many years by actual experiments. Not without the help of books, to be sure, but using their fields and orchards as their chief books. And it was surprising what stores of knowledge these men possessed, and how accurately and clearly they expressed their views. Among these, men of large heads, large toil-marked hands, and not a few with large hearts; there was less useless speaking, less waste of words and wearying of hearers by men trying to speak who had nothing to say—less of all this than in any Convention of Church or State that I now remember to have attended. Each told what he knew, but no more.

Very pleasant was it to notice the kindly spirit pervading the discussion. There were no pet theories to be fought for; no horticultural heretics to be beheaded. Every one treated the opposing opinions of his brother with gentlemanly courtesy. Not the most glib-tongued talkers, but the most successful fruit-growers were oftenest called on for a speech. The man, who raised the finest specimens of fruit, had the hardest work to tell what he knew, because, as he said, he had not the proper language to express himself. But when the presiding officer said, "Mr. Y. has the finest collection of fruit I have ever seen," he made the old man's work speak, according to a good, old rule: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A very fine pear was handed around in the Convention. It resembled so closely a number of varieties of pears, that the most intelligent fruit-growers differed as to its proper classification.

"Mr. Y., please come forward and tell us what kind of a pear this is."

He took it in his hand a moment, and promptly answered: "A Bartlett, sir."

“Gentlemen, this is a Bartlett pear ;” the president announced. That ended the controversy. It was a fine compliment paid by men of marked book intelligence to one, who mainly derived this accurate knowledge from actual experiment, who practiced the right principles without being able theoretically to define them.

How to plant a tree, was a topic of discussion. The great secret lies in knowing how to take it up, in the first place, in order to planting, was one reply. Where to plant an orchard ? On high ground ; a ridge, if you have one. If you have none, make one. Subsoil the earth, some said. As in spiritual planting, the seed or tree must have depth of root. They did not say so, but so I thought at the time. All good fruit-bearing trees, run their roots deep in the earth. Those rooting only over the surface, are easily blown down.

Mr. M., of Mercersburg, Pa., said he had planted an orchard on a rocky surface, where there was scarcely soil enough to cover the roots. He had to lay stones on the top to keep them at their place. The trees thrive marvellously, extorting nourishment out of the rocks, and running their roots into the crevices.

Perfectly natural, remarked another. All soils are composed of disintegrated rock. Yes, thought I, but it is strange that a tree should have power to suck nourishment out of the hard rock, before it has crumbled into earth. On such kind of rocky soil we find the most thriving fig orchards in Judea. I was pleased to notice how tenderly these fruit-growers handle and regard fruit. Not in the vulgar way so common among fruit-eaters, who see no beauty or use in fruit, beyond chewing and tasting it by actual eating. These men of the orchard handle a nice pear or apple, as daintily as if it were the most delicate and finely finished work of art ; or as a loving mother handles her tender babe. And when they speak of the delicious taste or flavor of fruit, their language smacks of its very essence, of the pleasant odor of the fruit itself. They will describe its symmetrical shape, its blushing colors ; its juice-bearing cells ; its graceful pending from the branches. To them it is a thing of beauty, no less than a thing of pleasant taste.

Should we not combine fruit-growing with horticulture ? it was asked. Plant smaller plants among the trees, and beautify our farms with flowers ? Mr. M., of Mercersburg, replied : “Some years ago, I planted one or more rose-bushes at each corner of every plot, on my fruit farm. I selected the color of the roses to correspond with the color and tinge of the fruit, which the plots bore. Red, blushing apples have red roses ; yellow pears have yellow roses to correspond.” Our friend M., would perhaps not be able to define the technical meaning of *Æsthetics*, or of an *Æsthetical* taste. Yet, by this arrangement, he shows one of the

most pleasing instances of a fine perception of the Beautiful, that I have ever met with in farmer, philosopher or poet.

And his roses paid him well. "One day," he said, "a Canadian gentleman came along."

"How came you to this charming arrangement of the rose-bushes, adapting their color to that of the fruit?" he asked.

"Will you sell me part of this farm?"

"Certainly, if you pay my price for it."

He bought a part, paid me well for it; gave me money enough to pay all my debts. And the rose-bushes did it. Beauty pays. Good taste is of great price, even when estimated by money.

Said a fruit-growing friend to me not long since: "Do you know, that all fruit-growers catch a certain inspiration from the tree-life, which they cultivate? A spirit which animates them all with a common kindly feeling of fraternal fellowship? When I am introduced to a fruit-grower, I feel a pleasing attraction and he feels it. An unusual chain of friendship binds them together. They find pleasure in the most unselfish way, to exchange rare varieties of fruit, and enjoy their neighbor's success almost as much as their own.

As a proof of the kindly, unselfish spirit of one of these men, I will tell a story. This fruit-farm is near Mercersburg, Pa. Two years ago, he proposed to plant an orchard for the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa. He selected the ground, gave us some 300 Apple and Peach trees, planted them, and continues to train them once a year—all without charging a penny. The trees are thriving under his beneficent direction. This work promises to produce a fruitful orchard. For many years to come, it will be a monument prettier than brass or marble could make, to tell of the kind heart and skillful hands of him who planted them. And as the fatherless will pluck and eat their luscious fruits, they will bless the memory of Tobias Martin. He remarked to us not long since: "That orchard pleases me better than any I have ever planted."

Walter Scott used to say, that, of all his *compositions*, he was the most proud of those, which made trees to grow. When Dr. Lyman Beecher was in the prime of his busy, hard-working life, he planted apple trees with his own hands. He says, when, after an absence, he returned to his family, the first impulse after the usual greetings, was "to go out and examine each tree in his orchard, 'from root to top.'"

An apple, peach, pear, plum—any and all of this class of fruit are among the most beautiful specimens of all the pretty works of dame Nature. An apple or peach is but a ripened flower. Examine it microscopically, and you discover the heart petals—indeed all the parts of the blossom. Very much larger and heavier than

in its original form, but still retaining measurably the color and tint of the blossom. The cells and tissues of the petals are filled up with juices and most deliciously flavored substances.

An apple is the incarnation of a blossom. The pretty fragrant flower ripens into fruit, but remains a flower still. Perhaps this accounts for the delicate handling of the fruit by practical fruit-growers. To their minds it is a flower, in its highest and ultimate development.

My friend, Prof. W. M. Nevin, says: "The apple, I would think, should be regarded, not only of all fruits, but also of all flowers, as the most pleasing object to the eye, on account of the striking resemblance of its contour and complexion to the human cheek. Into what varieties too, considered as a species, it is divided, to suit every taste! Divesting yourself, if you can, of all prejudice on account of their profusion, just cast your eye on one of those 'mellow hangings,' as Shakspeare calls them, in the month of October. What plumpness of shape! What richness of tints! What deliciousness of breath! How much has it improved on its own blossoming! How far superior to the rose! The most expressive emblems of our affections certainly are those things which, by their striking resemblance in hue and shape to the outward manifestations of the feelings themselves, as seen on the human countenance, seem to sympathize with them."

"Open any of the Idyls of Theocritus, the best delineator of rustic manners among the ancients. In almost any one of these, you will discover some allusion to the fruit. Not to its saporosity, forsooth, but to its beauty and fragrance. Maidens he calls apple-cheeked. The Loves he likens to blushing apples. His robust, young serenaders he describes, when sallying forth of nights, as bearing in their bosom-folds well chosen apples; which were more eloquent offerings than even their music."

He says Polyphemus is eccentric in this respect. A man of immense proportions, perhaps he could not find fruit large enough to express his affections. In his lamenting addresses to his scornful Galatea, he uses nothing but his roar of mouth.

Aristophanes says: "Love and cherish only those poets, my friends, who are fresh and original in their inventions; and be sure to preserve the thoughts of such, treasuring them up in your chests, with your apples; which, if ye do, an odor of cleverness, throughout the year, will be issuing from your garments."

With many of the modern poets, not only the apple, but other fruit also, is a great favorite. From Chaucer down, they love to sing its praise. Thomson sings of the Autumn, when taste revives:

“The breath of orchard big with bending fruit,
Obedient to the breeze and heating ray ;
From the deep-loaded bough, a mellow shower
Incessant melts away.”

It is said, that, on a certain occasion, he was seen beneath a peach tree, “standing ‘more fat than bard beseems ;’ with his hands thrown behind his back, being too lazy to lift them up, and his mouth elevated and applied to the sunny side of a peach, that was still attached to its bough ; but although other things are added, it has always struck me, that, in all likelihood, he was doing nothing more than kissing it.”

How beautifully the royal Hebrew poet praises the apple tree :

“As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.”

“Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved ? I raised thee up under the apple tree ; there thy mother brought thee forth ; there she brought thee forth that bare thee.” (Canticles 2 : 3, 8, 5.)

Very sadly did the remark of these fruit-growers impress me, that many fruit-trees literally bear themselves to death. To save them from premature decay, they take off much of the green fruit. This saves the tree from exhaustion. Well may the elm and oak outlive four generations of apple and peach trees. Their strength and substance all grow into wood. They keep what they produce ; live for themselves. But these unselfish fruit trees grow and bear fruit for others' good. They live not for themselves. Burdens they bear for others' meal, sacrificing their life's substance to give pleasure to beings of a nobler mould. There is a charm in this fruit life which all should strive to enjoy. Orchards in sheeted bloom, —apple, cherry, peach, pear, plum-trees—encircled with billows of blossoms in May and June. Then blowing and growing the blossoms into fruit, each after its kind. Where does God's Nature produce such a perfection of its handiwork ?

Trees, like souls, often turn their whole life-power into mere show-*leaves*, bearing no fruit wherewith to bless others. Thus with the vain soul.

Nothing but leaves ; the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life,
O'er sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept ;
Folly, and shame, and strife.
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves ?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit ;
Stand we before Him, sad and mute,
Waiting the word He breathes,
“ Nothing but leaves ! ”

PAPERS ON THE PASSION OF JESUS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

III.

The Physicians and Jesus on the Cross.

Many medical men are skeptical men, we may say, and yet the progress of medicine has thrown much light upon the truths of religion. Whence denials come, thence come the proofs likewise. The scientist is the pet of society just now, it seems ; and, sad as is the confession, because he appears to pamper to that secret unbelief, which the present age delights to cherish. But science will some day prove herself the handmaid to Revelation. What has occurred within a narrower circle, will doubtless repeat itself over the entire sphere.

The truth of our Saviour's resurrection has been attacked by superficial inquirers on medical grounds. This foundation-stone of the Christian system, which St. Paul makes the article of a standing or falling church, the enemies have rudely endeavored to undermine. Their most direct way was, of course, to cast doubts on the reality of His death. Already in St. John's age this system of tactics had been indulged in, if we are to judge from his positive declarations, in reference to the piercing of His side, which, he says, he himself witnessed. Our Saviour has been charged with impiously feigning death upon the cross. Such a position, however, would naturally refute itself. Hence a more artful way of accounting for His resurrection has been devised by modern unbelievers, and the position assumed that He could not have died upon the cross, but must have been taken down while in a state of trance. Paulus, Damm, and others support this opinion on medical grounds. It is certain, they hold, that, according to Josephus, persons crucified lived for three, or even nine, days upon the cross ; and hence we find that the two, who shared our Lord's sentence, were not dead at evening, and that Pilate even would not believe,

that he could so soon have expired, without the centurion's express testimony. But, on the other hand, nothing is more probable than that fatigue, mental anguish, and loss of blood, should have produced exhaustion and trance. In this state He is placed, we are told, at the disposal of His nursing friends, who bathed His wounds, and lay Him in a quiet tomb. There He revives and comes back to His disciples. The vigilance of His enemies could as easily have been eluded by Him, as St. Paul did, who had been stoned and left for dead at Lystra. The piercing of His side is answered by supposing it to have been but a prick, or superficial wounding—a flesh-wound.

How fitting, now, that the very science, which first brought doubt to bear on the fact, should also set to work to remove that doubt again. Our authority mentions a number of eminent writers, who employed themselves over the physiology of our Saviour's passion; such as *Scheuchzer*, *Mead*, *Bartholinus*, *Vogle*, *Triller*, *Richter*, and *Eschenbach*. But the fullest and most scientific investigation has been made by the GRUNERS—father and son. They have collected all that medical analogies could furnish towards confirming the character of our Lord's sufferings, and the reality of His death.

“They have shown, that the torments of crucifixion, in themselves, were fearful, not merely from the outward wounds inflicted, and from the painful posture of the body, or even from the gangrene, which must have ensued from exposure to the sun and heat, but also from the effects of this position upon the circulation and other functions of life. The pressure upon the main artery must, according to Richter, have impeded the free course of the blood; and by disabling it from receiving all which was furnished by the left ventricle of the heart, must have prevented the blood from the lungs being returned. By these circumstances, a congestion and effort must have been produced in the right ventricle, more intolerable than any pain, and than death itself.”

As one perfectly familiar with the human system, he adds: “The pulmonary and other veins and arteries about the heart and chest, by the abundance of blood flowing thither and there accumulating, must have added frightful bodily suffering to the anguish of mind produced by the overpowering burden of our sins.”

So much it was necessary to record, from the pen of one who knew whereof he wrote, in order to prove that a speedy death might follow in the case of crucifixion. Nothing strange, then, in the fact that Jesus died so soon.

And yet all gloomy doubts are not removed entirely. The two thieves held out longer, though undergoing the same sufferings and at the same time.

Here Charles Gruner's opinion is timely and convincing : " This general suffering must have made a relative impression upon different individuals. The effect it produced upon the two hardy and hardened thieves, brought fresh from prison, must naturally have been very different from that on our Saviour, whose frame and temperament were of a very opposite character ; and had been previously suffering a night of tortures and restless fatigue ; who had been wrestling with mental agony till one of the rarest phenomena had been caused—a bloody sweat ; who must have felt, to the most acute degree of intensity, all the mental aggravation of His punishment ; its shame and ignominy, and the distress of his holy mother and few faithful friends."

Cardinal Wiseman appends a few apt points, in these words : " And to these he might have added other reflections : as that our Saviour was evidently weakened beyond other persons in similar circumstances, seeing He was not strong enough to carry His cross, as criminals led to execution were always able to do ; and if the men, whom we are answering, suppose our Lord to have only fallen into a trance from exhaustion, they have manifestly no right to judge from other cases ; for in them even this did not occur."

It is satisfactory to find Gruner, the physician, dwelling minutely on all the smallest circumstances of the passion, examining them as objects of medical jurisprudence, and particularly taking cognizance of the stroke inflicted by the soldier's lance. He shows the great probability of the wound having been in the left side, and from below transversely upwards ; he demonstrates that such a stroke, inflicted by the robust arm of a Roman soldier, with a short lance (for the cross was not raised much from the ground), must, in any hypothesis, have occasioned a deadly wound. Up to this moment he supposes our Saviour may have been still faintly alive ; because, otherwise, the blood would not have flowed, and because the loud cry which he uttered is a symptom of a syncope from too great a congestion of blood about the heart. But this wound, which, from the flowing of blood and water, he supposes to have been in the cavity of the chest, must, according to him, have been necessarily fatal.

The Elder Gruner goes over the same ground, and answers, step by step, additional objections. He shows, that the words of St. John to express the wound inflicted by the lance, are often used to denote a mortal one ; he proves that, even supposing the death of Christ to have been in the first instance apparent, the infliction of even a slight wound would have been fatal, because in a trance arising from loss of blood, any venesection would be considered such ; and that, in fine, so far from the spices used in embalming, or the close chamber of the tomb, being fitting restoratives to a per-

son in a trance, they would be the most secure instruments for converting apparent into real death, by suffocation.

Eschenbach observes, that there is no well recorded instance of syncope lasting more than one day, whereas here it must have lasted three ; and also that even this period would not have been sufficient to restore strength and health to a frame, which had undergone the shattering tortures of crucifixion, and the enfeebling influence of syncope from loss of blood.

Another author calls attention to the fact, that our Lord distinguishes between the wounds in His hands and that of His side, by asking Thomas to measure the former by his finger, and the latter by the insertion of his hand (John xx. 27). It could not have been superficial then, but of the breadth of two or three fingers, perhaps, on the outside and entering the cavity.

Here we have a particular case, then, in which science or the wisdom of this world has been first invoked and applied to the denial of a revealed fact, and afterwards that very same science, working exclusively according to its own principles, has done the work of establishing that revealed fact. Faith is more to us than all the reason displayed in medical jurisprudence ; but it is something to know besides, not *how* the revealed facts have come to pass, but that the gospel promises are not at fault, even science herself being the umpire.

Tyndall has come and gone. He lectured on "Light" to large audiences, who were delighted. He talked about and played with the element like some little god, who will some day undertake to build a young and perhaps improved world.

When he left his last, and took to writing on "Prayer," however, like St. Paul, the light *blinded* him, and he became silly and witless. "In all pursuits, I think it better to be wholly ignorant and unskilled, than half-learned and half-expert" (*Fronto*). Philosophy, too, when partially sipped, renders men malicious, and would better remain untasted. And yet, when our scientists will have done with their problems of pure nature, there will arise from among their own kinsmen, one who will set before an admiring world such a picture as Homer has painted on his hero's shield—things and movements heavenly, hemmed round and embellished by things and pursuits all earthly.

NOTE.—I know the virtue of "inverted commas ;" but have not used them throughout this paper as freely as they are called for. I might have given the whole as a selection, had I not deformed and broken it by my own insertions. I claim to have only retailed great and good men's thoughts—yea, even their very words—as well as some bad men's sayings.

THE TRUE FRIENDS OF THE PASTOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

On a certain day our Saviour came to the temple at Jerusalem. In the court or open space around the House of God, He found money changers, that is, such people as we now call "shavers," and those who sold doves for sacrifice, and traded in various ways. Just such people as we find now, who try to use pastors and their congregations as tools whereby to get gain. Our Saviour overthrew their tables of traffic, and drove them away from the house of prayer. Then the blind and the lame came groping and limping after Him in the temple; and He healed them. The chief priests and scribes looked on with heartless and bitter envy. That these healings were a wonder to behold no one could deny. Who but a great prophet of God could do such works? This all felt, even these envious, staring Jews. But they would not say so, would not speak a word in His praise. Not they.

Then, as now, many good people took their children with them to the Lord's house. Small children, from the babe of eight days to the boy of twelve years of age, were taken thither. The babes were borne there to be brought into the Covenant; the older ones to learn lessons in the Law and in worshiping God.

In the Law taught them by their parents, scribes and priests, they learned many things about the Messiah, or the Son of David, who was to come. Like good children now, they believed the Scripture lessons taught them, and tried to remember them. A great crowd of people had just led our Saviour across the Mount of Olives unto the city. They spread their cloaks or blankets in the way, for Him to ride over, and sang:

"Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed s He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

When they brought our Saviour into Jerusalem, there was a great stir in the city. Even the little children caught the song of triumph, and with their sweet ringing voices sang: "Hosanna to the Son of David."

With this the Jews became displeased as well as with the healing of the sick. What can children know about the Son of David? The babbling boys even cry after the Great Prophet on the street. So little regard have the people for Him. In this spirit the Jews say: "Hearest Thou what these say?" Then Jesus quotes from Psalm 8: 2, which they hold to be part of their Scriptures:

“And Jesus saith unto them: Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?”

Or as the 8th Psalm has it: “Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength, because of Thine enemies.”

Many think that children are of little use in the world. And of least use in overcoming the enemies of God, and in praising His “excellent name.” Great is the power of consecrated childhood. The babe in the cradle softens and moulds the hearts of many a stern, wayward father. The little artless prayer of his child teaches him the power and blessed use of devout worship. The Sunday-school Army of America, wherein the children of the Nation are trained to habits of prayer and devotion to God, does more to conquer the kingdom of darkness than the mightiest standing armies can do.

There are times when the burdens of life press heavily upon one’s heart. Some great sorrow casts its dark shadows over your spirit. Your work seems fruitless. Your hopes are disappointed. Foes hate, and friends forsake and disown you. Not a ray of sunlight in life’s dreary waste can you discern. In desponding mood you pass along the street. The sweet voice of a child hails you. Then the little cherub calls you by name, reaches out its tiny hand, and its rosy lips for a kiss. With that you lose sight of your dark vision. The child has opened a chink, through which to let a ray of God’s Fatherly love shine into your heart.

A certain mother tells her pastor: “Our little Jennie prays for you every evening. She prays,—Dear Saviour bless Papa and Mamma, Georgie and Alice, and our Pastor. Amen. And then she sweetly falls asleep, while God’s guardian angels hover around her couch.” Little does the mother know how much the pastor feels comforted and strengthened by the prayer of the child.

A religious exchange of New York, gives the following, which is confirmed by the experience of many a pastor:

The pastor of one of our city churches, returning home at the close of a stormy day, with a sad heart, from a visit to what was supposed to be the dying bed of an esteemed and beloved elder in the Church, found a letter awaiting him signed with the names of six children belonging to the family of another elder, congratulating him on the return of his birthday, and enclosing a handsome present as the children’s gift to their pastor. The letter bore the signatures of every one of the dear children, even down to the baby, whose name was scrawled at the bottom of the page, evidently with her own fingers, though guided by an older hand. The pastor’s sad heart was cheered by such a sweet token of remembrance from these lambs of his flock, three of whom he had baptized, and the eldest of whom he had welcomed to the Lord’s table in early

youth; and the next day the children received the following lines in reply to their kind letter:

From the sick and the dying,
The sad and the poor,
The pastor came wearily
Back to his door.
The shadows of evening
Had gathered around,
And rain-drops were falling
With sorrowful sound;
And heavy and sad
Was the minister's heart
As he thought of a brother,
From whom he must part.

It seemed as if heaven
Had opened its gate
For one and another
So quickly of late;
Soon few would still linger
To cheer his sad way,
And lighten his darkness
With love's shining ray.
With such sorrowful thoughts,
He entered his door,
To be met by a message
Which came just before;
'Twas a simple envelop
Bearing his name,
But nothing to show him
From whose hand it came.

Did it tell of new sorrow,
And a call to new grief?
Did poverty send it,
To beg for relief?
He opened it slowly,
Yet fearing to find
Some message of trouble
To burden his mind;
But no tale of sorrow,
No story of woe,
Had come in that letter
Through rain and through snow;
'Twas a message of gladness
That came to his heart,
To drive away sadness
And joy to impart.

How deeply it touched him,

These words cannot tell,
But tears from his eyelids
So gratefully fell.
Many kind missives
Had come to his door,
But none were more welcome
That e'er came before.
It came from dear children,
From Maggie and Willie,
From Sam and sweet Lillie,
From sweet baby Mary,
And brave little Ben,
The best and the dearest
Small women and men!
It spoke of affection
In innocent youth,
All glowing with freshness,
All fragrant with truth.

Though simple the message,
'Twas eloquent still,
And will ne'er be forgotten
In good or in ill!
Sweet thanks, my dear children,
From the Dominie's heart,
Where in a warm corner
You all have your part.
May blessings still hover
All over your path,
And no storm of sorrow
E'er come in its wrath.

May father be spared
Still upright and true,
And all mother's graces
Descend upon you;
May auntie's fond care
Watch over you yet;
And brother and sister
To love ne'er forget.
So with God's sweetest smile
And the dear Saviour's love,
With a jubilant hope
Of a blest home above—
To you, my dear children,
Be it graciously given
To be those of whom
Is the kingdom of heaven!

—I have always been struck at the ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness. Being only used to live for the present, they make a gain of every pleasure as soon as it offers itself. But the surfeited rich are more difficult to satisfy: they require time and everything to suit before they will consent to be happy.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.

SACRED SONNETS.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

I.

PALM SUNDAY.

The life of self-denial's nearly o'er,
 Complete almost the term of labors vast;
 In triumph meek the God-man rides at last
 Towards Jerusalem; the throngs outpour—
 As following and passing on before—
 Their praises; and multitudes their garments cas
 Upon the road where He is moving past,
 And with palm-branches strew the highway floor.
 What token of rejoicing shall *we* bring,
 To hail the passing of our Lord to-day,
 To welcome now our glorious Saviour-King,
 As going forth in triumph on His way?
 Our songs and selves shall be our offering—
 Undying pledge to honor and obey.

II.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

Oh, wonder of all wonders that the earth
 Has ever witnessed! God's beloved Son
 Suspended like a criminal upon
 The dreadful tree, that, through His lowly birth
 And shedding of His blood of priceless worth,
 Our souls should be from ruin bought and won:
 That in His death should be our life begun,
 And stayed for wretched man the woful dearth
 Of spirit-peace and hope and happiness!
 Oh, may the direful spectacle we see,
 At which creation throbbed in deep distress—
 The dying of the God-man—ever be
 A potent means our nature to impress,
 And bow us at the cross of Calvary!

III.

EASTER.

Lift up your heads!—let holy joy abound;
 Dispel each doubt—"the Lord is ris'n indeed;"
 He who but late upon the cross did bleed,
 Amid the darkened sky and quaking ground,
 Has conquered death, though soldier-guards around
 To their appointment gave the strictest heed;
 And now prediction and fulfillment read
 The same, and hope for ruined man is found:
 Lift up your heads!—redemption's work is sealed;
 Here's proof the utmost that the Crucified
 Is truly God's own Son; and here's revealed,
 Beyond a doubt, the pow'r, in Him who died
 And rose again, by which our woe is healed,
 And all the bliss of endless life supplied.

Whitemarsh, Pa.

THE MEMORY OF AN HUMBLE SERVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

“DEATH OF ARNOLD BROOKS.—On Monday morning last, the 24th of February, Arnold Brooks, colored, died at his residence, in this place, at an advanced age. He was widely and favorably known as the hostler at the Mansion Hotel in this place, at which house and in which capacity, if we are correctly informed, he served for a period of about *forty-five years*. For some months he has been confined by sickness, which resulted in his death as above stated—which event was not unexpected to him, and for which he signified his readiness. Peace to his ashes.”—*Mercersburg Journal*.

To many of our older readers, “Arnold Brooks” was a familiar fixture in Mercersburg, Pa. But who was “Brooks,” pray? A tall, lank, muscular negro, dark as ebony. A great friend of horses, and of the students. In this changeable country, with its restless, unsettled laboring classes, it is a rare thing for a man, and that a black man, to stick to his post for a period of forty-five years. During this time Brooks filled his position, under different employers, with uniform acceptance. He was hostler at the Mansion House when Marshall College and the Theological Seminary were first removed to Mercersburg. Although he never “passed through College,” neither was he ever “a member of the Faculty,” still he sustained an important relation to the Institution.

He passed a test examination as a faithful servant, during a service of nearly half a century. And he took the high honor of an honest man. He fed and groomed the horses of many of its best friends. On Commencement days he was in his glory. For this day was to Mercersburg, what a great Fair, or grand political Convention, is to larger places. Its principal streets were lined with carriages, of all of which Brooks had charge. Many a prominent citizen of Franklin county, Pa., and of Washington and Frederick counties, Md., will testify, that, on such grand occasions, they always found pleasure in committing their “teams” into the trustworthy hands of “Arnold.” While the “boys” were rolling off their graduating eloquence, upon which, of course, the cause and salvation of humanity depended, and while Dr. Nevin held us spell-bound with his learned baccalaureate, the faithful Ethiopian was busy grooming his horses. Not that he felt no interest in literature. Indeed, in his own way, he was a brave defender of the institutions. The students were his fast friends, and he was their’s. And the slightest wrong offered to our learned President, he resented with no measured emphasis. To be sure, some of his

speeches were not up to the best models of scholarship. Especially was he somewhat loose in his philosophical terms. Some of the naughty students roguishly misinstructed him. When any of the citizens, as it sometimes happened, would say ought against the Institution or its Faculty, Brooks would thunder a volley of large words at these offending parties, words out of which no mortal could get anything but the most ludicrous nonsense. But that mattered not, Brooks *meant* it all right. He did his duty as well as he could. It was simply his way of applying Mercersburg Theology, in defending his friends.

When the removal of Marshall College to Lancaster was agitated, in 1851 and 1852, Brooks took the matter greatly to heart. For, take the College from the village, and his occupation, if not "gone," would at least materially suffer. Besides, he was loath to part from his friends, the students and professors, and their supporters. One day a European gentleman friend visited Dr. Schaff. At his arrival he gave Brooks, in mistake, a five dollar gold piece for a "quarter," for attending to his trunk, &c. Dr. Schaff soon after asked him to refund the \$4.75 to his friend. "Now, see here Dr.," quoth Arnold, with a quizzical shake of his large head, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If the College stays here, I will pay you back the \$5.00. If it dont, I won't." As the College left, he kept the money. This is the only unjust act of the kind I know about Brooks. When the people of Mercersburg held town-meeting to oppose the removal of the College, Brooks told some of them one day: "No use, gentlemen, no use. If Dr. Nevin is for it, you might as well give it up. You can't get ahead of that three-story head of his."

Our friend, Rev. G. B. Russell, of "Our Church Paper," who has a larger fund of College jokes than any man we know of, tells the foregoing incident in the following form. Since writing the above, my eye has fallen on this in his paper. I prefer this version as the returning of the money is more in keeping with Brooks' general character.

About that time a German student came to the Seminary, and Brooks, as usual, took the new student's trunk up to the Seminary building; for which the young man handed him in the twilight, a piece of money, which, instead of being a silver quarter, turned out to be his last five dollar gold piece.

It was given in mistake. The matter was afterward mentioned to Brooks, who thought at first that, as the college would soon be gone, and so these windfalls would therewith cease, he had better keep what he had honestly obtained. But when we explained to Arnold that it was an inexperienced German, who had but little money left, and that he was after all not a college student, but be-

longed to the Seminary, he at once changed his mind. Raising himself to his full manly height, with his long index finger extended in his most impressive gesture, he said, "If that's the case I'll give the Dutchman his gold again, even if the little niggers suffer for it."

I learn that an oil painting of "Old Arnold" is in the office of the Mansion House. He deserves the honor. We should like to see his phiz taken, as it looked, when with hat in hand, he received "a quarter" from a person to whom he was handing the lines. The broad, grateful smile, showing his snow-white teeth and the white of his eyes, significantly twinkling with grateful joy.

The war brought Brooks many a restless day. Mercersburg, being within a few miles of the border, was subject to chronic invasions by the Southern army. The air was filled with frightful rumors. At any hour the Southern cavalry was likely to dash into town, and carry off every negro they could lay their hands upon. Anything but slavery for our swarthy friend. He had no little trouble to keep out of their reach.

Poor "Old Arnold," I trust, has gone where "the good darkies go." When I reached Mercersburg the first time, in the Spring of 1846, as a timid "Preparatorian," he was at his post. And at my last visit to the "old camping ground" of our student days, I can hardly describe how glad I was to grasp his large, black, hard, worn hand, see his broad grin of a smile, and hear one of his old-fashioned haw-haws. His curly hair had turned gray, and his step was less lithe and firm than when I had last seen him. Sadly I thought, ere long, we shall "pull up" at the old Mansion House, and find Brooks departed. Now that I call him up to fond memory, I picture him as a second "Uncle Tom." In his general make-up and disposition, but not in saintliness and patient suffering, was he like Mrs. Stowe's ideal darkey.

With an unattractive exterior, he yet had the power of making many friends among his superiors. He was honest, trusty and true, to man and beast, and became sincerely attached to both. It did one good to see with what gentle consideration he patted and caressed a horse, though he had never seen him before, and would never own him. It almost seemed as if he considered the horse not far beneath him in the scale of being. Where is Bergh, the friend of the dumb animals? I commend the memory of my black friend Brooks, to his kindly consideration. He deserves a monument. Let the inscription thereon be:

"Here lies a friend of dumb animals, who always gave a horse all the hay and oats his master paid for. He was faithful to his employers, grateful to his patrons, and did what he could to found and build up prosperous literary institutions, by using his powers, in his humble way, to black the boots, and kindly care for the horses of their friends and supporters."

I never learned anything about Brooks' religious belief. So far as I know, "his life was in the right." Fain do I hope that he believed in Him, who died to redeem our race, regardless of color. I am not certain but what he had a number of young Brooks's. If so, I will vouch that he was a good father to them. Surely some heart must have bled when he died. Some dark faces have been bathed in tears.

Fleecy locks and black complexion,
Can not alter Nature's claim ;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the same."

ICICLES IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

There are such, and cold and ugly things they are. Not much's the wonder either, since a Sunday-school room generally means a 'Basement;' which being interpreted again, signifies a cellar—a cave—an ice-house. Damp and chilling is such an embrace Mother Church gives her children on a Sunday morning. The step-dame, Madam Commonwealth, loves them not more tenderly, but more wisely, and builds large airy chambers above ground, with towers and spires. "Buried alive!"—I exclaim over such an entombed flock of the Saviour's lambs. Glad am I though, that the days of the Catacombs are about leaving us for a second time. May they never return!

There is, for another thing, an unendearing parlance in the names which we use. Take first, "*Superintendent*"—a fine syle labic mouthful! Children generally learn to spell and pronounce it about the time they are preparing to leave school. Think of asking our infant pigmies to say *Su-per-in-ten-dent*! I would just as soon drill them on *Om-o ron-thol-o-gos-phor-rus*. Might not 'Overseer'—'Superior'—'Shepherd' and similar names prove easier to say, though they fall not far behind in length? '*Assistant-Superintendent*' is a pyramid turned on its apex, and consequently too bulky and unsafe a thing for a little one to deal with. Let it crumble speedily, when the school is dismissed and out of danger. "*Anniversary*." The happiest day, in the whole number of three hundred and sixty-five days, is known under this most sapless name. For all the warmth it emits to a child's sense, it might as well be Abrakadabra. Don't talk about its expressive Latin!

That is not on the programme at all. It is heart-language that we must impart there, and that I speak of now. I say 'Jubilee' is better by far, even if it is not a whit more English. It jingles so merrily—and there is much in sound, I always think. And all the more do I think so, whenever it is flippantly asked—'What's in a Name?' These are some of the cold terms, called over the heads of warm-hearted children, which fall like cold rain-drops, chill, run down sluggishly, and hang to us like-like-like Icicles!

Our addresses are heart freezing. Nine of every ten, I venture to declare. I think of an Infant school I was to talk to once. But alas! the little ones had to be *addressed* first by their Overseer. (I never *address* the dear babes!) Well: he froze their hearts tight shut, just before I talked to them, by exhorting them to "discriminate" and make an "application" of what was to be said. I could not get near to them, after that. They were shy of me—and all because of what was to follow—whatever the unknown task might mean, to "discriminate" and make "application." I am sure an icicle formed underneath every little heart that day. I cannot, of course, say what the great warm heart of JESUS breathed upon those little ones whom Jewish mothers laid in His arms; but no one will question that their hearts beat warmer and happier, and that no icicle hung coldly down, after He spake unto them. Airtight stoves are to be commended; but your warmth-tight speeches in the Sunday-school produce——*Icicles*.

The social atmosphere is at 30, Freezing. I am fond of the soldier's step and carriage. But Christians cannot parade to heaven by it. A Sunday-school may be made West Point-like in this manner; but the more unlike that, the better. Teachers and officers sometimes march and counter-march, to and fro, dignified and stiff-walking *Icicles*. The work is all done neatly enough, to be sure. The drill is admirable, throughout. They serve the Lord, and each other, and the children, much as Martha did. But I think all the while: 'That good part which Mary had chosen,' will never be taken from you—because you never had it! Engaged in the common labor of love, still it seems a set task with many to show with *how little* of love's spirit their duties may be discharged. Heart-fire, which is LOVE, will warm a Sunday-school and speedily thaw all *Icicles*.—*Sunday-School Times*.

PROPERTIES OF LOVE.—Love is indefatigable; it never wearies. Love is inexhaustible; it blooms and buds again; and the more it is diffused, the more it abounds.

"DO YOUR BEST."

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one evening, "I paid a visit to my grandfather, a venerable old man, whose black velvet cap and tassel, blue breeches, and huge silver knee-buckles, filled me with great awe. When I went to bid him good by, he drew me between his knees, and, placing his hand on my head, said, 'Grandchild, I have one thing to say to you: will you remember it?' I stared into his face, and nodded; for I was afraid to promise aloud. 'Well,' he continued, 'whatever you do, *do the best you can.*'"

"This, in fact, was my grandfather's legacy to me; and it has proved better than gold. I never forgot his words; and I believe I have tried to act upon them. After reaching home, my uncle gave Marcus and me some weeding to do in the garden. It was Wednesday afternoon; and we had laid our plans for something else. Marcus, fretted and ill-humored at his disappointment, did not more than half do his work; and I began pretty much like him, until grandfather's advice came into my mind, and I determined to follow it. In a word, I 'did my best.' And, when my uncle came out, I shall never forget his look of approbation as his eyes glanced over my beds, or the four pence he slipped into my hand afterwards, as he said my work was well done. Ah! I was a glad and thankful boy; while poor Marcus was left to drudge over his beds all the afternoon.

"At fifteen I was sent to the academy, where I had partly to earn my own way through the course. The lessons came hard at first, for I was not fond of study; but grandfather's advice was my motto, and I tried to do my best. As a consequence of this, though I was small of my age, and not very strong, my mother had three offers for me before the year was out; and one from the best merchant of the village, 'a place' in whose store was considered very desirable. When I joined the church, I tried to do the Lord's work as well as I did my own; and often, when I had been tempted to leave the Sabbath-school, or let a hindrance keep me from the prayer-meeting, or get discouraged in any good thing, my grandfather's last words, 'Do the best you can,' have given me fresh courage, and I would again try."

Here, then, was the key to this man's character. He is considered one of the best business men, one of the best citizens, one of the best

officers in the Church, one of the best friends of the poor, one of the best neighbors, fathers, husbands, friends ; in a word, he is universally beloved and respected. And what is the secret of it all ? He always *tried to do the best he could*. Let every boy and girl take this for their motto. *Acted upon*, it will do wonders for you. It will bring out powers and capabilities which will surprise and delight yourselves and friends. "Do your best ;" or, as the Bible has it, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ;" or, in other words, "Whatsoever you do, do it *heartily* as to the Lord."—*Messenger*.

HISTORY OF UMBRELLAS.

At the annual gathering of the members of the Glasgow umbrella trade, the chairman gave the following bits of history in regard to the subject :

"Dr. Morrison, the great missionary to China, states, that there is mention made of umbrellas and parasols in books printed in China more than 1500 years ago, and that the most wonderful traveler, Layard, relates that he discovered on the ruins of Nineveh, in *bas relief*, a representation of a king in his chariot with an attendant holding an umbrella over his head. In India we also find the umbrella has been used in remote ages, and principally as an insignia of royalty; its shape differing very little from those in modern use. In Burmah the princes use a very large umbrella, and it requires a separate attendant to carry it, and his position is a recognized one in the royal household. One of the titles of the king is as follows: 'King of the white elephant and lord of the twenty-four umbrellas.' The Emperor of China, who never does anything on a small scale (if he can help it), has no fewer than twenty-four umbrellas carried before him when he goes out hunting. It is used in that country as a defence against rain as well as sun, and is principally made of a sort of glazed silk or paper beautifully painted. We find umbrellas mentioned as in use, or at least known, in England 150 years ago. In Cambridge, we read that early in the last century umbrellas were let out on hire for so much per hour, like sedan chairs. Jonas Hanway, the founder of a hospital in London, has the credit of being the first person in London that had the courage of habitually carrying an umbrella. He died in 1786, and it is said that he carried an umbrella for thirty years ; so the date of their introduction for general use may be said to date from 1756."

The following paragraph from the report made at the meeting rather smacks of the trade :

“A good umbrella is a sure test of a man’s respectability. A man may go to kirk or to market with a shocking bad hat or a pair of boots, but not with a bad umbrella, and retain his status in society.”

THE RIGHT THING IN THE WRONG PLACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have just made a discovery—somewhat unpleasant. Its first fresh, warm impressions demand an immediate hearing. Now, bear in mind, that we are very calm ; not a bit excited, indeed, in the best of humor. Wishing, “health, wealth, and happiness” to everybody, the printers and proof-readers of the *GUARDIAN* included. These latter doubtless often have a world of trouble to unravel the tangled skein of our scribbling, and that of our contributors. Still that does not make nonsensical misprints any more endurable. Your first thought in discovering blunders in your articles, which others have made, is : “Why, people must think I am a fool to write in this way.”

Here, one has been preparing various dishes for his readers, and wonders how they will look and taste, once the literary table is fully spread before his guests. He looks with eager delight to its first appearance, as the provident housewife at the head of her table eyes her guests, and their keen relish of her dishes. Her dinner is a success. The dishes faultless, the appetites of the guests keen—all is right, save a few little mistakes. Bridget, in her nervous hurry, somehow mistook the salt-box for the sugar-bowl. Instead of sugar, she put salt on the “corn-starch.” The good housewife sees the guests casting strange looks about them. They pick at the dessert with a captious air. No one has the courage to “speak out.” At length she makes the horrid discovery.

Her eyes flash fire. Her pretty face is flushed. Her heart mps, and her snow-white apron jumps in sympathy with it. With “a please excuse me for a moment” to her guests, she withdraws to the kitchen. Alas, for poor Bridget! She is sorry enough for it. But her sorrow cannot assuage the agony of her otherwise kind mistress. Nothing will do, but a salty, peppery, allspicy tongue-lashing. There is no occasion for this ado. Surely there are an abundance of savory dishes to atone for the salted corn-starch. Plenty to eat without that. So it is, without doubt. Still this salt in the wrong place, however needful and good in the right one, spoils the dear lady’s pleasure. It is the fly in her ointment.

A letter, a word, a sentence, how good and needful is each in its place. Out of its place, what a horror. Put yourself in one's place. You have been out all this cold morning, burying the dead, engaged in the sad duty of comforting those that mourn. After a dinner healthfully relished, you find the March number of the GUARDIAN among your mail matter. How glad you are for it just then. Its reading will be better than a cigar or glass of brandy to those, who relish such an after-dinner luxury. Leisurely your eyes skip from page to page, feeling that for mind and stomach it has a most soothing effect—indeed is a sort of Soothing Syrup. It is an easy entertainment. The most of the articles you have seen, some you have written, but none have you seen printed in the GUARDIAN before. Not until now could you see how they look and read in type. In sooth, it is a pleasing editorial recreation. Your eye runs over the table of Contents. Then the articles. How natural to fall first on one's own production. Then and there a sentence strikes you differently from what it did when first written. One is not sufficiently clear, another not properly qualified. Your eye falls on a misprint. It is very natural that it should happen to the printer. But then it makes nonsense. Says just what you did not want to say. Alas, the whole edition has been printed and mailed. It is too late for correction or explanation. You are taken aback, without a remedy for your mortification. How some of your friends, and foes if you have any (and who has none?), will laugh at your ignorance of grammar, punctuation, history, poetry, philosophy! You read on, and happen on a blunder still worse. An irascible man would swear. Of course you would not do that. Without intending it, you bring your clenched fist down on the study table with marked emphasis (which some would call a wooden oath). You seek relief by scratching your head, as if somehow the evil had a mysterious connection with that.

Along with the foregoing we give a few corrections in the March number. On page 84, we read in the couplet:

“Where *friends* no more torment.”

What a power lies in a letter. “*Friends*” is just what the poet did not wish to say, nor I either. Leave the *r* out, and you have the sense intended—“*fiends*.”

The sentence at the foot of page 88, has a closing clause that belongs to the following paragraph. Linked to this part, by means of a comma, it is discordantly out of place. And two paragraphs before this, the word *letter* is used for *latter*, which refers to a certain allusion in the foregoing sentence. A “letter” we had none to give.

On page 94: Die Welt-Geschichte *est* das Welt Gericht. "Est" is good Latin, but poor German.

At this writing a manuscript lies by my side. Alas, I fear it gives a clue to this trouble. Closely written, *interlined*, *overlined*, and *underlined*, written in inverted lines at the top and bottom, abounding in erasures, alterations and amendments; some written with ink, some with a lead-pencil. Yet there is sense and savor beneath those blurred and blotted lines. But how natural, that the most careful printer should here and there get a letter or word wrong.

But to my friends, the printers and proof-reader, I hereby tender my grateful and affectionate regards. A set of men who can decipher such hieroglyphics, deserve a recommendation to the Palestine Exploring Society. Who, so skilled in the unravelling of the ancient lore engraved on newly discovered Moabitic tablets, as those trained in the deciphering of such modern scrawls.

TWO GOSPEL FIELDS.

BY MARY.

Bethlehem! Soil ever green and fair! o'er thee there fell a flood of the Eternal Glory that brightens every field, and lane, and highway of time! Thy midnight silence was broken by a burst of holy song that re-echoes back from the loftiest peaks of earth, and resounds in the remotest caves of the ocean!

Thou tellest the weary heart how,

"The coral symphonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower;"

and in it will thy perfume forever linger, for it hath in itself a blissful counterpart of thy joy; when the heavenly messenger whispers to its inmost consciousness, "Fear not: for unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Thy name shall never perish, for thou art a fitting representative of—LIFE.

Aeldama! Spot of deep darkness and horror! Not a star of heaven, not a torch from any earthly fireside can guide the traveler o'er thy bare hard clay. Traveler? Thou hast not one: all turn with shuddering from thee. Who can linger in contemplation around the dark, bloody spot that tells the end of Judas, the Betrayer? What bell could toll the knell, or what voice groan out the requiem of him, who found it in his heart to murder the King of Glory? May we shun, as we do thee, that of which thou art a fearful representative—Eternal Death.

Mercersburg, Pa.

THE UNJUST STEWARD. (Luke 16: 1-13.)

BY PERKIOMEN.

“There was a certain rich man.” Who is he, and what is his name? *“Mammon,”*—I hold—not God, as is the fashion to say. The “rich man,” in the first verse, is just as little the good Lord, as the other “certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen,” means HIM, in the nineteenth verse. (Please refer to both; reflect and inwardly digest!) Mammon is the richest man I know. No matter how he acquired his wealth—he has it to a certainty. He—under or after God Himself—is the Great-Grand Possessor. He is the “Prince of this world.” The devil, as a money-changer, as a “business-man,” is ever and very fitly called MAMMON.

“Which had a Steward.” Who is that *Steward*, pray? *Man.* Every man? Every unregenerate, unemancipated man, I say, is an employee of Mammon—a clerk—underlying steward of the great “Boss.” Hence the very expressive term “worldling,” as applied to all who live, toil and die in the exclusive service of this world’s Usurper, my Lord Mammon. How many “stewards” does he not need and secure, indeed!

“And the same was accused unto him, that he had wasted his goods.” When might that have occurred? When might it repeat itself? Plainly, just as soon as God’s Spirit enters the Mammon-steward’s heart and exiles the “Weltgeist,” makes him disloyal towards his old master’s interest, a defaulter, if you please, in Mammon’s Bureau.

Should any one wonder, by whom he is informed on or “accused” at “headquarters,” I am prepared to answer—by his fellow stewards. They are jealous and quick to detect the least treachery (as it must strike them), in the diverting of the proceeds, accruing from the world’s goods, away from this Mammon’s interests. How mad and wasteful seems the benevolent soul to a thorough-going worldling! Who more loud-mouthed in pronouncing him a bad housekeeper? The loyal worldling wants the steward impeached, who would dare to appropriate even the smallest portion of Mammon’s treasures to the interest and glory of the next world.

“How is it that I hear this of thee? Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward.” The old

usurper, Mammon, will, of course, not tolerate a defaulting clerk. The accusation, investigation and dismissal follow each other rapidly. In Mammon's vast establishment, there is no pardon for the least overstepping of the rules and regulations of his "Business College." He is a brilliant financier. Being such, how can you expect him to wink at a misappropriation of funds? "This is my world," says the Great Market Master. "All that is therein belongs to me. By an almost primeval defalcation I became the owner. To beautify and enhance it in every way, is my ambition, and the duty of my legions of underlings and stewards. All hands must labor for the materialistic millennium. I will not tolerate the least bad-housekeeping. Not a cent for churches, or for any establishment, or enterprise, or movement, that aims at the interest of another world, sometimes called Heaven. I have no concern for that rival economy, save to withhold all supplies from out of my own treasury. To pray, labor and offer for the welfare of any other country, at an expense of this my own world, that is to be displaced as a traitor. Millions for earth and time, but not a farthing for any region outside or beyond. Reflect and obey, and hand over your port-folios."

"*What shall I do? for my Lord taketh away from me the stewardship; I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.*" The Christian's perplexity now breaks in upon his soul. He is in this world, and cannot leave just when he would. He sees the propriety of Mammon's words. He, too, feels that it is Mammon's world, however he may have come to own it. He believes, that a day will be, when the usurper will be dethroned and the legitimate king reign; but that day is, alas! not yet. "To remain in and under Mammon's yoke; to labor as a poor slave in the mine; to dig—dig—dig for Mammon, and my own bottomless tomb, to boot—that *I cannot.*" All the works of man will prove abortive. Self-reliance in the matter of opposition to Mammon, is God-defiance, and means defeat. Like the man in the mine, the more diligently he toils, the deeper down he goes. "*To beg I am ashamed.*" To continue in Mammon's service, as thousands are doing, and rely on an occasional and especially a final "Lord, Lord open unto us"—that is the essence of meanness in the eyes of an upright soul. Whilst man's *digging* will but lower him, his *begging* abases him no less. "Of myself I can do nothing." Granted. "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." Hence, it follows, that divided far from one another, the "digging" and the "begging" amount to nothing, but united and clasped in hands, they constitute a happy conforming to that exhortation, "work, while God worketh within you."

"I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses." Some one part lay on him to do; freely will he do that. Some other part others must and will do for him. His success depends, then, on an effectual *co-operation*. It is ever so with us—with you and me and all.

We can make many friends by befriending our fellows. They will befriend us in turn.* In the great end of salvation, not one of us but that needs all the aid and comfort that God will render us, through whatever channels He may choose. In renouncing our long false allegiance to Mammon, we feel especially grateful to the friends we know are of like mind with us. We are anxious to conciliate them. So the steward felt.

But the mode and means strike us sometimes as wrong. The parable sounds as though Jesus really were placing a shrewd and even swindling character before us, that we should imitate him. Not at all so!

What stroke of business policy was his? He compromised with his former sole master's debtors, charging one with but fifty barrels of oil, instead of for one hundred, and another for eighty measures of wheat, when the true bill was one hundred.

Now, although the steward's charity in one direction seems to be vitiated by an act of apparent fraud in the other, I hold there was no fraud committed, no injustice done, nothing wrong perpetrated.

And this is the way we prove it. The world and all that is therein is of God originally; was made by Him and for Him. Satan, by deceit and fraud, diverted the whole economy into his own service and holds over it as a usurper. His title is one of violence, and wrong. The Christian mind sees and would change as far as in him lies, this system of iniquity. He rescues out of the Mammon-king's hands whatsoever he may and can, and reappropriates it to the service and glory of God, the original and true owner. And how can he more fitly make such reprisals than by reconverting all, after the good and wholesome law of mercy and charity? This was the very gist of the steward's conduct; and wherein lay the wrong? If I know a famous robber's den, in which my neighbor's goods and gold are concealed, and I capture every item out of the bad man's power to restore them to the proprietor, am I therefore a robber too? It has always seemed to us small talk to say, "Jesus merely commends the steward's cunning and address, not his morality." Surely our Lord is not so poor in the art of invention, in the faculty of conceiving, or in the use of words, as to be obliged to paint for us a half sinner and half saint as a model.

“*And the Lord,*” MAMMON, “*commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely; for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.*” But how’s that now? Did MAMMON indeed then applaud an underling of his, who had deserted his standard and outwitted him? Even so. The prince of this world rallies men as long as he is able. He would have his servants true to himself, and in order to hold them as such, nothing is too false and wicked and mean to use. But, depend upon it, Mammon sees and confesses to the fact, that whosoever uses and appropriates the usurped goods of this world in and for the glory and honor of the Almighty God, is truly wise. “Unjust steward,” Mammon may indeed call him, so long as he hopes thereby to prevent him from impoverishing himself; but, after acts of charity and love are consummated facts, he, yea he, cannot refrain from regarding him as a *prudent* steward rather. He and his shrewd servants in their hearts oftentimes commend the acts of liberal, alms-giving Christians, more than even those do, who are really of the kingdom and family, at least, “children of light.”

Let but a large donation, legacy or gift be laid for some charitable end and the enhancement of God’s kingdom, the secular spirit of this world, the press and tongue of Mammon, are the foremost in words of praise. Ah, Mammon is false and treacherous to the core; but he is not stupid and dull. “*Bad devil,*” that is a normal saying; but the phrase “*dumb devil*” is abnormal and absurd.

Why has this parable the *sobriquet*, “*Unjust Steward?*” Why unjust, or in what particular? Let it be known rather as the parable of the *prudent* steward. Perhaps there will be more rich men ready to imitate him and devote their wealth more largely to the glory of another and higher Lord than MAMMON, great as he must be acknowledged to be just now. Then, perhaps, some of us may quickly take to heart the meaning full, but almost forgotten, saying: “*I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness: that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.*”

A query: Why is ALL wealth styled “the Mammon of Unrighteousness?” Are there no honest and honorable men in the world, who are rich and well-to-do? And whether you have little or much, it is still the unrighteous mammon! God made it; we must have it; no matter for all that, it is the mammon of unrighteousness, nevertheless. Again, why?

The answer: All possessions, in the atom or in the bulk, whether owned by the poor man or rich man, and whether gotten by fair means or foul, are mammon of unrighteousness, because of the lapsed and usurped condition of the world, in consequence of

the Fall; and will continue to remain such, in so far and so long, as they are not used in the interest, and service and glory of the true Lord—Almighty God. The penny no less than the pound, must be diverted out of the mammon-channel, and turned into the course, on the banks of which stands the mill of God.

“He that is faithful in that which is least”—in the controlling of his pocket-book, so as to return to God, the interest due Him, *“is faithful also in much,”* in the using of his Prayer-Book. And so too, when reversed.

Nor are such hearts, as know not how to properly use and invest what is not their own truly and forever—gold, silver and lands—such hearts are not capable either, rightly to take and use what is verily designed as their own—Salvation and eternal riches.

God *or* Mammon; never, God *and* Mammon! Only as we see, that this world, lapsed and presided over as it is by mammon, no less than the world beyond, both are essentially God's; only as we virtually devote body and purse to God, no less than soul and spirit; only as we by faith, realize an actual Redemption from Mammon's power, of whatever fell under his hand, in consequence of the Fall; only then can we see the prudence of the steward so graphically drawn by the Lord.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

EMILY ASHTON; or, *Light Burdens Lifted*. 312 pp. Price \$1.00. The motto of the book is: “Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ.” Gal. 6: 2. This, it claims to be the burden of its story.

FOLLOWING ON TO KNOW; or, *Old Days at Hethering*; pp. 230. Price, 75 cents. The book claims to be taken from real life. The reader is assured, “that the work of the imagination has been permitted only in the drapery of the story.” Still likewise it is a story, and for that reason we do not like it so well as

THE DUCHESS RENEE and her Court; pp. 200. Price, 50 cents. This is a biography, full of living facts and instructive events, plainly and pleasantly narrated. It claims to be little more than a compilation, but its reading is none the less interesting.

These three volumes have been published by The American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

Editor's Drawer.

SENATOR NYE carries in his pocket-book a note from the late President Lincoln, written in lead pencil on the fly-leaf of a book, which runs as follows: "*Dear General*:—Come up to-night and swap jokes.—LINCOLN."

A COLORED preacher, commenting on the passage, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves," said, that the mixture should be made in the proportion of a pound of dove to an ounce of serpent.

AT one of the ragged schools in Ireland a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" A poor Irish convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Plase your riverence, it's to be clane inside."

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.—As one of the Scottish kings was dying, an attendant heard his last sentence: "Lord, I restore Thee the kingdom where-with Thou didst entrust me. Put me in possession of that whereof the inhabitants all are kings."

A LONDON correspondent says, that Queen Victoria visits Prince Albert's tomb every day at Windsor, places a basket of fresh flowers near it, reads a chapter in the Bible, kneels down, and offers up a prayer, that she may meet him in the world to come.

A WORTHY deacon, in a town somewhere or other, gave notice at a prayer meeting the other night, of a church meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining." This reminds us of a clergyman who told in his sermon of a very affecting scene, where "there wasn't a dry tear in the house."

A YOUNG lady in Pennsylvania, at an evening party, found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel;" but thinking that too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune cast up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine, is, indeed, attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

DEAN SWIFT'S RESOLUTIONS.—The following resolutions were drawn by Dean Swift, to be observed "when I come to be old:" Not to marry a young woman. Not to keep young company, unless they desire it. Not to be peevish, morose or suspicious. Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people. Not to be covetous—the hardest of all to be kept. Not to be over severe with young people, but to make allowance for their youthful follies and weaknesses. Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it. To desire some good friends to inform me, which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and to reform accordingly. Not to talk much, nor of myself—very hard again. Not to hearken to flatterers, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman. Not to be positive or opinionative. Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

IF you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through falling over it either, for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive-looking object there is, but is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one, unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting on something.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says, this is the way women prepare to play on the piano :

"It was a young woman, with as many white flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a whirl or two and fluffed down on it like a twirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she were going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end down to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down upon a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another howl, as if the piano had got two tails, and you had trod on both of 'em at once; and then a grand clatter and scramble, and strings of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music."

"IT'S VERY HARD."—"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter, cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor! It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf and suffering!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think *that heart is very hard*, that is not thankful for so many blessings!"

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.—A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number, he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door right after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame, old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's, in the blue jacket. Don't you call those letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."

EXTRAORDINARY RESULT OF KINDNESS.—A servant of the Rev. Rowland Hill suddenly died, and his master preached his funeral sermon to a numerous audience, in the course of which he mentioned the following anecdote: Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness that I speak the truth, when I assert that, for a number of years past, he has proved himself a perfectly sober, honest, industrious and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal; and yet this very man, this virtuous and pious man, was once a robber on the highway. More than thirty years ago, he stopped me on the high-road, and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him. I asked what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous a course of life. "I have been a coachman, sir," said he, "but am now out of place, and not being able to get a character, can get no employment and am therefore obliged to resort to this means of gaining a subsistence." I desired him to call upon me; he promised he would, and kept his word. I talked further with him, and offered to take him into my service. He consented; and ever since that period he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but he has faithfully served his God. And instead of having finished his life in a public ignominious manner, with a depraved and hardened mind, as he probably would soon have done, he has died in peace, rejoicing in hope, and prepared, we trust, for the society of just men made perfect.

A GERMAN PAPER contains a reply from a clergyman who was traveling, and who stopped at a hotel much frequented by what are termed "drummers." The host not being used to have clergymen at his table, looked at him with surprise; the clerks used all their artillery of wit upon him, without eliciting a remark in self-defense. The worthy clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said against you?"

"Oh, yes, but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,

•No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

MAY 1873.

No. 5.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
No. 907 Arch Street.

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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV.

MAY, 1873.

No. 5.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Many of our readers know Dr. Guthrie, through his writings. Four volumes of his sermons, a volume on "A Plea for Ragged-schools," one on the "City, its Sins and Sorrows," and other works of his have been published. In 1865, when his increasing bodily infirmities unfitted him for the duties of his large congregation, he began the editing of the *Sunday Magazine*, an instructive and entertaining monthly, which is extensively read in this country. In the beginning of March he entered into the saints' everlasting rest. I confess to an admiration of Thomas Guthrie. Not by reason of any extraordinary depth of thought, for of that he had but little, but by reason of his warm loving heart, his sympathy with the lowly and unfortunate, his fearless hostility to wrong, and his firm advocacy of right.

He was born in 1803, in the little town of Brechin, Scotland. Then the Presbyterian Church in Scotland had less life and less strife than for thirty years past. His father was an industrious thrifty gentleman, combining the merchant and the banker in his calling. A straight-forward honest Scotchman, who had learned his catechism well, and carried the "Chief duty of man" into his weights and measures, and exchanges of money. A good deal of genial Scotch humor he had, a vein of fun running clear through his character. His son Thomas was not born great, neither had he greatness thrust upon him. The little country village gave the boy an ample play ground, and such early school privileges as the rural districts of Scotland then afforded. In the Grammar School of the place he partly prepared himself for the University of Edinburgh. He then possessed little to point him out as an heir of genius and fame. No brilliant flashes were perceptible in his mental work.

Indeed some must have deemed him devoid of talent. His external appearance was against him. "He was a long, lanky, straggling-looking-lad, with great awkward bones, prominent, homely features, a large nose, uncouth hair, and clothes that seemed as if they had been thrown on with a pitchfork." He was an earnest, hard-working plodding student, who came by all he had through much labor and tribulation, and in the end showed little marked success.

Not that he shirked duty, or shrank from work. A large class of students hope their genius, of which they have but little, will in the end atone for all their faults and failings in their course of study. The time they owe to their regular studies is devoted to light and miscellaneous reading and spent in idleness. At their graduation they may get their diploma, which in their case means nothing more than a nicely printed parchment. It represents no well disciplined mind, as the result of a well-improved course of study.

Thomas Guthrie was an earnest and industrious, if not a brilliant, student. When he had completed his theological course, he studied Medicine in Paris. For he expected to spend his pastoral life, in a thinly populated district, among the poor and the lowly. He held that a pastor, able to relieve and treat the bodily diseases of such people, far removed from a physician, or too poor to employ him, might combine the care of body and soul, and render them a double service.

On his return to Scotland he served for nearly two years in his father's banking-house. In 1830 he was called to his first parish, in his native county. In this humble field he labored for a number of years. Perhaps expected to spend his life here. The bulk of his members were plain country people, of good sense but little learning. He threw his whole soul into his work. Indeed, as a whole-souled man he did this wherever he labored. Whatever his hands found to do, he did with *his might*. He sought to bring the blessed Gospel down to the understanding of the lowliest people. And he did this without detracting from the grandeur of its themes. His style from this time on was simple, and child-like, without being *childish*.

As is always the case with men who make the best of their post of duty, his fame as a preacher and pulpit orator soon reached Edinburgh. The great city, the Athens of Great Britain, gives him no rest until he accepts a call from the Old Grey Friars Church. In three years his popularity demanded the formation of a new parish. St. John's was built, of which he took charge in 1840.

He took a prominent part in the division of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and was one of the founders of the Free Church. He strove to apply the Gospel to the pressing practical wants of society. In thrilling eloquence he depicts the "Sins and Sorrows"

of the large city, and organizes various systems for the redemption of the fallen. His knowledge of medicine helped to fit him for this work. He not only understood moral and physical diseases, but also their bearing upon each other, and the causes which produce them. He held that the Gospel designs to bless and save the body as well as the soul; and very often can best reach the soul through the body. That by feeding the hungry, clothing and warming the naked, we gain access to their hearts and secure a lodgment for saving grace therein. He held that a large class of the fallen are more sinned against than sinning. That society, an inactive and unsympathizing church membership, and laws which license certain kinds of business, which tempt the weak and unstable into paths of sin—that these and many other causes will in the great day of judgment be held accountable for the ruin of many souls. As a partial remedy he advocated compulsory education. As this subject is now being extensively discussed, let us hear what good Thomas Guthrie has to say about it.

“I am an advocate of compulsory education. I hold that no man has a right to bring up his child a burden, a nuisance, and a danger to society, and that if he is bound by law to feed its body, by law also he should be bound to educate and cultivate its mind. If he will breed up children as savages, let him retire to the desert. We punish men for cruelty to cats, and dogs, and horses—which is right; but is it right to allow those to go free who, neglecting to educate, as well as feed and clothe their children, inflict still greater cruelties on their own flesh and blood? How inconsistent our conduct; and what a disgrace it is to a well-ordered, to say nothing of a Christian community, that parents who have plenty of money to waste on drink and tobacco, are allowed to starve their children, kill them off with cold and hunger, or bring them up in ignorance of everything but vice and misery. Some talk much nonsense about the liberty of the subject, and how unpopular a compulsory system of education would be in a free country. But there is no compulsion to the willing. Those who are doing their duty by their children can have no objection to such a system. Talk of compulsion, of interference with the liberty of the subject, where once in every ten years a man makes his way into a family of ladies to ask them their age! We have many good objects that are only reached by compulsion. People are compelled to pay taxes; children to take physic, and go to school; so that in a sense, with few exceptional cases all education is compulsory. Never otherwise will a national system of education reach the lowest, and raise the lapsed, and disarm the dangerous classes.

In Nottingham nearly 50 per cent. of the operatives cannot read even the simplest paragraph. Out of two or three hundred brickmakers in that town, employed by a single firm, only two could read, and these were the sons of the foreman. Of 92,000 inhabitants in a certain quarter of Manchester, about one-fourth of the youths from fourteen up to twenty years of age were unable to read, and more than the half were unable to write.”

When Guthrie took charge of his first parish, in Arbirlot, his native county, he found matters bad enough. The fruits of his labors are seen in the following description:—

“How deplorable their condition in the foul streets, closes, courts, alleys, where they herd! I shall never forget the contrast these presented to the sweet country parish which I left for this city (Edinburgh.) There, in Arbirlot, I had about a thousand people under my ministry. Of these only one did not attend church, and his wits were addled; only one could not read, and he was regarded as a curiosity. With the exception of a farmer or two, and an old soldier, who used to get eloquent about the battles in which he had fought on the day when he got his pension, and got too intimate with the bottle, there was not a man in the parish that could be called a drunkard. It had but one public house; and as that fortunately stood on the extreme boundary of the parish, a dram, with most, was not to be got at their door, nor but after a walk of two or three miles. But on coming to be minister of the Old Grey Friars parish in Edinburgh, I found out of the first hundred and fifty I visited, not more than five who went either to church or chapel. On every hand was drunkenness, with all the misery and poverty which attend it—misery most hideous and revolting. No city have I seen so beautiful as our own;—in none have I seen such ruffian-looking men, such hags of women, such bloated wrecks and miserable victims of drunkenness; such wretched children leaning their weary heads on the foul bosoms of drunken mothers; streets, so thickly planted, degraded and cursed with public houses. The only remedy for our social and moral evils will be found in the systematic, cordial and united action of churches and Christian people.”

Dr. Guthrie's style is exceedingly pleasing, clear, and simple. He tells of an humble woman, who said, “I like best the *likes* of Scripture.” That is to say, those sayings of our Saviour where he says, “The kingdom of heaven is *like*” this or that. Always liking it to some familiar object. This, too, was Guthrie's style. He says that he once saw Moffat, the South African Missionary, address a thousand children—the most formidable congregation, in one sense, before which any speaker could appear. His address happened in the evening and was over an hour in length. At a time when most children get sleepy, there was not a sleeper in the whole house. He was the centre for two thousand eager, glancing eyes; and for more than the time usually occupied by a sermon, he held his audience by the ears.

“It was a great achievement; and how accomplished? In a very simple way. Suiting the action to the word, and drawing on his own observation and experience, he told them stories illustrative of the labors and purposes, of the difficulties and dangers of missionary life. How often have I seen a restless boy, whom neither threats nor bribes could quiet, sit spell-bound by a nursery tale! We can all recollect the hours spent listening to a mother's or nurse's stories told around a winter hearth. Now, parables are just stories.”

And what makes much of our Saviour's teaching so pleasant and plain is because it consists in Gospel stories or parables. His writings and sermons abound in apt illustrations or likes. “Of

these quite two thirds were taken from the clouds and the sea." He was born and brought up not far from the northern ocean ; and had a mind capable of enjoying its grandeur. This and the wet weeping sky of his Island home filled his imagination with a world of similes. Many of his most eloquent passages derive beauty from showers, storms and shipwrecks. He was the most eloquent Scotch pulpit orator of his times. "The friend and spokesman of the poor, the homeless and the destitute ; the powerful advocate of those who were powerless to speak on their own behalf."

"Few have attained the eminence which he has reached. It was his custom after the public service, to assemble the young men and women in a Bible class. A part of the exercises of the class, was to repeat from memory such part of his discourse, as they could remember.

"The first few Sabbaths was anything but flattering to the preacher. He found that although he might do his very best, very little was remembered by the young people. But one day he used an illustration, and everybody in the class remembered that. So he learned the value of illustrations, and he endeavored to make the next sermon a little more illustrative, and there was still more of it remembered. And so on and on he went, until now there is no more skilful orator in the use of apt and appropriate illustrations in the British pulpit than himself.

"This experience of his is full of instruction to us. It proves that if you want to hold the attention and interest of the Sunday-school scholars, deal as much as possible in illustrations, only see to it that the illustrations are pointed, and take care that they do not overlap the subject."

He never lost his hold on the lowly and neglected classes, nor they theirs on him. His large heart was always open to their appeals. Open it was, indeed, to all who needed counsel and sympathy, especially to the young. With them he always remained in lively sympathy. Although an intensely earnest man, dwelling much on the darker sides of life, and grappling much with giant evils, he had a keen relish for a joke, a heart fond of fun, when not out of place. He was full of humor, and abounded in the funniest anecdotes, and on proper occasions, could tell them with great effect. He was fond of children, and they were drawn to his tender heart as by a magnet. And a great favorite he was with dogs, which rollicked around him with great glee. Nothing icy, angular, and repulsive in this dear man. A friend to all that was good, and to poor sinful man even when not good. Few Scotchmen have brought so much blessing to the mass of the poor and degraded, and few have had so many and such sincere mourners, from the lowly around their grave, as Thomas Guthrie.

I remember him well, although I saw him but once. It was in his own church at Edinburgh. Then he was not yet so widely and well known as a popular writer and editor—chiefly as one of the great Edinburgh divines, and a leader in the Free Church of Scotland. It was a charming Sunday morning in Spring. I had attended services in Dr. Candlish's church. From there I hastened to Dr. Guthrie's, hoping still to enjoy part of the services. Fortunately it was the Communion Sunday. Around long, plain tables in the aisles, spread with a white cloth, the communicants gathered, as the custom is in Presbyterian churches. At the close of each table a certain minister delivered a very long and intensely dry address to the guests. There were many tables, and many guests at each table. I was taken to a seat in the gallery. The church was a very large and a very plain structure. In style somewhat after the meeting-house fashion. No ornament of any kind could anywhere be seen. But an air of comfort was everywhere perceptible. The whole interior was commodiously arranged. There was no organ and no choir. A precentor near the pulpit raised the tune of the hymns, and the whole congregation, several thousand people, swelled the sweet song. The clerk, or precentor, wore a black gown and a white neck-band. Each hymn is here always sung to the same tune. The whole congregation seemed to be familiar with the tunes. Nearly all the ladies were dressed in black, like a congregation of mourners. Although the services were very protracted, and the addresses, to my mind at least, uninteresting and unedifying, the vast congregation kept very devout to the close. I could not help but think that here were hundreds of sanctified people, temples of the Holy Ghost, built of "lively stones," which gave this flock more enduring beauty than the costliest architecture could furnish.

From the gallery I had a good view of a venerable gentleman in the pulpit. He had on a black robe and white neck-band. Patiently he sat through the long service, now and then reaching for his box and taking a snuff. When he seemed to fall into a sort of reverie, his mind apparently running on somewhither, unconscious of what was going on around him. Perhaps his faith bore his thoughts to the perfect communion of the redeemed in Heaven. Alas, I am too late to hear him preach, thought I.

At length the communion ends. The old minister in the pulpit rises to speak. A tall, slender, erect figure, not yet bowed by the many burdens of life. Slightly grey, his face pale, not with a sickly pallor, his limbs long, with such arms and hands as make gracefulness in a public speaker difficult. Albeit, this man used his most gracefully. His features bearing the lines of sorrow and severe toil. Age heralding its approach.

“Arise and let us go hence.” John 14: 31. Thus he began his seemingly off-hand address. For about fifteen minutes he spoke as only he could. Without impassioned fervor or excitement, only here and there, an apt gesture with his long arms, his voice pitched in an easy tone, could be distinctly heard in every part of the vast building. A voice by no means powerful, yet clear, pleasantly modulated, having a distinct utterance. Nothing studied, no affectation, no flashes of oratory, or straining to produce effect, but a fatherly talk to his spiritual children. Telling them what it meant for them to “Arise and go hence.” How thankful I felt for that brief address; that glimpse of the noble Scotchman. Whenever I think of Dr. Guthrie, it is as I saw him on that Spring Sunday in his Edinburgh pulpit, speaking affectionate words of fatherly counsel to his people. He knew not that thereby he gave a blessing to a stranger from a far country, sitting in the gallery.

There is a real grandeur in his dying words. Not that they are so angelic and thrilling with celestial triumph. He endures his closing conflict like a true Christian. None but an honest man, in the true sense of that term, could speak as he did. So meek, so trustful, so childlike, one seldom finds, even great men, on their death bed. Dr. Candlish, in preaching the funeral sermon in the good pastor’s own church, and to his loving, devoted flock, gives the following dying utterances:

In concluding his discourse, he said: “I have now to ask you, brethren, to listen to the sentences which I am about to read. They are not mine, but another’s: ‘Thank God, my tongue has been unloosed!’ ‘All reserve is gone—I can speak out now.’ ‘Oh! most Mighty and most Merciful, pity me, once a great sinner, and now a great sufferer.’ ‘Blessed Jesus! what would I now do but for Thee!’ ‘I am a father, and I know what a father’s heart is. My love to my children is no more to God’s infinite love as a Father than one drop of water to that boundless ocean out there.’ ‘Death is mining away here, slowly but surely, in the dark.’ ‘I often thought, and even hoped, in past years, that God would have granted me a translation like Chalmers or Andrew Thomson. But it would appear now this is not to be the way of it.’ ‘Oh! the power yet in that arm’—the right arm stretched out with force while in bed. ‘I doubt it presents the prospect of a long fight. And, if so, Lord help me to turn my dying hours to better purpose than ever my preaching ones have been.’ ‘The days have come in which I have no pleasure in them.’ ‘*Vanitas, vanitatum!* I would at this moment gladly give all my money and all my fame for that poor body’s’—(a smiling country woman tripping by)—‘vigor and cheerfulness.’ ‘A living dog is better than a dead lion.’ ‘I have often seen death-beds; I have often

described them ; but I had no conception till now of what hard work dying really is.' 'Had I known this years ago, as I know it now, I would have felt far more for others in similar circumstances than I ever did.' 'Ah ! my dear children, you see, I am now just as helpless in your arms as you ever were in mine.' Of telegraphic messages about him, he said : 'I bless God for the telegraph ; because these will serve as calls to God's people to mind me in their prayers.' Of the Queen's inquiry—'It is very kind.' Of a young attendant—'Affection is very sweet : and it is all one, from whatever quarter it comes—whether from this Highland lassie or from a peeress—just as to a thirsty man cold water is equally grateful from a spring on the hillside as from a richly ornamented fountain.' Parting with an humble servant—'God bless you, my friend !' 'I would be most willing that any man who ever wrote or spoke against me should come in at that door, and I would shake hands with him.' These are fresh and racy death-bed utterances, true to the nature of the man who, to the last, retained his genial originality ; the man who, with genuine courtesy and his wonted humor, apologized for the trouble he was giving, referring to Charles the Second's begging his courtiers to excuse him for being such an unconscionable time in dying ; the man who, child-like as he always was, chose 'bairns' hymns,' as he called them, for his solace in his weakness—'Oh ! that will be joyful,' 'There is a happy land,' relishing them as he relished that one of Cowper's, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' and preferring them to all other uninspired songs of praise."

AN EVENING WITH A MESMERIZER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

A short time ago I was present at a mesmeric performance. A few clerical friends concluded sagely to watch the pranks of the strange power called mesmerism. The operator we knew well, as an honest, reliable gentleman. Many of the six or eight hundred people in the audience we knew favorably. We will try to study

the hidden element. Certainly we ought to understand it. For are not we a scholarly trio, who have studied Philosophy, Natural Science, and, what is better, Theology? Indeed, one a professor of Natural Science. Surely we ought to fathom the mystery.

Fifteen men are brought on the stage, ranging from the age of 18 to 35 years. Some mesmeric subjects refuse to attend, fearful that the operator might bring them on the stage against their will. For certain temperaments are perfectly under his control.

He called a few of the audience forward, who hopped about on the stage like boys playing at horse-driving in the parlor.

"Boys, see there what fine cherries," said the mesmerizer. "Had you not better pick some?" Off they all rush after the fruit, raising themselves on tip-toe and reaching up for the cherries, going through the motion of filling their pockets with them. Then walking through the hall to show the laughing people the fine fruit on their empty hands. He set them all working their arms like the piston of a steam engine, accompanying the motion of the arms and body with a corresponding puffing. How these men get excited at playing marbles without a marble, and base ball without a paddle or ball! They ride a most exciting race on imaginary horses, shouting to the fleet steeds the operator put in their minds, and lustily laying on the whip as they near the end of the course. All of a sudden every one fancied himself driving a span of gay horses, on a swift run. How they shout and twist about on their seats, and violently pull the lines with all their might, in the most intense excitement. "There, you have upset," said the charmer, and down tumble all the chairs, and all is turned into the wildest confusion. All try to hold on to the lines, some lying on their backs, others are dragged by the fugitive horses. Right in the midst of this pell-mell the charm is removed. They find themselves rolling about on the floor, entangled in the wreck of a runaway and upset, in the presence of hundreds of people. How they shrink to their seats, burying their faces in their hands, amid roars of laughter.

A half dozen of grave, finely dressed gentlemen fancy themselves engaged in the pea-nut, apple and orange business. Suiting the arm to the supposed basket hung on it, they pass through the audience, and for a while the hall rings with animated cries of—"oranges, apples, pea-nuts; fine oranges, three for five cents; shad-o, sh-a-ad-o." How dashed the poor fellows are when they awake, as from a dream, right among the crowd, in the midst of their laugh-provoking traffic.

"What is that on your arm? Ah, what a pretty baby!" and off they go, the fifteen strong men, the most of them right in the presence of their sweethearts, each fondling the dear little baby on

his arms, pressing it to his heart, swinging the sweet thing to and fro, each singing his own peculiar lullaby to quiet and please the tender object of his care.

"Alas, the poor thing is dead," and lo! each one in the whole party set up such a heart-rending howling lamentation over the death of his dear baby as I have never witnessed in all the many funerals that I have attended. And it was real bona-fide grief, setting them to sobbing, and with their handkerchiefs wiping away the tears that profusely flowed down their cheeks.

Quickly as thought their mourning is turned into laughter. First laughing heartily on their chairs, then dashing these on to the stage, and roaring with boisterous mirth, bending over as if burdened down with a sense of something indescribably funny, some strong fellows holding their sides, as if there were danger of something going wrong there. Not put on, but genuine side-splitting laughter.

What produces all this? Mesmerism. What is that? I do not know. We see its effects, but cannot tell what it is, or where located, whence it cometh and whither it goeth. Is it in the body? In the soul? In the spirit? Or in all three? Or in neither? Who can tell? It effects and controls all.

It is a substantial force, and no sham. A tremendous power for one mind to have over another. One person can inject his thoughts and will into another one's mind, so that he is made to act like a machine or puppet. The mesmerizer can control his subjects at will, compel them to do as he pleases. We admire the eloquence of a Whitefield, a Clay or a Webster, before which the hearts of multitudes bent as the tree tops bend before the sweep of the tempest, but compared with the mesmerizer the eloquent orator possesses comparatively limited powers. Whitefield could make the phlegmatic, philosophic Franklin empty his pocket into the collection of the Georgia Orphan House, whereas the mesmerizer could have sent him from house to house, through the streets of Philadelphia, with hat in hand, asking alms for the fatherless. Given a preacher with ordinary oratorical gifts, and a skillful mesmerizer, with a congregation of mesmeric subjects before him, what could he not do with them? An authoritative command, a clap of the hand, would compel every one to empty his pockets into the Lord's treasury, and do just what he was bidden. True, this would be a forced mechanical obedience to the Gospel, without any moral or spiritual change. And much so-called piety is of this sort, does not proceed from a changed and sanctified heart, but from a brief spell of good feeling.

In spending this evening with a mesmerizer, one could not help but think of spurious conversions, of surface-work and surface-

piety in the church. Although never so sincere, it takes no root ; it comes and goes with equal ease and suddenness.

Mesmerism unmasks one's disposition and temperament. Most people conceal their true nature, live a life of *seeming*. Under a smooth and gentle outside smoulder the embers of a rough and harsh spirit. The humblest souls are often proud of their humility. Remove their self-imposed restraint, and their real disposition will crop out. These men, under the spell of mesmerism, disclosed the real good or evil that was in them. One who seemed intensely humble, strutted over the stage like the perfection of a swell. Another, who perhaps had never rode behind a span of horses, handled the lines and the whip with all the skill and enthusiasm of a thorough-bred man of the turf. A few whom I had given credit for amiability and gentle forbearance, were the most contentious at base-ball and marbles, and among the first to roll up their sleeves for a fight. And some who receive credit for courage and bravado buried their faces, covered with beautiful blushes, in their hands, when they woke from their dream, and heard people laughing at them.

It is indeed natural for persons to shrink from such an exposure, when under the influence of mesmerism. In a room by themselves, or in company with a few familiar friends, they might be willing to exhibit their half-unconscious antics, but to do it on a stage where hundreds of strangers look and laugh at you, is an exposure few would consent to.

All people, good and evil, are living on a public stage, before hundreds of spectators, who approve of or condemn their actions. A man is seen drunk ; how he should blush for shame and sin when he gets sober. Another is beside himself in a fit of anger ; how ashamed he must feel when he is in his right mind again. And so with all sinful habits ; they are not indulged in "in a corner," indeed cannot be. The good and the evil, saints and sinners, live, speak and act in the sight of "a great cloud of witnesses"—in the sight of God, of angels, and of their fellow-beings. What a shame, a damning shame, to act ignobly and wickedly in such a presence. What a glory to act "soberly, righteously and godly" on such a stage. Thus the early Christians were "made a gazing stock (a spectacle on a stage) both by reproaches and afflictions." (Hebrews 10 : 33). They were "made a spectacle (as on a stage in the amphitheatre, before a vast crowd of people) unto the world, and to angels, and to men." (1 Cor. 4 : 9). So our life, however private, is not as concealed as we suppose. We are living on a great stage. Life is a theatre of action. Every life, from the newborn infant to the hoary grand-sire is in some sort a living epistle, read by few or many ; but *read* and known by some. Our

thoughts and desires push themselves to the surface. They grow, like seed-germs, into perceptible plants, poisonous, or pure and healthful. Shakspeare has the right view of it :

“All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts :
His acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms,
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in Honor, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the Justice
In a fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his Part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper’d Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big, manly voice
Turning again toward childish trebles, pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful History
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

SOCRATES AND ALCIBIADES ON PRAYER.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Plato lived perhaps four hundred years before Christ. His “Dialogue on Prayer” is entitled *Alcibiades the Second*. Socrates and Alcibiades are the speakers. And thus they speak

Socrates. You do well, O Alcibiades ! in going to your devotions with eyes fixed upon the earth, and solemn mien. How well it is that mortals should be thoughtful on such occasions, since it is possible for man to pray down evils upon himself, and to receive curses in answer to his petitions from the gods, which might turn to his destruction.

Alcibiades. How may such a misfortune occur, my dear master, as the end of devotion?

Socrates. In this way, which I would have you know: This may not only happen when he is aware of having asked mischievous things, as Oedipus implored when he besought the gods to sow dissension among his sons; but likewise when a short-sighted mortal prays for what he believes to be for his good, and against what he thinks to be to his harm.

Alcibiades. Pardon me, dear master, for saying that such an issue appears to me to be still dark and impossible.

Socrates. How can it be otherwise, since most men are blinded by ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinders them from discerning the beneficial from the detrimental? They ask and know not what.

Alcibiades. I seem to comprehend you, venerable master, but an illustration would aid me no little.

Socrates. Would not my tender pupil be vastly pleased should the gods, whom he is about to adore, make him sovereign of the whole earth?

Alcibiades. I should indeed regard it as the greatest possible favor.

Socrates. But, after such a boon had been granted, would you still be willing to surrender your life, at the will of the gods? Or are you persuaded that you might not make any ill use of your greatly augmented power?

Alcibiades. Alas, no! my master.

Socrates. And yet just such consequences would probably flow from what are estimated pieces of great and good fortune, if we may reason upon what has been towards what would likely be.

Alcibiades. It is safer then not to ask immoderately, is it not, O master?

Socrates. Safer, perhaps, but still not safe, my son. To pray the gods for a son, or for a high post of government, are no less subject to fatal consequences. All apparent blessings in this life are capable of turning into calamities; and no man knows what will prove to him a blessing or a curse.

Alcibiades. How fearful a thing it is to pray, then, O Socrates!

Socrates. Indeed! my son. Hence men must learn after what manner they should pray, in order to pray aright.

Alcibiades. O greatest of masters, teach me then the right way in prayer!

Socrates. Know first of all, then, the perfect model of all prayer, which the Greek muse taught men. List you: "*O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things*"

as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for ; and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for."

Alcibiades. Most beautiful prayer ! Now shall I ever know how to pray.

Socrates. Provided thou dost apply thyself to the study of wisdom and the chief good of mortals. Thou shouldest know more and more what things are expedient and what things are hurtful. Such knowledge but comports with thine exalted nature.

Alcibiades. Thus will I ever pray and do, so that I may pray well.

Socrates. If thou canst but resolve on one more thing, thy prayers will ever be acceptable, and cannot fail to draw down blessings upon thee. It is this : " To live in the constant practice of duty towards the gods and towards men."

Alcibiades. I will so resolve, the gods assisting me.

Socrates. Remember, too, the pray-formula of the Lacedemonians : " *Give us all good things so long as we are virtuous.*" Remember the answer of the Oracle, during the war between the Athenians and Lacedemonians, my beloved pupil.

Alcibiades. This I long to know.

Socrates. When the Athenians, at war with the Lacedemonians, received so many defeats, both on sea and land, they questioned the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon, why they were so unfortunate. *They* who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with so many costly offerings ; who had instituted so many festivals ? Why they should be less successful than the Lacedemonians, who yet fell far short in pomps, and ceremonies, and hecatombs ? The Oracle replied : " *I am pleased with the prayers of the Lacedemonians, even more than with the oblations of the Greeks.*"

Alcibiades. But I would be pleased to know wherein lay the great virtue of the Lacedemonian prayers ?

Socrates. Herein : That it sought and encouraged the practice of virtue. The vicious now may multiply victims ; but the gods regard their offerings as bribes, and their petitions as shams. To be devout is not necessarily to be virtuous. The savor of the Trojan sacrifices reached the gods, but it was not agreeable to them, since they loved not Priam and his people.

Alcibiades. Alas ! my dear master, I hesitate then to pray at all. I will abandon for the present my prayers and sacrifices, in view of the danger of abuse, and because also of the difficulties in the way of performing my devotions without harm to myself.

Socrates. You do well. We must wait till such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods and towards men.

Alcibiades. But when will that time come, dear master? And who is he that will instruct us? I would fain see this man, whoever he is.

Socrates. It is He who is your Guardian. Minerva removed the mist from Diomede's eyes, that he might plainly see the gods and men. So the darkness must be taken from your eyes, before you can discern what is good and what is evil.

Alcibiades. Let him remove it then, speedily. I will refuse to do nothing for him, whoever he is, in order to be a better man.

Socrates. Such a Divine Teacher there is. I too am as much at a loss, and in as great a distress, as the rest of mankind.

Here the discourse on prayer ends. What follows is not akin. But is this a prophecy of the advent of Jesus, the Divine Teacher, or not? It sounds like it, and so we will regard and interpret it. The great philosopher saw the reasonableness and necessity of His coming, who should teach men how to pray.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN GERMANY.

Whom he met and what he saw.

No. 1.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

BY W. M. R.

A few months ago, the author of these reminiscences was sitting, or rather lounging in the cheerful study of the Editor of the *Guardian*, and enjoying an after-tea chat with its occupant. Our conversation turned upon experiences which we had had in common in the Fatherland. I had narrated an incident which occurred in Halle, when the Doctor turned and sternly said to me, "R——, you're a strange fellow; I always told you, you were a strange fellow. Why can't you tell the readers of the *Guardian* that story, and some others like it, just as you have been telling them to me? Bits of description from an intelligent traveller are always readable, and I am sure you can, if you will, furnish our friends with some narratives which will be both interesting and profitable." "Well," I replied, "The readers of the *Guardian* are a very amiable company, and I am willing to entertain them if I can. But

I fear I cannot succeed with them as I have done with you. To narrate in conversation is one thing; to do it with the pen is another. With a friend or two around you, you can be familiar, natural, and sprightly in your discourse; but put the same matter upon paper, and it ceases to be a thing of freshness and vitality. But I will do what I can." To this conversation may be added the remark that the reader need not be surprised to find wanting in what is here presented, that liveliness and glow—the inspiration, as it were, of the immediate impression—which characterizes most descriptions of foreign travel, and which an ocean voyage especially helps so much to produce.

I had left the Seminary at Mercersburg in the Spring of 1859, at the close of the third year of my theological course, when, at the age of twenty-one, I obtained the consent of my friends to continue my studies in Europe. By the 12th day of May I found myself one gloomy Saturday morning on the Steamer Bremen, bound for the city after which it was named. I was alone. But one person was on board whom I had ever seen before. This was no less a personage than Dr. Edward Robinson, the celebrated Oriental traveller. During the few days I spent in New York, I was invited by a student of Union Theological Seminary, who had occasion to call upon the Doctor, to accompany him. I found the venerable gentleman rather phlegmatic, and little disposed to talk. I remember afterward of hearing Tholuck speak of him as being one of the driest men he ever saw. He added: "But I saw him lively enough on one occasion, and then he was wonderfully excited;—it was when he was about getting married." Mrs. Robinson was, by the way, a native of Halle and an acquaintance of Tholuck. She was on board the steamer, and had come with the Doctor, for the purpose of seeing off some friends who were about visiting Europe. The good old man was in most excellent spirits, and as affable as he could be. I doubt whether he displayed a greater degree of amiability on his wedding day. A smile kept his ruddy countenance constantly lighted up, and his large frame shook with laughter upon the slightest occasion. I fancied that he was imagining himself on board the ship upon which he first sailed for the Eastern world, in anticipation of the glory which awaited him as the greatest of American travellers. He told me that he had crossed the ocean six times. It was apparently with reluctance that, when the signal was given, he left the ship. His was the last hand I shook before leaving America. The cordial manner in which he took leave of me, and the earnest good wishes he expressed, made me feel as though, if I had one good friend in the world, it was he.

The scene presented on the deck of the steamer at this time was indeed a moving one. Friends were parting from friends possibly

never to see each other again. Women were crying. I saw two men, with robust frames and heavy beards, embracing and kissing one another as affectionately as school-girls. The officers shouted vociferously to hasten the departure from the ship of those who were not to sail. All was confusion until the moment arrived. In silence, but with little ceremony, the plank was removed. The great screw now commenced its revolutions ; amid the shouts of the multitude on shore, we hove out of the dock, and our journey through the watery ways of the sea was begun. It was a trying time for a youthful traveller. But the struggle was short. With an effort I turned my back upon the scenes which had so strong a hold upon my affections, moved to the front of the vessel, and endeavored to cheer myself up by picturing to my imagination the character of those which were to be presented to me in the future.

Whilst looking out upon the broad ocean in a state of mind kindred to dreaming, my attention was attracted by two barques which were sailing in a course at right angles to that in which our own ship was directed. All their sails were set ; and it was a beautiful sight to see them moving proudly and securely down the coast. We were travelling under full steam ; and I soon perceived that what were distant objects of curiosity would soon be subjected to a closer view. Our pilot had been watching their position, and concluded that he could carry us safely between them. The first sailed boldly across our pathway, and with impunity. But it soon became evident that the other would be up just in time to be struck by the pointed prow of the powerful vessel. All conceivable exertions were put forth to check her progress. Her course was changed. The wheel was vigorously worked. The captain shouted. The crew labored. But the collision was inevitable. A slight jar was felt by all on board ; a measure of alarm was produced by the falling of broken spars ; fears arose in regard to our own safety, as well as that of those on board the more unfortunate ship. In a few moments the latter moved away with a large fissure in her side, extending apparently to within two or three feet of the water's edge ; and in a short time we were again on our way.

Notwithstanding this inauspicious commencement, our voyage ended without anything of significance occurring. Something of its character may be gathered from an extract from the first letter written home after my arrival.

“ We had a very quiet voyage ; so much so that I scarcely became acquainted with the sea. Travelling on the ocean was nothing to me. Whilst others were impatient and sick, I slept soundly, ate heartily, and was as contented as though I had been on land. Indeed I enjoyed it very much. It was with pleasure that I used to sit at the stern of the vessel, watch the blue waves

chasing each other, and gaze upon the boundless expanse of water around me. Not unfrequently would my vision be directed to the far West, and my thoughts travel to where it could not. I would feel sad when realizing that every instant I was being further and further removed from the dear ones at home. And sometimes the dreary thought occurred that some of them might be farther away than I supposed,—called perhaps into the eternal world. And still again I would ask myself, shall I again be restored to them? But I would not allow myself to suffer long with such gloomy conceptions, knowing that it is not the will of our Heavenly Father that we endure more trouble than He actually sends upon us. But hoping,—yes, knowing that He would direct all things wisely, I trusted in His providence, and thus far have been for the most part cheerful, and in a great measure happy.”

During an ocean voyage a general disposition is manifested on the part of the passengers to be sociable. All are ready to amuse and be amused. A tendency to hilarity is not unusual. The allusion in the extract given above to sea-sickness reminds me very vividly of an acquaintance which I formed the first afternoon. It was with an Englishman, one of a large class of his countrymen with whom I became acquainted whilst abroad, who were good-natured, whole-souled and fun-loving. It required but a short time for us to get on most familiar terms. He told me he had crossed the ocean no less than three times; was not annoyed by the rocking of the ship; sea-sickness was nothing for him; and in a half teasing, half patronizing way, said to me a number of times, “R—you’ll do very well; you’ll make a pretty good sailor.” The next day we met a number of times, and walked the deck a good deal arm in arm. By the way, mutual support in this kind of exercise is prompted by the unsteady motion of the vessel. At noon, after lunch, in company with a few others we took our seats behind the wheel-house, where we were sheltered from a strong breeze which was blowing from the East. My good friend happened to allude to some oysters on the shell which he had enjoyed very much. “Oysters?” said I, “I saw no oysters on the table.” “Well! well! R——,” he replied, “did you get none of those splendid hoysters? Why that was too bad!” And it was not unfrequently as the conversation progressed, that I had to hear of the missed “hoysters.” Soon to my relief the Englishman’s talk was turned into silence. I then noticed a slight paleness, to which I attached no importance. The next instant he was on his feet, convulsively grasping the deck-guard and leaning over the vessel’s stern. For a moment he was as sick as a man well could be; but, as is always the case, the shout of merriment went up, only to be increased by his turning around, and, with a face as red as a cherry, directed

toward me, and with an exceedingly silly expression of countenance, saying, "Ah! R——, good-bye for the hoysters!"

No one who has crossed the ocean forgets the feelings with which he retires the first night of his journey. Now you feel more sensibly than you ever felt before that committing yourself to sleep is committing yourself into the hands of God. The theologians tell us that the essence of religion is the feeling of absolute dependence upon the Deity. If this be so, one is now apt to realize, if never before, what religion is. Vividly does the imagination paint the need of God's upholding hand. Happy is he who so situated can exercise the Christian's trust and resignation. Here I cannot refrain from making a brief quotation from Fanny Forrester:—

"As I stand here poised up by the wild elements, I feel myself near, very near to the only Protector who has a hand to save, and, in the hollow of that all-powerful hand, I rest in perfect security. God, my God, I go forth at Thy bidding, and in the words of Thine own inspired poet, 'Thou art my buckler, the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.' The sea cannot separate Thee from me, the darkness of midnight cannot hide Thy face, nor can the raging of the storm, drown Thy still small voice. My heart leaps joyfully as I trust in Thee. On, brave little wrestler with the elements! On right gallantly! I love the bounding, the dashing, and the roaring, and my heart shall know no faltering while 'my Father is at the helm.' Hurra! Gallantly ride we in this skeleton ship, while the sunlight glints gayly on white bare mast and slender spar. Gallantly ride we over wave and hollow, over foam and rainbow; now perched upon the white ridge, poising doubtfully and trembling like a frightened steed; now plunging down, down into the measureless trough, which seems yawning to engulf us forever."

A few days before we landed a death occurred in the steerage. A young man, who was a native of Germany, had contracted consumption in this country. He tenaciously adhered to the hope of making his fortune in this favored land. But now his resources had well nigh disappeared, and the disease was relentlessly gaining upon his strength. He longs to see his widowed mother and his native land before he dies. With the meager funds that remain, he secures a third class passage. He embarks. Will he ever see the land? It is a question. Would he have to be buried beneath the stormy waves? The current of life ebbs rapidly, but every moment brings him nearer his home. Almost within sight of land the vital flame flickers and the darkness of death is at hand. He dies with the consolation that his bier would be mourned over, and his interment cared for, by kindred and friends; and that upon the soil, beneath which his mortal remains would calmly repose, loved

ones would be permitted to plant flowers, which would live, bloom and shed their fragrance in his memory.

Early in the morning of the twelfth day we took a pilot on board. It was foggy until noon, and no glimpse of land could be obtained. Whilst we were at dinner the atmosphere became perfectly clear. When we came up from the table, we found that we were running along the southern coast of England, with land in full sight. A most pleasing spectacle was presented by the fields, and groves, and farm-houses. Vegetation had made but little progress when we left America, but during the two weeks of the voyage, under the warm and moist climate of England, all had become luxuriant. At seven o'clock we weighed anchor between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. The scene presented by the former was more like one of fairy-land than reality. It is occupied chiefly as a place of residence of the nobility; and looks like a continuous net-work of parks, lawns, and flower gardens. The sun was setting and tinting the water. Pleasure boats of all sizes and patterns, moving to and fro, added life to the picture. It was still light when we were compelled to turn away from this lovely spot to face night, and the storms and gloominess of the German ocean. This was Friday evening. All day Saturday was spent without sight of land. On Sunday afternoon the coast of Germany appeared. About six we reached the mouth of the Weser, but could not proceed any distance on account of the lowness of the tide. On Monday morning we boarded a small steamboat, and in a few minutes, with bag and baggage, we were flying up the river. This ride made an impression upon me which will never be forgotten. The style of scenery was entirely new. The country is level as a prairie. Large dikes follow the serpentine course of the river. Wind-mills obtrude themselves upon the view at every hand. Multitudes of villages are scattered along the banks, with their single church and indispensable parsonage always prominent to the spectator's gaze. Women are seen engaged at all kinds of labor: working in the fields, carrying heavy burdens on the top of the dikes, rowing boats, &c., &c. At last the lofty spires of Bremen are in sight, the steamboat journey of six hours is at an end, and we land. Here our family (for this is what the ship's company had grown into) had to be divided. Before night all were moving toward different points of the continent, and I alone was on the way to Berlin.

A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Joseph Addison wrote, Monday, July 9, 1711, a sweet morsel for the pages of the *SPECTATOR*, on Sunday in the country. From his lucid style and sensible ideas we judge him to have been an entire stranger to what is called "blue Monday." We have looked all about us for the origin and meaning of this phrase, so indicative, apparently, of the heavenly canopy above us, but so significant, at the same time, of a torpid liver and hazy horizon within us; but have nowhere found the term even, save in a preacher's diary. "Blue Book," "Blue Laws," "Blue Stocking," "Blue Devils," and such like institutions we found in histories and dictionaries—only not "blue Monday," save as already remarked, in our dominie's day-book. We concluded, then, that this and that other barnacle of the profession—"clergyman's sore throat"—should speedily be severed from it and sunk obliviously in the sea. A tolerably good preventative against the latter clerical endemic is said to be to marry a poor girl of good common sense; whilst a light supper of a Sunday evening, and an early rising on the following morning, will insure you against hypochondria. After reading the chief Mordecai of the *SPECTATOR*, we solemnly and deliberately say, that nobody has any business to celebrate "blue Monday." Hear the clear-headed, and pure-hearted ADDISON:

"I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping half the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would even degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday cheers away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country

fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard as a citizen does upon the 'change; the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon, or before the bell rings."

Perhaps Addison's words may strike some of our readers in certain quarters, as bordering on the profane. Besides, it will be said, if such tattling and gossiping is indulged in there, how can the country Sunday and its sacred service be so much of a civilizer? Why don't the country pastors exorcise such a spirit from their parishioners, if it be in any way general?

Now, in reply, we would simply remark, that this free-and-easy sort of talk, around about our rural churches and church-yards, is by no means as sinful as it sounds to unused ears. To us, who are to the manor born and bred, it seems far less criminal than the unnatural mumness, fashionable though it be, with which city worshippers treat each other. Neither style can be said to be just the normal and proper one; nor yet is either mortally sinful. If others will allow our country church-goers to serve up the pudding warm and flowing, because they so prefer and enjoy it, we will allow our city brethren to do up theirs, cold and stiff, without quarreling with them at all. Only let them not call us sinners above all others, then. It was not the chattering demon whom our Lord drove out—the "dumb" one rather.

THE LEADING MAN IN THE COUNTRY PARISH

is finely drawn by the great purveyor to English literature, more than a hundred and fifty years ago. How unchanging is our changeable humanity, after all. Addison's *Sir Roger* is still living and about in our country parishes, especially on Sunday. Here's a glimpse at him:

"My friend, Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in their responses, he gave every one of them a haassoc and a common prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I ever heard."

There is much of this "one man's power" felt and seen to-day. But censure is the tax to be paid even yet for successful working

in this as well as in every other line of duty. The only way to escape it is to live a sort of oblivion life. We often pity our modern Sir Rogers of congregations. If they exert an influence, up to the measure of their powers, they are quickly charged with officiousness, and their motives impugned. In case they refuse to act, from fear of being thought ambitious, they are spotted as sluggards or misers. Whichever way they turn they are sure to burn. Happy the Sir Roger who can say: "None of these things move me. God expects me to do my duty." The Sir Roger of the last century seems to have gone to a good long length in the discharge of his official functions: "As he is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him; and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them."

Perhaps our readers think such a monitor might prove useful still to waken up the sleepers. A quaint old man says, however, that such an officer is only needed when the preacher himself is not sufficiently awake. They used to punish the sleepers in church; but the man in the pulpit who put them to sleep invariably escaped without chastisement.

Some of Addison's old knight's peculiarities are still breaking out afresh in some of our leading rural men of the church. He will slur and drawl certain notes in the Psalm after the rest of the congregation have done with them; if he is pleased especially with some matter in his devotions, he will *amen* lustily—Liturgy or none; and even, at times, stand up, lean forward and look about. Still, he does not go quite so far as the Sir Roger of old, who yelled out in the midst of the service: "John Matthews, mind what you're about there, and don't be disturbing the congregation by always kicking your heels—you idle fellow, you!" No matter how many irregularities are to be observed in such a person, if the parish be not polite enough to see the ridiculous, and if the general good sense and worthiness of his character are at par, his oddities even do not appear as blemishes.

What the chaplain told Addison about his Sir Roger, many a country pastor may repeat still. This is what he told him: "The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon." He has likewise added some little to the pastor's happiness in the shape of gifts and favors. It is of much use, then, for the pastor and Sir Roger to be on good terms. One more quotation will show this: "The fair

understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The 'Squire, to be avenged on the parson, never comes to church, and the parson is always preaching at the 'Squire. The 'Squire has made all his tenants atheists; while the parson instructs them every Sunday that he is a better man than the 'Squire."

* * * * *

Feuds of this nature are fatal to ordinary people. Dazzled by money and station, too many believe the 'Squire rather than the parson, though the latter be a man of learning and piety. Better, then, that Sir Roger and the parson should be of one mind, as much as can be—at least, so we find it in the country, on Sunday and every other day.

A LETTER FROM A VERY SMALL BOY.

My name is Ernest Haven Curtis. I live "out West," mamma says, and my papa is a minister. They call me Ernie most always, but I like Ernest Haven the best, 'cause I was named after Henry P. Haven, who is going to be Governor of Connecticut, and mamma says he's good enough to be President.

I expect I'll be President some time, 'cause I'm a very brave little boy. I don't cry when papa pulls slivers out of my fingers, or when mamma puts me to bed in the dark; though she most always rocks me to sleep, and I have to curl up like everything, 'cause I'm getting so long, and she's such a little bit of a mamma.

I saw a rocking horse once, such a jolly big one, and had a ride on it. I wanted one *awful*, myself, but papa said he could not afford it. But I've got a grandpa that can make anything a boy wants, so I just said, "Grandpa, I *must* have a rocking horse." Grandpa said he could make a saw-horse for me to ride, but I said, "No, I must have one like Willie McEwen's, and I know you can make one if you try." Then I kissed and coaxed him awhile, for I've found out that's the way to get any thing you want. Well, the next day I heard him at work out in the barn, and I ran out there and saw he was trying to make me a horse, but, oh! such a looking thing as it was! He had a big, long, rounded body, with four legs fastened into some nice rockers, but not a sign of a head or tail! Who ever saw a horse without a head? I suppose I looked ashamed, to think my grandpa didn't know any better, for

he just laughed and laughed at me, and I thought I should have to cry ; but he caught me up, put me on the thing and made it rock first-rate. Then I said, "Grandpa, horses have heads and tails." "Do they?" said he, "Well, you run in the house now and tell mamma all about it, and I'll see what I can do." Mamma laughed when I told her what a queer horse grandpa had made, and said I needn't worry about it, for grandpa would have it all right when it was done. Then I went to grandma's room. I always go to her when I am in trouble, for she knows just how to comfort little boys. She most always has a turnover for me, or some peppermints in her pocket. This time she said I'd better make a train of cars and run them awhile to pass away the time. So I got all the old chairs in the house in a row, and I was the conductor and engineer, and had all of Minnie's dolls, and some rag dolls made of little shawls and things, for passengers. The children were all at school, so I had to play alone. We'd just had an awful smash up, all the cars upset and off the track, and all the passengers killed, when grandpa came in with my horse. Didn't I just hurrah and dance when I saw it had a splendid head on ! good enough for any horse, if grandpa did make it. I made such a noise, papa came down from the study to see if the house was on fire. The horse had no tail or mane, and there was no saddle or bridle yet, but papa said he'd finish it off for me, and I tell you he did it up nice.

He wanted to paint it, but I couldn't wait for paint to dry, so he got a nice long squirrel's tail and nailed it on where the tail ought to be, and some more short ones for a mane. Grandpa sawed a slit in the head where the mouth ought to be, and papa fixed up the nicest kind of a bridle, 'cause it was real leather, and not make-believe. Then he found a piece of sheepskin with the wool on, and fastened it on the horse with a bright red surcingle for a saddle, and fixed up some good stout stirrups, and it was done.

Then I put my foot in the stirrup and got on just as any man would. Didn't I make the horse go ? I tell you it was the happiest moment of my life. There was grandpa and grandma, papa and mamma, Cora, Willie and Minnie all looking on, and Katie came in from the kitchen, with the butter ladle in her hand, to see what all the fuss was about. The girls wanted to ride, too, but I went to Boston and back, first, and then I let them try it, but they couldn't make it go worth a cent, 'cause they're too big, and had to sit sideways. I hugged and kissed grandpa, and said : "Thank you," just as nice as I could, for I think he's about the best grandpa that ever lived. He tells me the jolliest bear stories, and makes me big carts and little ones, and gives me long rides in the wheelbarrow.

My horse had the epizooty, of course. I wound his feet in red flannel, wrapped him up in warm shawls, and greased his nose; that's what mamma does to me when I have the snuffles. I used up all the arnica wetting his head, 'cause it ached so. Mamma didn't like that at all when she found it out; she said water would have done just as well. I tried to give him some sugar pills, but they wouldn't stay in his mouth, so I ate them for him. He's all right now, and I ride him every day. This is all I have to say this time.

ERNEST HAVEN CURTIS.

—*Christian Union.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHERLAND.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the Holy Hebrew Land?
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,
Or by the Galilean deep?
Where pilgrim hosts have rushed to lave
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave,
Or sought to win by brand and blade
The tomb wherein their Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,
Where Apostolic wanderers first
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?
Or where, on many a mystic page,
Byzantine prelate, Coptic sage,
Fondly essayed to intertwine
Earth's shadows with the light divine?

Or is the Christian's Fatherland,
Where, with crowned head and croziered hand,
The Ghost of Empire proudly flits,
And on the grave of Cæsar sits?
Oh! by those world-embracing walls,
Oh! in those vast and pictured halls,
Oh! underneath that soaring dome,
Shall this not be the Christian's home?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
He still looks on from land to land—
Is it where German conscience woke
When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?
Or where by Zurich's shore was heard
The calm Helvetian's earnest word?
Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,
Stern Calvin reared his unseen throne?
Or where from Sweden's snows came forth
The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer land—
Our own, our native Fatherland ?
Where Law and Freedom, side by side,
In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied ?
Where prayer and praise for years have rung
In Shakspeare's accent, Milton's tongue,
Blessing with cadence sweet and grave
The fireside nook, the ocean wave,
And o'er the broad Atlantic hurled.
Wakening to life another world ?

No, Christian ! no—not even here,
By Christmas hearth or churchyard dear ;
Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry—
Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,
Nor Eastern patriarch's hoary fame—
Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star
Thy Fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er
Christ's Spirit breathes a holier air ;
Where Christ-like faith is keen to seek
What Truth or Conscience freely speak ;
What Christ-like Love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man ;
Where round God's throne his just ones stand—
There, Christian, is thy Fatherland.

DEAN STANLEY.

N. Y. Independent.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHILD.

It seems to have escaped the notice of modern infidels, that those old forms of religion of which they make so much, and which they consider equal if not preferable to Christianity, made no provision for their children. This of itself ought to be considered a strong reason for rejecting them as defective and false. A religion which does not embrace the children, which makes no provision for their proper training, and which shuts them out from its sacred books, is unworthy of reception by national people, and carries in itself the proofs of its false pretensions and the elements of its own destruction. The care which Christianity takes of children, the value it sets upon them, and the training with which it supplies them, are among its grand peculiarities. At the recent anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union, at Philadelphia, Rev. Thomas Armitage, of New York, expressed the following striking and suggestive thoughts :

“I find a child in no religion but in the religion of Jesus. Mohammed seemed to know nothing about a child. The heathen seemed to know nothing about children and their mythology. Their gods were not born as children. They were never clothed with the sympathies of children. They were never endowed with the attributes of children. They were gods of terror, gods of passion, gods of lust, gods of blood, gods of might: but they were never gods of helplessness, a span long. Oh! no. That would not have been natural. That would not have been divine, in their conception. And, hence, they make no provision for children.

“The religion of Jesus is the only religion that dares to put its sacred books into the hands of a child. No other religion ever conceived such a thing. No other religion dare hazard its existence on such a venture as that. Sacred books of Hindooism, sacred books of Mohammedanism, sacred books of any religion put into the hands of its children, would shock its authors and its votaries. But the Christian religion brings its sacred books to the child. It says to the little one, ‘They are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith that is in the Lord Jesus;’ and although the child cannot master their mysteries, still he can master their mysteries just as well as the sage. Although the child cannot master their mysteries, he can believe their mysteries, he can obey their mysteries, he can elucidate their mysteries. ‘The religion of Jesus is the only religion that boasts its noblest workmanship wrought in the spirit of a little child.’”—*Presbyterian Banner*.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A few days since I met a gentleman—the owner of large paper-mills. He took me through the mills, and showed the great vats of pulp, and the great piles of paper ready for the market, and a world of things which I did not comprehend. After seeing all the machinery, and hearing his praises of his men, and how they sent for United States stocks—fifty and a hundred dollars at a time—every time he went to the city, I said:

“Will you please, sir, tell me the secret of your great success; for you tell me you began life with nothing?”

“I don’t know that there is any secret about it. When sixteen years old I went to S—— to work. I was to receive forty dollars a year and my food—no more, no less. My clothing and all my expenses must come out of the forty dollars. I then solemnly

promised the Lord I would give him one-tenth of my wages, and also that I would save another tenth for future capital. This resolution I carried out, and after laying aside one-tenth for the Lord, I had at the end of the year, much more than a tenth for myself. I then promised the Lord, whether he gave me more or less, I would never give less than one-tenth to Him.—To this vow I have conscientiously adhered from that day to this. I feel sure I am far richer on my nine-tenths (though I hope I don't now limit my charities to one-tenth) than if I had kept the whole."

"How do you account for it?"

"In two ways. First, I believe God has blessed me, and made my business to prosper; and, second, I have so learned to be careful and economical that my nine-tenths go far beyond what the whole would. And I believe that any man who will make the trial will find it so."—*Dr. Todd.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN DEATH.—A Sunday-school scholar was dying. Her friends had gathered around to listen to her dying words. After she had been raised in bed, and had spoken a few words to each one, she said,

"Now, mother, I would like to have you lay my head down on the pillow."

Her request was granted.

"Now," said she, "I want to say the Lord's Prayer just as I said it when I was a little child."

Slowly and fervently that beautiful prayer was repeated. For a few moments a smile played around the lips of the dying girl, and then her happy spirit winged its way to that better land where prayer is lost in praise.—*Sabbath-school Visitor.*

A CERTAIN WRITER cites Deuteronomy xiv. 8, as against swine's flesh. Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, when called on to say grace over a table where the only meat was roast pig, said: "O Lord, if thou *canst* bless under the Gospel what thou didst condemn under the law, bless this pig!" But the Scriptural embargo on "what is commonly called pork" is not binding on Christians. All these restrictions are now set aside; so it was agreed at the first Ecumenical Council in Jerusalem. As to the propriety, on physiological grounds, of eating pork we have our doubts.—*Christian Union.*

The Sunday-School Drawer.

BEGINNING THE WORLD. Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly in life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with the money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, and his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern men, and you have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

To be thrown upon one's resources, is to be cast into the very lap of fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously unsusceptible.—*Dr. Arnold.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT. Dickens wrote: "There is nothing—no, nothing beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

Dead? oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful could even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler gives this extract from Newman Hall's letter, which should be an encouragement to mothers to pray. Such fruit that faith may yet bear to God and man:

"I'm sitting in the sanctum of my sweet old mother, now over eighty. She is on the sofa reading; we are together alone. She says, 'N., let us pray together.'" So I kneel, where fifty years ago I knelt at her knee, and how beautifully and earnestly she prayeth! In the midst, Bro. A., comes and kneels beside us while she goes on. We are the *fruits of that mother's prayers*. Beloved saint, her memory fails, and all interest in the outer world. But the love of Jesus remains, and her hope of heaven, and often she breaks out with an old hymn of early days. This evening she has repeated to me fifty lines of Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons."

COWPER, in one of his hours of temporary insanity, hired a hack to carry him to the bank of a river, and leave him there, intending when he was alone to drown himself. The driver, providentially, lost his way, and brought him back to his home, and he was thus saved from a terrible suicide. When he recovered he wrote this hymn, "God works in a mysterious way, etc."

REMARKABLE PUNCTUALITY.—The Superintendent of the Presbyterian school in Brookville, Pa., reports that he has one scholar who has been present every Sabbath *for six years*; another who has been absent only one Sabbath in six years; two present every Sabbath for five years; one every Sabbath for four years, and three years respectively. Seven have been present every Sabbath for two years; and *thirty-two* every Sabbath for one year. And for the past four years the number present every Sabbath each year has been from *twenty-two* to *forty-two*! This is a remarkable record. Happy Superintendent Happy school!

HIGH EXAMPLE.—Lord Selbourne, Chancellor of England, is not prevented by his arduous duties from acting regularly as the teacher in Sunday-school of a class of twenty young men. He makes thorough preparation of each lesson, but is not content with merely teaching his class. Each scholar has a place in his memory, and those who leave are not lost sight of. A voluminous correspondence with old scholars, scattered all over the world, attests the heart and thoroughness with which he does his work.

Editor's Drawer.

DR. GROSS, the justly celebrated surgeon, was once dangerously ill. Shortly after his recovery he met one of his lady patients who remarked to him, "Oh, doctor! I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen. "Thank you, madam," replied the affable doctor, "but now I fear they will die by the *Gross*!"

A CITY youth, disposed to be facetious at the expense of a countryman, asked him why sheep stayed white when they eat so much green grass. The countryman said he did not know, and asked the city-bred which was the best side to milk a cow. The city-bred, in his turn, said he did not know, and asked the countryman which side was the best side. He got for a reply, "The outside," and did not ask any more questions.

A TRAIN on the New Jersey Railroad was recently brought to a sudden stand still by a sneeze. When the cars stopped the passengers, supposing some accident had occurred, thrust their heads out of the windows or made, a rush for the doors. A passenger in the act of sneezing had turned his face to the open window, and lost a set of teeth. A brakeman ran back, and recovered them.

SNOBS.—The word does not exist in France, because they have not the thing. The snob is the child of aristocratical societies; perched on the step of the long ladder, he respects the man on the round above him, and despises the man on the step below, without inquiring what they are worth, solely on account of their position; in his innermost heart he finds it natural to kiss the boots of the first, and to kick the second.—*Taine's English Literature*.

AN eminent physician has discovered that the nightmare in nine cases out of ten is produced by owing a bill for a newspaper.

FOOLSCAP PAPER—ITS ORIGIN.—The term “Foolscap” to designate a certain size of paper, no doubt has puzzled many an anxious inquirer. It appears that Charles I., of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government, among others the manufacture of paper. The water-mark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and large fortunes were made by those who purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I., to the scaffold; and by way of showing contempt for the king, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the fool's-cap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name of the water-mark placed there as an indignity on King Charles.

“THEY think they are pious when they are only bilious,” remarked the famous Tom Hood on one occasion. In speaking of the late Rev. Dr. Moses Stuart, the venerable Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, says: “Professor Stuart was a decided dyspeptic; and I now can see that he was injudicious as to the amount and violence of his exercise, and also in the time of day when he took it. I have no doubt that he and the good Dr. Payson often mistook the miseries of a weak digestion for the hiding of God's face; and they uttered many groans of agony over their sins, which groans were really the result of a morbid state of the stomach.”

MAN.—Philosophers have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says, “man is an animal that cooks his victuals.” “Then,” says “there is reason in roasting an egg.” Adam Smith has hit the case. “Man,” says he, “is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another.”

JOSH BILLINGS was asked, “How fast does sound travel?” His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. “The sound of a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitashun tew git up in the morning i hev known to be 3 quarters uv an hour goin' 2 pair of stairs, and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard.”

“I think John labors under the impression that he is not wanted here,” said Prunskins to his wife, at the same time nodding his head in direction of her nephew. “Oh, don't trouble yourself about *that*,” replied the wife; “John is too lazy to *labor* under anything, even an impression.”

A SMART BOY, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: “The Throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially for roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his n and ties it up.”

THERE is a good story told of Bishop Macrorie. He—the Bishop—was sitting next to a Yankee navy captain, who said to him: “You have in your province two rival Bishops. C—— and another fellow: which of them do you incline to?” “I am the other fellow,” said Macrorie.

“JAMES,” said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, “you were honest enough to tell me the chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?” —

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THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

JUNE, 1873.

No. 6.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

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GUARDIAN, JUNE, 1873.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

Miss H. Kehr, Broad Axe, Pa. 1 50	23	P. A. Boyer, Reading, Pa 3 00	24 & 25
Chas PHartzell, Bethlehem, " 3 00	24 & 25	Danl. Rowland, " " 1 50	24
Mrs CT Logan, Davenp'rt, Iowa 3 00	24 & 25	Edw R Deatrick Charlesville " 1 50	24
Jesse Klinger, Bellefonte, Pa 3 00	24 & 25	C.S. Kleckner, Mifflinsburg, " 4 50	22 to 24
L. B. Paxon, Reading, " 3 00	22 & 23	Rev. C. A. Limberg, Butler, " 7 50	20 to 24
J. M. Wagner, Millersburg, " 12 00	16 to 23	A. Erbsmehl Phila., " 1 50	25
P.R. Joerris, Huntingdon, Ind. 1 50	24	S. E. R. Schaffer, Derry, " 1 50	24
Miss Lizzie Ziegler, Flat Bush, L. I.	1 50	Dr C H Gutelius Woodward, " 5 00	21 to 23
Wm H Mosteller, Limerick, Pa. 1 50	in full	Miss Abbie Seager, Siegfrieds Bridge,	1 50
Miss CSchoenly, " " 3 00	24 & 25	Chas. Leinbach, Leinbachs, Pa 3 00	22 & 23
Rev. E. R. Eschbach, Balt., Md. 1 50	24	Carrie F. Smuller, Middlet'n, " 3 00	23 & 24
A. G. Sutton, New Holland, Pa. 3 00	23 & 24	Mrs Eliz' bth M King Newton Ia 3 00	24 & 25
Emma S Middlekauff, Charles-ton, Va.	3 00	Jos. Lemberger, Lebanon, Pa 1 50	23
Jackson S. Beaver, James Creek, Pa.	7 50	Francis E Beam, Fulton, Mich 1 50	24
Isaac Ritter, Reading, Pa. 1 50	24	S. G. Sheaffer, Columbia, " 45	in full.
Mrs Mary Siemon, " " 1 50	24	Ida Patterson, Yellow Sp'g " 1 50	24
Mr. T. T. Yeager, " " 1 50	24	Clara J. Labach, Siegfried B. " 3 00	23 & 24
Mary C Young Northu'berl'd Pa 3 00	24 & 25	Jos. E. Hooper, Harrisb'g, " 3 00	24 & 25
Rev J Kretzing, Cochran, " 3 00	23 & 24	Rev. J. Schudle, Allentown, " 1 50	25
J. L. Reifsnyder, Altoona, " 1 50	24	Sarah C. Levan, Schuyl. Ha. " 1 50	24
Mrs. A. M. Snyder, Delmont, " 1 50	24	J. Cal. Hartman, Reading, " 1 00	24
Emma Kline, " " 1 50	24	Eliz. J. Apple, Woodcock, " 2 00	22
Mrs J Mary Hassler, Carlisle, " 3 00	23 & 24	Lean. Stair, Altamont, Ill. 1 50	24
Harbaugh's Reading Room, Mercersburg, Pa.	1 00	H. J. Welker (st.) G. Lane Pa 1 00	24
Jno W Bickel Esq Pottstown Pa 3 00	24 & 25	Saml. Zimmerman Stoyst'wn " 9 00	19 to 24
L. B. Balliet, Neffs, " 1 50	24	Martha " Jenner X Rds. " 7 50	20 to 24
		Rev. J. J. Pennepacker, Rim-ersburg, Pa.,	1 50
			24

THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV.

JUNE, 1873.

No. 6.

OUR SCHOOLMASTERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house on the heather,
In childhood where we met.”

John S—— lived, for many years, in Millersville, Pa. How many years before I was born I could never learn. He could hardly compare, in teaching ability, with the average Pennsylvania teacher of to-day. For his day he was esteemed as a good schoolmaster. When I learned to know and obey him his head had turned prematurely gray, and now and then his face turned unnaturally red. The old brick school-house stood a half a mile from the village, on the edge of a large tract of woodland. The trees have been cut down, and the spot where the school-house stood is now part of a cultivated field. Still, our childhood memories hold tenaciously to their early impressions. For it the tall forest trees and the school-house live on. Many a merry game did those trees witness. What the rowdies now call “base ball,” and make a great fuss over, as a new invention, we played then, and just as well as they do now; only we did not play it on Sunday as many now do. Pitching quoits, building houses of dry leaves,—all this we did on a playground of ten or fifteen acres. Instead of ringing a little bell to call us to school, the teacher simply came to the door and called “books.” Usually, it was a very unwelcome call, in the height of our fun and frolic. I have often wished that some good painter would give us a graphic and true picture of the children of an old-

time country school at dinner. Very few could go home for their dinners. Imagine from fifty to a hundred hungry children in a small room. Having for an hour past allowed their imagination to rummage through their well-stored baskets, their appetites meanwhile are whetted into the keenest edge. At length comes the welcome signal. Each party groups around its basket, its contents spread on the narrow bench or table. Cold meat, sausage, bread, carefully spread, cakes, pies, &c., are relished with a zest such as one never has in later life. A little phial of molasses in the basket, was considered a great luxury; not so much on account of spreading the contents on the bread, as for the gleanings of the phial. The greatest kindness a scholar could show a comrade, was to let him make and drink molasses water out of his empty phial. I can still see them, with head flung back, laboring to suck the delicious liquid through the narrow neck of the bottle. Many older and wiser people could learn a useful lesson from those school-children at table, in a country school-house. Little marks of kindness are bestowed. Here and there you see one leaning across the table, to share her little delicacy with a less-favored playmate. If it cannot be molasses-water, it is a piece of pie, ginger-cake, or a "peppernut." Their table abounds with chatty conversation and mirthful laughter, all of which is healthful for body and spirit. Save during very unpleasant weather, the schoolmaster would take his dinner at home, leaving the scholars to have it all their own way. It was a noisy scene, but not a sinful noise. A noise such as the long lines of swallows have on barn-tops, in the pleasant days of June.

John S—— was magistrate of the village, no less than its schoolmaster; and many a grave village quarrel was adjusted in his little office. At the same time he practiced surveying, and served as clerk at most of the public sales in the neighborhood. He had his own peculiar way of conducting a school. There were then few books which treated of the art of teaching. How to make dull boys bright, and lazy girls studious, and how to put knowledge into thick skulls that had no room where to put it, was then not taught in Normal Schools as it is now.

Considering his disadvantages, Squire S—— kept a well-governed school. His punishments were inflicted by the use of the rod, the ruler, and a pair of leathern spectacles. The rod he laid on many a back without stint. For some offences the scholars received a certain number of strokes on the palm of the hand with a flat ruler. The greatest consternation was produced by the spectacles. For a while he would allow the confusion to reign, pretending to be deeply engaged in study. At length he threw the spectacles at one of the noisiest, who had to bring them to his desk, put them on, stand up and face the school for a specified time. Vividly I remember with

what a thrill of horror I would hear the piece of leather whizzing over our heads, not certain at first but what it might be intended for me. It was the severest punishment inflicted. It made the offender look like a monkey. In spite of one's pity, you could not help but laugh at the poor convict, and for the life of him he himself could not laugh. To children, and older people, few things are so mortifying as to be laughed at when one cannot join in the laugh. My word for it, so far as I can remember, I never wore those leathern spectacles.

Occasionally he would deliver earnest exhortations to the scholars, usually in German, when he would fall to preaching: a very common fault among people who talk to children. He would use big words—talk about “Pflicht und Schuldigkeit”—many of which the scholars did not understand. Just as many preachers do. We children, the undeveloped men and women of the future, sagely sat an impatient attentive audience, eagerly watching and wishing for the closing word.

Singing formed an agreeable part of our school duties. Usually a few verses from a familiar German hymn were sung, at the close of the afternoon session. To inspire us with love for the sweet art, he taught us to sing a hymn in praise of music, of which I only remember the first two lines—shall always remember, most likely, that

“Music ist ein edles Ding,
Mancher Mensch acht's zu gering ”

Evidently the poetry was at fault, however excellent the sentiment. The Squire's style of singing was nasal and extremely inflectionous abounding in extra sounds not found in the printed music. Yet for us children he was a good leader. Indeed he had no mean reputation as a singing-master, instructing large classes in music in many a country school-house.

He carried a small phial, containing a mysterious liquid. A little stick of wood dipped into this would at once ignite, with which he lighted his cigar, and the stove kindling in winter time. The little bottle seemed, to us scholars, possessed of magical properties, for then people knew nothing about lucifer matches. The moment he opened his bottle the scholars watched the performance with bated breath.

All the writing was done with quills, for nothing was then known of steel or gold pens. The mending of these consumed much of his time. Sometimes he spent the whole of recess in this work. Of these quills I will let another speak :

“I suppose that among the hundreds of thousands of the children gathered now into our various schools, and instructed, among other things, in the art of penmanship, scarcely one has ever seen an old-

fashioned goose-quill. The pen of their day, the weapon of their intellectual warfare, is formed of a very different material. But those of us who have reached middle life remember it well. It was no small matter, then, to give or receive instruction in the art of writing. A bundle of quills and one of Rodgers' best pocket-knives were indispensable to every teacher, and much patience and perseverance as essential to the pupil. The quills were far from being uniform in quality, and to make them into pens was quite a scientific matter. In the old district-school-houses of the country, the cheaper sort were used—thick, soft, and of the smallest size—of which it was extremely difficult to fashion a pen, and quite as difficult to use when fashioned, without an alternate scratch and “splutter.” The best quills underwent several processes, after their extraction from their parent source, so that they were somewhat expensive, and were found only in the larger and more important schools. The teacher who had any number of pupils was obliged to spend much of his time in shaping the quills into pens—by no means an easy thing—and his lessons were constantly interrupted by one and another urchin with the cry, “Please, sir, my pen splutters,” or, “Teacher, I’ve split my pen.” The writer well remembers taking his pen to his teacher, the late Mr. Jackson, of this city, who was not only an accomplished penman, but a courteous Christian gentleman, and as he stood by, watching the operation of mending it, receiving a severe wound in the hand from the accidental falling of the keen knife with which the professor was operating on the refractory goose-quill. Under such circumstances the study of penmanship was difficult, tedious, and expensive, and the proportion of good penmen was far less than since the invention of the metallic pen. The expense attending the old system may be inferred from the fact that in the year 1832, more than thirty-three millions of quills were imported into England alone, and it was estimated that these, with the large home supply, would only about furnish pens for the commercial uses of the people, leaving a very meagre provision for the great demands of social correspondence. In fact, the use of quills was an actual barrier to the spread of popular education in the line of penmanship, and a great hindrance to that social progress which is so greatly promoted by the frequent and easy communication of thought, and the cultivation of the charities and amenities of life by means of epistolary communication among the people.

About forty years ago, however, the pen and the penmaker of the period received notice to quit. It was announced that hereafter both were to be made of the same material. Iron men, in the shape of machinery, were henceforth to make iron pens, which, for uniformity, flexibility, durableness, and cheapness, were forever to

eclipse the extractions from the goose. That long-suffering biped was to be plucked no more. Pens were to be sown broadcast over the land, to produce a mighty growth of mental development, social progress, commercial expansion, and literary culture. The first metallic pens were indeed rude and clumsy, but improvements were constantly made in their construction, until now every variety of pen is furnished to the writing public of steel, gold, or gutta-percha, models of excellence and beauty, durable and cheap, and amply sufficient for the scribbling world."

On the day before Christmas some country schoolmasters were locked out of their castles by the scholars, and kept out until they would consent to furnish the whole school with Christmas presents. We had often heard how gloriously the scholars of other schools had fared by this plan. Unfortunately, our Master was a Squire. And a Squire, some thought, might take us right off to prison, if we provoked him in this way. One Christmas season, a few brave boys led the way, and the rest followed. In the morning the scholars took possession of the school-house. The door was locked, and if I remember rightly, the shutters, too. How some trembled like an aspen leaf, with fright! Others peeped through the key-hole, and listened for the master's coming tread. We had reason to tremble. Our master was distant to his scholars; besides, he did not seem to relish a joke as much as some people do. He might just that morning be in one of his ill humors. You may smile at the scene, but I question whether the people of besieged Troy, or those of Vicksburg, felt the seriousness of their situation more keenly than did that group of children in a besieged country school-house.

At length we heard his tread. "*Hush*," was whispered round. Silent as the grave, was the school, for once. Such order the master had perhaps never produced before. In vain he tried to open the barred door. He commanded us to open. To disobey his command usually brought a storm about our ears. Such an act of disobedience, refusing to let him enter his own school-house, was a daring feat. A paper was slipped out under the door, solemnly setting forth our demands—candies, cakes, nuts and the little nick-nacks that make up the ordinary Christmas presents of country children. It was a fearful suspense, this deliberation of the school-master on this stately requisition. What could we do if he should fly into a passion, force the door open, and lay about him with the rod! There was no way of retreat left open, no open window through which to leap out. Ah, dear reader, to children such a performance has all the momentous importance, which historic events have to older people. At length the Master proposed to surrender, upon our terms, as specified in the paper. The door

was opened. He entered with a smile, and we hardly knew whether to smile or scream from fear, lest after all he might visit us with dire punishment. He ordered us to our seats, wrote a note containing a list of the articles promised, and sent a few of the larger boys to the village to buy and bring them. Studying was impossible during their absence. The joy was too tumultuous to be bottled up, even for an hour. And the kind-hearted Master was as mirthful as we. At length the boys came, with great baskets, full of the spoils of our victory. Each one got a nice Christmas present. Never before had our Master seemed to us such a good man. For months this great siege in our school-house, and the grand victory of the besieged, was the daily topic of talk among the scholars. And in all the country round about, it was soon noised abroad, that Squire S—— had been locked out by his school. And the scholars, even the most timid and worst frightened, shared the glory and renown of the victory.

Old Master Brown—who he is or where he taught, I do not know—had a mischievous scholar named Anthony Blair. The following stanzas tell us how Anthony's punishment brought him good luck :

Old Mister Brown brought his ferrule down,
His face was angry and red ;
“ Anthony Blair, so sit you there,
Among the girls,” he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away, and sat all day
By the girl who loved him best.

Whittier wrote the following little poem, entitled “ In School Days,” which relates a touching incident. A little girl traps a little boy. She sees that he feels hurt. The sweet soul after school takes his hand in hers, and says she is very sorry for having done it. What a charming example to us children of larger growth is the little school-girl ? Many years after, the great Quaker poet gratefully and tenderly remembers the school-house of his boyhood, and sings the praises of the sweet little school-girl who loved him.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning ;
Around it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official ;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The Jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescoes on the wall ;
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting ;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled ;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered ;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing,
Dear girl the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumphs and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.



THE individuality of faith is a blessed fact. That God knows each soul and ministers to *it* is a precious thought. He calls his sheep by their names. A mother writes a letter to her six children. It is but one letter, yet each child gets the letter. God does for each one of us as if there were not another in the wide universe claiming his care.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN GERMANY.

Whom he met and what he saw.

FROM BREMEN TO BERLIN BY RAIL. A GLANCE AT PRUSSIA'S
CAPITAL.

W. M. R.

When I took leave of my readers in the last number, I was hastening rapidly away from the ancient and interesting sea-port, Bremen. But in returning to them, I feel it due that venerable city, that we go back and devote a few glances to it.

For several centuries Bremen has been enjoying the honor of being, with Hamburg and Lubeck, one of the three Hanse-cities, the remnant of the famous Hanseatic League, which has played such a conspicuous part in modern history. The league owes its origin to a system of self-protection on the part of merchants and traders in the northern part of Europe. They first resisted the encroachments of pirates, and afterwards, of the nobility. It grew to be a power, which included all the principal cities of Germany, and upon which kings and emperors became dependent. For a long time it ruled over crowns, countries and oceans. It would no doubt have retained much of its influence up to the present day, had it not been for the revolution in trade brought about by the rising commerce of America.

Bremen up to a recent date, has been in no sense dependent upon a crowned head. It has been rejoicing in the name of a free city. Its government has been democratic. What is called the *Bürgerconvent* (convention of citizens) has legislative power, whilst the executive is committed to a senate. This is presided over successively by four Burgomasters, who change office every half year. Its population is between fifty and sixty thousand.

The dykes have been referred to which follow the River Weser on both sides, and protect the flat land from intrusion on the part of the sea. These are continued as far as the city. Here is a source of apprehension to Bremen of no small moment. The bottom of the river rises from year to year, by the sand which is

washed into it from the ocean. The time will accordingly probably come when the bed of the water will be on a level with the town itself. The dykes have thus to be raised annually, in order to secure the place ; but with the lapse of years the encroachments of the tide will become so powerful as to be beyond human resistance.

One of the most beautiful edifices of Bremen, is the Rathhaus. It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and dates back to A. D. 1410. “ In a *particular* compartment of the cellars beneath it, shown only by permission of the Burgomaster, are casks called the *Rose*, and *the twelve Apostles*, filled with fine hock, some of it a century and a half old. It is sold in glasses or bottles. This nectar was at one time valued at a ducat a glass.”

We landed about noon, and after dinner a few of our company hired a cab for seventy-five cents, and rode around the city. The weather was fair, and we spent several hours at this pleasant employment. The houses have a very odd appearance. Most of them are of an irregular shape, and many very high,—some having apparently six and seven stories. The streets for the most part are not much wider than an ordinary alley. Two vehicles can scarcely pass one another. Pavements and streets alike are covered with cobble stones ; and owing to the narrowness of the former, foot passengers are constantly liable to come in contact with carts and wagons. On our return to the hotel, we were courteously received by the porter, who is always on the alert, and whose dress and demeanor betoken a vast degree of dignity and importance ; and by the same officer were politely escorted within.

By seven o'clock I was ready for the train. Before leaving I had to have my baggage examined for the first time,—an ordeal which I very much dreaded. I had been informed that in order to fare well in these circumstances, it is necessary to manifest as little concern as possible. In accordance with my orders, my trunks were unstrapped while I was procuring my ticket. On my return, I threw open the lids, and began to remove one article after another ; when I was gently checked by one of the officials, who replaced them, and smoothed them down with as much care as if they had been the most valuable merchandize. He then lifted up the edges of some pieces of clothing, peeped beneath them, and with all possible neatness, restored them to order. Next his attention was attracted by the large number of books, which I had with me. He wanted to know what I intended to do with all of them. I smiled and replied, that as I expected to spend a few studious years in the universities, I might have occasion for some of them. He smiled in turn, and directed the trunk to be closed. He then took hold of a large traveling-bag, and whilst I on the one side

was trying to get it unlocked, he was marking it all right on the other.

The cars were different from any that I had ever seen. Each passenger-car, consists apparently of three coaches, with doors corresponding to each on both sides. The seats accordingly, extend over the entire breadth of the car. The conductor is able to pass along the outside, and examine the tickets while the train is in motion. He permits each passenger to retain his ticket until the last station is passed, before reaching his destination. I took a second class car, and found it more comfortable than the great majority of those on American railroads. The first class are used only by noblemen, and the third mainly by the middle classes when the journey is not a long one. The latter are not furnished with cushions. I saw only one specimen of a fourth class car. Its occupants were not even provided with seats.

The journey from Bremen to Berlin, was made during the night. Some one may wonder why it was not made during the day. For thus a knowledge of the country could have been gained, and the eye, wearied by the monotony of the ocean, might have feasted upon the green fields, blooming orchards and romantic forests of Northern Germany. But little of this kind of enjoyment could have been afforded. The country is a continuous plain, for the most part sandy ; and presenting but little to interest the traveler, does not repay any inconvenience to which he may put himself. Berlin was my destination, and this point I was anxious to reach.

At midnight we passed through the city of Hanover, where we were delayed a few hours in making the connection of the trains. The only impression which I carried away from this city was, that it contained the finest railroad station I had as yet seen. Its substantial and elegant architecture placed the Hanoverians and their king, high in my estimation. Of Brunswick, I have not the slightest recollection ; and all that I saw of Magdeburg, which we passed through in daylight, is what a traveler is ordinarily able to perceive in passing along the outskirts of a city in a railroad car. Potsdam proved a much larger place than I supposed it to be, having in some way gotten the impression, that it was little more than a suburb of Berlin. It is sixteen miles distant from the latter city, has a population of forty thousand, and contains four of the most splendid of Prussia's royal palaces. Potsdam I visited afterwards, but so far as the other named cities are concerned, I regret now that I did not stop long enough to form some acquaintance with them, and gratify my eager curiosity in reference to the large variety of objects of interest which all of them present.

Hanover, for example, was the birth-place of Herschel, the astronomer, and of the two brothers Schlegel. Here lived and

died Leibnitz, the greatest of German scholars. Its chief attraction at present is a collection of medieval antiquities, including relics brought by the Crusaders from Constantinople and the Holy Land. Its population is not much greater than that of Potsdam. When I passed through it, the Hanoverians rejoiced in their king, as their sovereign master; but now they must look beyond him to the Emperor of Germany, to whom the former stands in the relation of vassal and lord.

Brunswick, like Hanover, the home of a long line of English monarchs, well repays the visitor by the picturesqueness of its ancient architecture, which dates as far back as the fourteenth century; as well as by its collections of specimens of painting and sculpture. To the former belong pictures by Rembrandt, Holbein, Duerer and others; and to the latter, ancient statues and bronzes from Greece and Italy, as well as interesting modern master-pieces. Its population is not as large as that of the other cities mentioned.

Magdeburg, has over sixty thousand inhabitants. It is a city of great historical interest. It played a conspicuous part in the thirty years' war? It resisted the arms of Wallenstein seven months, but was taken ultimately by Tilly, who sacked it, and murdered thirty thousand of its inhabitants. It is at present one of the strongest fortresses of Northern Europe. Here Lafayette was once a prisoner. Here Luther went to school; and with the choir of boys to which he belonged went from door to door, and by singing earned the pittance which helped to support him. Here the *Magdeburg Centuries* were written, one of the most marvelous of historical compositions. Its design was to prove by history the validity of Protestantism. Magdeburg can boast of one of the finest Gothic cathedrals in Germany.

It was a long and tedious journey from Bremen to Berlin, and I could sympathize fully with one of my companions, who with a sigh of relief, as the train stopped in the station-house at Berlin, remarked, "*wir sind nun angelangt.*" It was the same party who laughed at my expense, when wishing to make myself more comfortable for the night, I tried in very defective German, to make the conductor understand, that I would like to get into a car where I could have more room, and where I received the comfortless reply, "*Ich verstehe kein Fransoesisch; Ich spreche Deutsch.*" Without taking formal leave of these gentlemen, I took possession of a *Droschke*, (a one horse cab) and ordered the driver to take me and my baggage to the *Hotel zum Rheinischen Hof*. I can very distinctly recall the feelings with which I passed through the great Thor or gateway of the city, how thankful I was to the officer on duty there for winking to the driver to go on with me, without any further detention, and how glad, after delivering up my pass-

port, to get possession of a room, where I could enjoy a little repose after the fatigue of a long journey by night.

The ride to the hotel, afforded me a correct impression of the general character of Berlin, in an architectural point of view. The street through which my route led, is called the Leipsiger-strasse. It is wider than most of the streets of Philadelphia, and perfectly level. This latter feature characterizes the entire city. The longest street, viz., the Friederich-strasse is two miles long, and throughout its entire length the fall of waters is not more than one foot. The gutters have to be swept daily, to prevent stagnation. The houses are built for the most part after one pattern. Generally they are three or four stories high. They are built of brick, covered with stucco, and then painted a light brown. Tiles universally form the covering of the roofs, which are consequently red. There is always one main door, which opens into a narrow avenue leading back into a court, and is large enough to admit a moderate-sized load of hay. On either side of the passage is a door leading to the different floors, each of which is occupied by a separate family. The house in which I took rooms was occupied by twelve or fifteen families, all of which seemed to enjoy an average degree of comfort.

Here I may copy from one of my letters an account of the way in which I obtained a room, and how I lived after I became settled. "Mr. Grieben, of the firm of Wiegant and Grieben, publishers, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Schaff, gave me a few lines to make me acquainted with Mr. Rauh, also a publisher, and a very intelligent gentleman. I called upon him, found him able to speak English quite well, and willing to accommodate me with a room and boarding. He then took me up to the fourth floor, showed me into an apartment supplied with an ample quantity of bright-looking, and rather costly furniture. There was a centre table, a secretary and sofa, all finished in the style of mahogany. But strange to say there was no carpet. I asked him how it came that this was wanting, and received the reply that it was not the fashion. After spending several days in visiting other families who had rooms to let, I concluded the best thing I could do was to become an inmate of Herr Rauh's. I have been with him now one week, and thus far am very well pleased. My acquaintances generally think that I was fortunate in lighting upon my present quarters, as very few good families will receive students on the same terms. Plenty of rooms are offered, but for the most part the meals are taken at the restaurants. Mrs. Rauh sends my breakfast to my room, which consists regularly of a cup of coffee, a few rolls, which they call *Milchbroedchen*, and by special arrangement whenever I wish it, an egg. I take dinner with the family,

and here I have a good opportunity to exercise myself in German conversation. Herr Rauh's knowledge of English, is very useful to me. After some favor he had conferred upon me, I said to him once, "Ich bin Ihnen sehr gebunden." "No you are not," he replied, "for if you were I would cut you loose." The bread is excellent, and there are a half dozen varieties of it. The cooking is passable. Everything about the table indicates cleanliness. Supper, I take in my room. It is brought up by Poelina, the tidily dressed and not unrefined servant girl; who also procures for me anything I may call for, during the course of the day. She is very particular in keeping my room in order. If I go out and leave any of my clothes lying about, for example, my gown thrown over the back of a chair, my slippers lying in the middle of the floor, or where I last got up, or even any books or papers lying promiscuously on the table, when I return I am sure to find them laid nicely away, and as likely as not, in precisely the place where they ought to be. Every morning before I rise, another servant comes into my room and carries away the clothing worn the preceding day, to be brushed, and also my boots to be cleaned. Governor Wright of Indiana, who is our ambassador, tells me that I need not regret being on the fourth floor, especially during the summer; for, in as much as the country is level, and the drainage so defective, the farther you are from the surface the better. This distinguished gentleman occupies a suit of rooms exclusively on the third story."

The same dingy plaster-work which first struck my observation on entering the city, characterizes its architecture throughout. Churches, theatres, and palaces form no exception. This uniformity fatigues the eye; and accordingly Berlin, so far as the mass of the buildings are concerned, does not make as favorable an impression on the visitor, as many others of the large cities of the continent.

It can boast, however, of a most magnificent park outside of the walls, around which stand some of the most beautiful villas that are anywhere to be seen. I remember nowhere to have witnessed on such a large scale, so striking a display of genuine comfort, combined with affluence, as is found in what is called the Vorstadt of Berlin.

It has reason also to be proud of its avenue, *Unter den Linden*, which in some respects is the most beautiful street in the world. There are four rows of lime trees running through the middle of it. Between the two inner ones there is a pavement, perhaps thirty or forty feet wide, for the accommodation of foot passengers. Between the outer rows and the curbs, a distance equal to the breadth of an ordinary street, are the drives. At one end of this

street, stands the magnificent Brandenburger gateway, designed as an imitation of the Propylæum of Athens, but on a much larger scale. It is mounted by a car of victory, which was carried as a trophy by Napoleon to Paris, but, after the battle of Waterloo, was restored. This building affords egress to the Thiergarten or park. At the other end of the avenue, stands the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, by Rauch. This is one of the most interesting works of art that the city contains. Murray says, that it is perhaps the grandest monument in Europe. He adds, "It consists of a granite pedestal twenty-five feet high, presenting on each face, bronze groups of the great military commanders of the Seven Years' War, on foot and horseback, all the size of life, and all portraits in high relief. . . . The whole number of portrait figures, the size of life, on the four faces of the pedestal, is thirty-one. To reproduce them correctly, the best authorities have been consulted, and authentic drawings, busts, and medals of the period have been followed. . . . The costumes and arms of the time are given with equal accuracy. . . . Above the figures there is at each corner, a female figure representing the four cardinal virtues—Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, and Temperance. Between them are bas-reliefs emblematic of different periods of the monarch's life. . . . The equestrian statue is seventeen feet high; it represents the monarch in his habit as he lived. . . . Even the *queue*, to our ideas not only unsightly but unnatural, has been grappled with boldly. An ermine mantle hangs loosely from his shoulders. In every other detail the figure is true to life. The stick carried by a band from the right wrist, the three cornered hat, the pistol holsters, and all the accoutrements of the horse, are minutely copied from the relics preserved of the great king." This superb piece of workmanship I contemplated more frequently, and with more pleasure than any other object of interest in the place. It stands almost immediately in front of one of the main entrances to the university building. It seems, as is the case with every true work of art, that one can never arrive at a full conception of its excellencies. It grows upon you as you contemplate it. New beauties are constantly revealing themselves. You become amazed. The effort to combine all the parts, and thus to reach the idea of the artist as it stands out before you in the fullness of its unity and harmony, never fails to prove the most elevating and delightful employment.

Standing within front of the statue, with your back toward the Brandenburger Thor, you have a view, in a cluster of the finest edifices belonging to the capital. Off to your right stands the venerable Schloss, the ancient castle or palace of the realm, a massive structure with little architectural display. Near it on the other side is the *Dom* or cathedral. It contains the remains of the

Great Elector, and of Frederick I., king of Prussia, in gilded coffins. The royal family attend service here, when they are in the city. It is conducted by the court-preachers, prominent among the number of whom is Dr. Hoffman. The choir, consisting of boys, is said to be the finest in the world. Still farther to the left is the celebrated Museum with its beautiful colonnade. You have in sight also the palace of the Prince of Prussia, the opera house, and the Arsenal. All around within the circuit of your vision, are statues of various styles. Immediately on your left is the university, a very extensive and imposing building, and on your right, the palace of the present Emperor.

I frequently saw his majesty leave the latter building. Mostly it was to enter his coach. On one occasion, which I can never forget, I saw him leave it on foot. It was to review his body-guard, consisting of one of the corps of the army. The soldiers were stationed in double files, on both sides of the avenue, along its entire length. I can see his tall figure yet, in full uniform, his plume flying, with the firm and rapid tread, and the air of a true soldier, hurrying through the door and brushing past the crowd. He was followed by the Crown Prince, and a dozen or more other officers high in command; but seemed so intent on business, as not to look or care whether his attendants had to start into a run, in order to keep up with him. With dignity and benevolence he returned the salutations of the troops, and was always ready to smile at any undue display of the deference which belongs to kings.

POETIC PAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

An ancient writer says, poets are born, not made. (*Poeta nascitur non fit.*) The poor fellow who wrote the following, I fear, is trying to make one. He has an idea that he must write poetry, and how manfully he goes to work. But somehow the words refuse to rhyme for him. Only a word he lacks in each stanza. I pity the young man, for he is in great pain. Not exactly the travail of true poetry, of which it is said:

“There is a pleasure in poetic pain which only poets know.”

This man's pain seems unmixed with pleasure, especially as he

reaches the end of his poetic grist. Had he not better unburden his overcharged brain in prose? I advise his friends to have an eye on him, as I do the friends of all such dreaming machine-poets, to watch over their erratic associates.

To enjoy this poem, I advise the reader to fill up the picture. A young man sitting at his table late at night, with a sheet of paper before him and pen in hand. Now and then impatiently running his bejewelled hand through his long, perfumed hair. Scratching his head as a hen scratches the turnpike in quest of grains of corn. Now pacing the room half frantically, then quickly rushing to the table as he finds the rhyming word wherewith to end the line. Then he throws himself back on a chair, his feet at least if not his genius elevated, or rather stuck aloft on the table. How he sighs for the divine afflatus, the inspiration of the muses! Strange they only and always balk in the fourth line. O, gentle reader, I charge thee pity the sorrows of this poor young man. But for the want of a word in the verse, what a Byron he might yet become! His last verse has at least truth if not poetry to commend it.

We parted by the gates in June,
That soft and balmy month,
Beneath the sweetly beaming moon,
And (wonth—hunth—sunth—bunth—I can't find a
rhyme to month.)

Years were to pass ere we should meet;
A wide and yawning gulf
Divides me from my love so sweet,
While (ulf—sulf—dulf—mulf—stuck again; I can't
get any rhyme for gulf. I'm in a gulf myself.)

O, how I dreaded in my soul
To part from my sweet nymph,
While years should their long seasons roll
Before (hymph—dymph—symph—I guess I'll have
to let it go at that.)

Beneath my fortune's stern decree
My lonely spirits sunk,
For I a weary soul should be
And a (bunk—dunk—runk—sk—that will never do in
the world.)

She buried her dear lovely face
Within her azure scarf,
She knew I'd take the wretchedness
As well as (parf—sarf—darf—harf-an'-harf. That
won't answer either)

Oh, I had loved her many years,
I loved her for herself;
I loved her for her tender tears,
I loved her for her (welf—nelf—helf—pelf—no, no,
not for her pelf.)

I took between her hands my head,
 How sweet her lips did pouch!
 I kissed her lovingly and said—
 (Bouch—mouch—louch—ouch! not a bit of it did I
 say ouch!)

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,
 My tears they did escape,
 My sorrow I could not command,
 And I was but a (sape—dape—fape—ape—well, per-
 haps I did feel like an ape.)

I gave to her a fond adieu,
 Sweet pupil of love's school;
 I told her I would e'er be true,
 And always be a (dool—sool—mool—fool! Since I
 come to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell in love with another fellow be-
 fore I was gone a month.)

ALL ABOUT DOCTOR WORTHINGTON HOOKER'S BOOKS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Charles Dickens wrote a History of England for little people, a very important order of beings. In this he did well. I am sure one little girl will read and like it, if God will, though I may not urge her to read anything else he has written. It condemns in a measure, much that he had better left unsaid.

Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, has just completed a like History of the United States. This will cover, in her case too, I trust, a multitude of faults. But I want to speak of and direct attention to, an admirable Series of Books, intended for the family and the school, embracing smaller and larger pupils, because it may not be as familiar and common to the "Guardian's" many and good friends, as such an order of books should be. I am one of those parents who feel very much obliged to Doctor Worthington Hooker, Professor in Yale College, for whatever progress their offspring have made and continue to make in the Natural Sciences, without, at the same time, making little Darwins, Huxleys or Tyndals, out of them. Let all householders, that are casting about for a good Family-Library, wherewith to entertain and instruct the younger members, and themselves even, at once order the Doctor's books, and take "Perkiomen" as security against imposition or disappointment. He would almost be willing to

take them off their hands, in case they should not prove a satisfactory investment of their monies. It is because I have been practically testing their excellent worth, for some years, in the hands of a little girl, that I venture to indulge in such positive assertions. Our Family-School was opened with Hooker's "*Child's Book of Nature*." I can best present some idea of the book by quoting the words of a gifted mother concerning it:

"I cannot tell you, how much pleasure I have had in teaching the *Child's Book of Nature* to my little daughter. In giving my opinion of that work, I am also expressing the opinion of several other mothers of my acquaintances, who agree with me in pronouncing it the very best book of the kind which we have ever found. It is so plain and simple in its arrangement, that any child of common capacity, can learn it with ease and remember it well. The subjects upon which it treats, are of a kind to interest all children, and the pleasant way in which you bring them forward, is sure to awaken their powers of observation and comparison, and better still to lead them 'through Nature up to Nature's God.'"

It is without doubt, a glorious Text-Book, and can be read on the Lord's Day even, with as much aid to one's devotion, as three-fourths of our Sunday-School volumes. The instructor, be he father or mother—and with a diploma lying back, indeed! will find himself pleasuring along with his ward, to their mutual recreation.

Whoever knows and has become familiar with it, will send likewise for Hooker's "*Child's Book of Common Things*." Teacher and pupil will daily see more markedly how many have eyes without learning to see; or how absurd it is, to chase after wonders lying far off, and be stone-blind to a perfect sea of them, round about us.

And this book of wonders will create a desire to see, and go over Hooker's "*First Book in Chemistry*." This is the way by which his Primer on Chemistry came to the surface. An intelligent woman wrote to him thus: "It seems to me that an elementary book on Chemistry would be interesting to children." The Doctor acted on the suggestion at once. He found time and cherished the desire to go into the public schools of New Haven, and gather the children around himself to learn by experimenting, how far little folks, from eleven to thirteen years of age, might wish and be able to know anything about Chemistry. He was surprised and delighted to find how much of the Science lay within their capacity, and how interesting it proved to them. He jotted down results, and forth came the book—right out of the school-room, you see. Rely on it, he is a grand Professor, and will never die of dignity!

Somebody then wrote him a congratulatory letter, and asked him to march on in the good way of leading little minds onward. He obeyed, and out came Hooker's "*First Book on Physiology*," on a level with all that had gone before.

Now his little folks wouldn't stay little. He had set them a thinking, and they thought on and learned on. Then came requests and urgings from all quarters—"More Books—more books, Professor!" Accordingly he issued Hooker's "*Science for the School and the Family*." This step in the gradation brought us three books under one title, viz; Part I. Natural Philosophy; Part II. Chemistry; Part III. Mineralogy and Geology. We will only say, that those parents who would have their children to know so much of Nature, as everybody ought to know, and have them to gain such knowledge, in the most easy and attractive style, can do no better than secure Hooker's Series.

We will add, since Spring is upon us, and you will likely walk abroad upon fields and lawns, to show your children flowers, you might as well, get and carry along Hooker's "*Introduction to Botany*." Having this, you have all that he has published, thus far. We say, *thus far*!

We quote from one of his prefaces the following paragraph:—

"Daniel Webster, in his Autobiography, speaks thus of his entering upon the study of Law: 'I was put to study in the old way—that is the hardest books first, and lost much time. I read Coke on Littleton through without understanding a quarter part of it. Happening to take up Espinasse's Law of *Nisi Prius*, I found I could understand it; and arguing that the object of reading was to understand what was written, I laid down the venerable Coke and such, and kept company for a time, with Mr. Espinasse and others, the most plain, easy and intelligible writers. A boy of twenty, with no previous knowledge on such subjects, cannot understand Coke. It is folly to set him on such an author. Why disgust and discourage a boy, by telling him that he must break into his profession through such a wall as this? I really often despaired. I thought that I never could make myself a lawyer, and was almost going back to the business of school-keeping. Mr. Espinasse, however, helped me out of this in the way that I have mentioned, and I have always felt greatly obliged to him.'"

Here we have most graphically depicted the prominent defect, in all the departments of education—from the primary school up, throughout the college and Professional institute. "The hardest books first," or Coke before Espinasse is the general rule. This is especially true of the Physical Sciences. They are postponed to the latter part of one's educational course, and then only a little

of them. Some readers will be a little angry at me, for pronouncing the mature sciences a failure in our schools and colleges. Sorry to make any one angry, indeed ; but the truth ought to be spoken. They are a delightful study. Tyndal's audiences prove that the people like to know of them. Why not cure a radical wrong, and give the masses an open easy door to their domain? Yet the people know something of them, and a few materialists will not monopolize them to the detriment of society and humanity. Doctor Hooker is on the right path. Families and schools will study his science-made-easy works. I am quite sure some one will write of Hooker, as Webster wrote of Espinasse, and the rest of us will believe it all.

OUR BIRTH-DAY AND HOME FESTIVALS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ I congratulate myself that my birth was when it was ; for I might have been born in Greece, and yet not in Athens ; in Athens and yet not have been a Christian ; in the first century I might have been born a Christian, but have lived all my life as a sand digger, at Rome, in what are now called the Catacombs. But I was born into a richer world than Milton was, or than Jeremy Taylor, or than Newton ; for I was born into a world that has become the more glorious for their having felt, and thought, and spoken in it.

And next after my early baptism in the name of Jesus Christ, I thank God for my mother-tongue's having been English ; for by this I was made heir to the mind of Shakespeare ; owner of a key to the treasure house of Locke's thought ; one acquainted with Sir Thomas Browne's worth and oddity ; free of a church-sitting under Sir Isaac Barrow ; a fishing companion of Isaac Walton's ; and one to differ from Bishop Ken, and yet to love him.”

It is all just so, save what he says about the English tongue. True for him it may have seemed or been a thankworthy boon to have had the English for his mother tongue. And for many an other earnest soul it is a blessing equally precious to have the German for his mother tongue, thereby is made heir to the mind of Luther, whose words are half-battles, and Goethe, and Schleiermacher, and a long list of men whose writings and lives are the thought granary from which the nations of the earth derive the seed for their systems and theories of thinking and living.

The time and place of our birth have much to do in shaping our life and destiny. Had we been born 1873 years before instead of

so many years after Christ, in China or Ethiopia instead of in America, what a world of difference it would have made in our characters and final destiny. This gives a two-fold meaning to one's birth—the day and the land. It has much to do, too, with one's second birth—the birth “by water and the spirit.” Little hope would there have been to attain the last birth, had the first taken place 3500 years ago. How much we owe to our heavenly Father for bringing us into the world just when and where He did.

“His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parent's native place and time—
All appointed were by him.”

Our birth-days ought to be devoutly improved. Birth-day festivals, if properly observed, bring both pleasure and profit to individuals and families. The Germans have a custom to make the birth-day of every child in the family more or less a festive day. The child is made to feel that God has in many ways been very kind and merciful to it. Some unusual delicacy on the table marks the day. In the family prayer the father tenderly thanks God for his goodness to the child and the parents, and all the children with sweet accord sing a hymn of praise. Thus the birth-day cake and the birth-day prayer ought always to go together.

Very pleasant, too, is it for parents to celebrate their birth-days. The children vie with each other to make it a day of great joy, and a spirit of gratitude and humble trust in God is made to pervade the whole family. To heighten the pleasure of it some member of the family is overtaken with a pleasant surprise. Innocent deception is resorted to. A few friends are let into the secret. A festive board is spread by stealth. A group of friends are invited, whilst the chief actor of the scene is kept in happy ignorance. Never suspecting any mischief he returns home at the close of day, and enters his dwelling, where he is received with an ovation amid the congratulations and mirthful shouts of his delighted friends.

Full well I remember a certain happy victim of these birth-day delusions. A strong man in bodily and mental build, a hard worker, and one who makes his work tell better than most men can. For successive years the trap has been set for him, and never does he dream of danger until he puts his foot into it. True, to succeed, the surprise sometimes comes “a day after the fair,” or a temporary discrepancy is discovered in his birth-day record to throw him off his guard. Usually the amiable device succeeds. I can still see the ludicrous predicament of my friend on a certain evening. He fell a victim to an amiable conspiracy between his wife and children. It just happened that his daughter wished to visit an uncle that afternoon. Of course this was a pretext to get

her father out of the way for a few hours. Would he not take her thither? Certainly he could leave his business that long. Of course a kind father could not refuse such a reasonable request. Thus she kept him away from home till the feast had been prepared, and the guests gathered in the parlor. As he opens the door of an adjoining room, the friends hasten around him and overpower him with their boisterous greetings. The strongest and most self-possessed man feels his weakness at such a time. Reason is brought to a stand-still. He does not know what to say, indeed if he did he would have no chance to say it, for others will have all the say. It was a scene for a painter. There stood the victim in garments somewhat the worse for mud and wear, evidently not up to his choice for such an audience. His face at first bearing a thoughtful, half care-worn impression, he grasped the hands of a few with dignified civility. Suddenly the light flashes on his mind—sure enough, my birth-day. The muscles of his face abruptly relax, every furrow of care is smoothed, and his ringing voice merrily blends with the shouts of laughter which the success of the surprise provokes.

A certain widow lady, an example of godly matrons, a Tabitha in her flock, just stepping over into the evening of life, is returning from the weekly meeting. It happens to be a dreary, blustering winter night. And God in His mysterious providence has put a goodly share of dreary winter experience into her life. With a cheerful, hopeful heart she has borne it all. Withal she has been a very helpful person to others. But going home that dreary night, after she had helped the congregation to sing and pray, her mind sadly traveled over some of her past experience, for it was on her birth-day. Not the remotest suspicions had she as to what awaited her. Muttering something to her sister as she entered the front door, she at once proceeded to the parlor. An unexpected group of friends startled her. The crowd awaiting her entrance with breathless silence, dashed her. Was it a wonder that she for a moment shrank from such a sudden surprise, and had to be brought into the festive hall where hosts of healthful greetings were showered upon her? In due time, leaning on the arm of her pastor, she was led to a sumptuous table, which the kind hands and hearts of her friends had spread. How merrily she joined in all the pleasantries and enjoyments of the occasion, and forgot the dreary thoughts which haunted her on her homeward way.

A certain pastor, whom we have reason to know well, has repeatedly been served in a similar way. He has reason to know how one suddenly loses his powers of speech when thus pleasantly taken captive. Indeed, this is about the only first of April fooling that he ever could relish. This kind of deception is not in

the least provoking, neither does a man feel like preaching against it. When one thinks over the days and weeks of labor, secret planning and generous giving such a surprise costs, and how in every heart toiling for it, a heaven of kind and loving feelings prompts the whole, he is willing for a few moments to become a laughable picture of awkward joy. And then to notice that the authors of it, the scores of busy friends, enjoy it fully as much as the victim, gives the greater zest to the feast.

It is well to mark each passing birth-day with some appropriate ceremony. And if others help one to enjoy and improve it, they, too, become partakers of its blessings. Family anniversaries are very enjoyable, whatever event they may commemorate. Anniversaries of marriage, silver weddings, golden weddings, form pleasant gatherings of the family tribe, where parents and children, and "auld acquaintance" meet and mingle pleasantly under the "vine and fig-tree" of the old homestead.

In a certain dining-room we know of hangs a home-like, suggestive picture. Often have our eyes fallen on it while seated at table, and often has it preached to us of that "godliness with contentment," which is great gain. To be sure, it is not a costly oil painting, but only a chromo. Still its very plainness makes the scene more impressive.

It represents a couple on their fortieth marriage anniversary. They are hard-working people. Forty years ago to-day they were married in this humble home. Most likely then the home of the wife's parents. They are seated at a plain table, in a plain, little room, the same room in which their wedding guests once met, and the same table at which they ate their marriage meal. At the same sides of the table the toil-worn man and wife are now seated, where they sat forty years before.

The make-up of the room is very homelike, their garments home-spun. In the open fire-place, over a crackling wood-fire, hangs a simmering, singing tea-kettle. On the mantle above it lie the large, old, well-worn Bible, hymn-book and prayer-book. Over these hangs a picture, perhaps of a departed parent. On the wall hangs a box, containing a tobacco-pouch, a clay pipe and a flask. The floor is uncarpeted, but without a stain. The white table cloth has just been washed; it is used to-day for the first time since it came from under the smoothing iron. This is their fortieth wedding feast. The wife is dressed in a plain white cap, a jacket and petticoat, and a red cotton kerchief crossed around her neck. The father has his work-day clothes on, coarse, thick-soled, low shoes, woolen stockings, pants rolled up, no vest under the tightly-buttoned, ill-fitting coat. His head is bald, his brow furrowed, his grey eye keen and clear. The table is spread, but

sparingly. Only one large, earthen dish, in the centre of it, most likely containing potatoes. Before each lays a chunk of coarse bread, perhaps the so-called black bread. Two wooden spoons and the earthen dish are all the table furniture. He is seated on a coarse chest, she on a plain wooden chair. All morning he has been out at work, and she working no less in-doors. Meanwhile both have been thinking over their forty years of married life—over its joys and sorrows. Sons had been born to them; dear boys whom they had hoped to keep and lean upon in their declining years. But God took them away. Many of their plans have failed. Many mercies came when least expected. Over every rough place in life's journey God's merciful hand had helped them. And now after a thoughtful morning they seat themselves to their fortieth marriage meal. They alone, none but their faithful house-dog with them; a fat, well-fed poodle, doubtless a home pet, with a great bushy tail, and a kind, intelligent face, sits before the fireplace, and looks up with perceptible interest at the conduct of his friends, as though he understood it all. They are in the habit of praying over their meals, however meagre their fare. But to-day the old man's heart softens. He thinks of their boys, their blessings and their burdens. He must have more than the usual short table prayer to-day. He stops his loving wife as she is about to partake of food. Lifting up his great, bony right hand, grasping a coarse cotton handkerchief, and holding a wooden spoon in the other, he raises his eyes heavenward, and prays to the God and Keeper of his home. She meanwhile folding her hands on her knees, and with closed eyes and bowed head, devoutly bends over the festive board. The whole is a picture of contented lowly life, in which the unfaded love of an aged couple to one another and to their heavenly Father, are touchingly blended. A certain writer has put this into verse. As they are about to begin their frugal meal the old man says:

“Ay; but wait, good wife, a minute,
I have first a word to say:
Do you know what day to-day is?
Mother, 'tis our wedding day!

“Just as now we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away;
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to day!

“Then what plans we laid together;
What brave things I meant to do!
Could we dream to day would find us
At this table—me and you?

“Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes! I know dear;
Yes, He doeth all things well.

“Well, we’ve had our joys and sorrows;
Shared our smiles as well as tears;
And—the best of all—I’ve had your
Faithful love for forty years!

“Poor we’ve been, but not forsaken:
Grief we’ve known, but never shame,
‘Father, for Thy endless mercies
Still we bless Thy holy name!’”

“JUST FOR FUN.”

So said a gay young lady who in company with pleasant friends was walking one summer day near the railway in a Canadian city. The train was coming. Nearer and nearer it thundered along its way toward the depot. The thoughtless girl proposed crossing the track in front of it “just for fun.” With quick ejaculations of alarm her friends plead with her to desist from so dangerous an adventure, but paying no heed to their entreaties, in a mere spirit of frolic she sprang upon the track, her dress caught in the ponderous engine, and in another moment the fair and beloved form lay a mangled, crushed, and lifeless mass under the relentless iron wheels. These gay words were her last;—she never spoke again.

We have seen the young man leave his country home, and all the hallowed associations of parents and sisters, whose affections were twined about him, to seek employment in the crowded city. A good situation was secured,—his prospects were fair. But evil comrades came around, and, lured by their flatteries, he went with them to the haunts of vice. Its mad pleasures were described in smooth words; “I’ll keep myself,” he boastingly said. “I’ll go once, just for the fun of the thing.” He passed on to the chambers that take hold on death and hell, and that night the angels mourned over one who despite a pious mother’s entreaties and warnings began a downward career of ruin from which he has never recovered.

And so men and women are every day stepping into the path of destruction, “just for fun.” Multitudes of people, young, gay

and proud, are doing evil, or putting themselves in harm's way, not because they are so desperately wicked or vicious, but because they are careless of consequences, and heedless of their ways, not stopping to seriously consider the end of putting one's self in the track of temptation.

In the case of such we cry with affection and alarm,—“Take care!” The fun which begins in lightness and vanity ends in death and destruction. Beware of the dangerous path. Shun the approaches to it. There is a safe way; walk ye therein. It is a dreadful thing to perish through the indulgence of a little, brief fun, when the gate to happiness and life unending stands open wide. Oh, will you to-day commence to think upon these things, and be wise, for—

“Time will end our story.
But no time, if we live well,
Will end our glory.”

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Companion of Praise, for the Sunday-school, Family and Prayer-meeting. Edited by Rev. David Van Horne. (Enlarged edition,) Cincinnati, Ohio. Published by Rev. Samuel Mease, office “Christian World,” 178 Elm Street.

“Of making many books there is no end.” We look upon the multiplying of a certain kind of books as an evil. Among these are Sunday-school, hymn and tune books. In rapid succession they are ground out by men who strive to carve a fortune out of the children of the country, under the pretext of a tender concern for their spiritual well-being. Every new book claims to be far superior to all its predecessors. The Superintendent thinks his school must be up to the progress of the times. Thus book after book is inflicted on the teachers and scholars at their expense. This frequent change helps to create a morbid desire for novelty. It trains the children, in the sacred name of praise to God to sing stuff to Him in which He is never adoringly addressed, but told of sentimental prettinesses in heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the water under the earth.

We were fearful the “Companion of Praise” might partake of this character, albeit we should have known that better things could be expected from our friend of Dayton, Ohio.

We confess to a most agreeable disappointment. Not because this book is perfect. How absurd to expect faultless work at the hands of others when our own is covered over with blemishes! We take pleasure in saying that this book has fewer defects, and more to commend it than any work of the sort we have seen. On its 154 pages are 249 hymns. It has the Creed, the Commandments, and a number of Scripture lessons to be read responsively or antiphonally by the school and the superintendent. It contains 121 of our best hymns, in connection with good old standard tunes, for family and prayer-meeting use. In addition, there are one hundred Sunday-school hymns, with corresponding tunes. Three German chorals, well translated, enrich the book, with the tunes to which they were originally set. Luther's grand battle song,

“Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.”

What a stirring song to be well sung by a few hundred children.

“Our God stands firm, a rock and tower,
A shield when dangers press us ;
A ready help in every hour,
When doubt or pain distresses.”

And the waking song :

“Wachet auf ruft uns die Stimme,”

Is here with its sweet German music.

Besides the foregoing there are hymns and tunes for the infant department, chants and hymns for the Festival days, Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, &c. Next to Dr. Harbaugh's Hymns and Chants for Sunday-schools, we regard this collection of Sunday-school hymns the best we know of. As a tune and hymn book this work is a great advance on what we have been accustomed to. It will not poison and prejudice the minds of the children against the doctrine and sacred rites of their church, as others have done. In spirit, sentiment and arrangement it is more Reformed than any tune books now in use. We cordially commend it to our Sunday-schools, and hope they will use it long enough to learn to appreciate and profit by it.

MY GOOD OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

[From the N. Y. Evangelist.]

They brought home the portrait last night to me—
On the parlor walls it is hung.
I gave to the artist a picture small,
Which was taken when she was young.
It's true to life—with a look in the eyes
I never saw in another—
And the same sweet smile that she always wore—
'Tis my good, old-fashioned mother.

The hair in the picture's wavy and dark—
'Twas taken before she was gray;
And the same short curls at the side hang down,
For she always wore it that way.
Her hand on the Bible easily rests,
As when, with sisters and brother,
I knelt at her knee, reciting my verse,
To my good, old-fashioned mother.

Her dress it is plain, and quite out of style,—
Not a puff or ruffle is there;
And no jewels or gold glitter and shine—
She never had any to wear.
Ambition for wealth, or love of display,
We could not even discover,
For poor in spirit and humble in heart
Was my good, old-fashioned mother.

Her life was crowded with work and with care:
How did she accomplish it all?
I do not remember she ever complained,
And yet she was slender and small.
Motives of life that were selfish or wrong,
With Christian grace did she smother,
And lived for her God, the loved ones at home,
My true, good, old-fashioned mother.

The years of her life were only three-score
When the messenger whispered low:
"The MASTER has come and called for thee!"
She answered: "I'm ready to go!"
I gaze alone on her portrait to-night,
And more than ever I love her;
And I thank the Lord that He gave to me
Such a good, old-fashioned mother.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

A LITTLE HERO.—The Royal Humane Society of England has sent its medal, together with a suitable inscription, to Alfred Ingham, eleven years of age, who was recently instrumental in saving the life of another boy named Helliwell who fell into the canal at Sowerbybridge, Yorkshire, the water being ten feet deep. Helliwell was playing with some other boys on the canal bank, when he accidentally fell into the water. The cries of his companions, who were paralyzed with fear, and made no effort to save him, brought Ingham to the spot, but by this time Helliwell had disappeared. Nothing daunted, Ingham immediately threw off his clothes and plunged into the water at the spot where he was told the lad had sunk. After diving several times, he at length caught the inanimate boy round the neck, and brought him to the surface, when, by the assistance of others, he was got on the bank. The boy Ingham, however, seems to have not only learned how to swim, but to have acquired an excellent knowledge of the mode of treating persons apparently drowned, for on getting Helliwell on the bank he placed him on his stomach, and, by gently rolling him from side to side, caused him to vomit a large quantity of the water he had imbibed, and gradually restored him to life. When he was sufficiently restored Ingham assisted him home, upon which the mother of the boy who had so narrow an escape wished to reward Ingham with all the money she had, but this the brave little fellow refused to accept.

HOW MAY A CHRISTIAN GIRL DRESS?—*How many ruffles? Ear-rings, or not? How far may she follow the fashions?*

The love of personal ornamentation is, by no means, to be denied. There is a logic of love better than the logic of the head, and a Christian girl will settle these questions best by doing nothing that conflicts with a whole-hearted love of Christ. She will dress modestly, because a Christian heart shuns all vanity. She will not dress extravagantly, because a Christian girl will remember the poor. She will not expend her love of adornment on the exterior chiefly, for a Christian girl will not forget that a meek and quiet spirit is a brighter ornament than diamonds.—*Christ. Union.*

ALL THINGS SPEAK OF JESUS.—Did you ever think how every part of your house can remind you of the great truths which Jesus Christ taught about Himself? The corner stone says, "Christ is the Corner-stone;" the door, "I am the door;" the burning candle, "Christ is the Light of the world." You look out of the window, and the sight of the starry sky bids you turn your eyes to "the bright and Morning Star." The rising sun speaks of the "Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings." The loaf

on your table whispers of the "bread of life," and the water which quenches your thirst, "I am the water of life." When you lie down you think of Him who had not where to lay his head; and when you get up you rejoice that He is "the resurrection and the life."

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—it's promised, redeem it—if it's a shilling, hand it over—you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to the children, they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

THERE is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drops run off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive Him.

A CONGREGATION was kept waiting for the minister on Sabbath morning. A messenger was sent to see what was detaining him. When he came to the study door he heard the minister speaking to some one, and speaking very earnestly. The messenger brought back the information that there seemed to be some one with him whom he was very anxious to have accompany him to the church, saying that he would not come without him. It was a wrestling Jacob. Such must all our teachers be who would prevail.

A LITTLE child was in the habit of following her father with the question, "Father, what can I do for you?" She never seemed happier than when doing something for him. So constantly and unweariedly did she put the question, that her father at last said, "My child, why do you ask me that so often?" "Oh, father," was her answer, while great tears filled her eyes, "because I can't help it, I love you so much!" Precious child. She had found the secret of service. How many of us love the Father so much that we can't help asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

ELIZABETH CHRISTINA, Queen of Prussia, was speaking one day to the little daughter of her gardener, and was greatly pleased with the wisdom and gentleness of the child. Some time after, as the queen was about to sit down with her ladies at the table, the child was brought in, and the queen ordered her to sit beside her. The queen was curious to see what impression the gold and silver and bright ornaments would make on the little girl. She looked around in silence and astonishment. At last she folded her hands and said in a clear voice,

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are and glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift my head.

The ladies were deeply moved. "Oh, the happy child!" one of them exclaimed to the queen, "how high she is above us!"

Editor's Drawer.

TWO FOOLISH FRIENDS —In the depth of a forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said, one day, in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel." "Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?" "Oh! it cannot be difficult," said fox number one; "two-legged people fall out; why should not we?" So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last, number one fetched two stones. "There!" said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel, and fight, and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine!" "Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them." "But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel, any day?" So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again. I often think of this fable when I feel more inclined to be sulky than sweet. —*Children's Hour.*

THE POET WHITTIER CONFUSED.—An amusing story is told of the Poet Whittier, who is as modest as he is gifted. He was in the city not long since, and went to hear Rev. E. H. Chapin speak a lecture, somewhere uptown. The clergyman was eloquent, as usual; his discourse, interlarded with highly wrought passages of rhetoric, closing with a stirring poetical quotation, so well delivered that the Quaker bard applauded with the rest. Some one sitting next him inquired, "Do you know, Mr. Whittier, who is the author of that extract?" "No; I do not. It sounds familiar, and I like the sentiment." "Why, the lines are yours, Mr. Whittier. You must remember them. They are from your famous anti-slavery odes." "So they are," said Whittier, after a little reflection, and blushing like a school-girl caught reading her first love-letter. "I really did not recall them. Indeed, they sounded so much better than they ever sounded before it is not strange that I failed to recognize them." The poet, thoroughly sincere, did not recover for some time from the embarrassment of outwardly acclaiming his own composition; but has now come to regard it as so good a joke that he tells it of himself.—*New York Letter to Chicago Tribune.*

CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING.—The Connecticut editor who wrote the following, evidently knew what he was talking about: Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this, so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes: "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother encouraged, adds, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I

come up there and give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about the trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of Health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

MR. GLADSTONE'S *Life of Whitefield* is a work of real merit, executed with literary taste and skill. He gives many illustrations of Whitefield's extraordinary oratorical power, among which is the following: He was preaching before the seamen of New York, when suddenly assuming a nautical air and manner that were irresistible, he thus abruptly broke in with "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But, what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark!—the tempest rages!—our masts are gone!—the ship is on her beam-ends! What next?" This appeal instantly brought the sailors to their feet, with a shout: "The long-boat!—take to the long-boat!"

AN ADVERTISEMENT in an English paper of 1667 runs as follows: "An advertisement.—We are, by His Majesty's command, to give notice, that by reason of the great heats which are growing on, there will be no further touching for the "King's evil" till Michaelmas next, and, accordingly, all persons concerned are to forbear their addresses till that time."

The following advertisement is also from an English paper:

"Wanted, to live in Scotland, an under laundry maid, who understands her business thoroughly, and is a good ironer. She must be a member of the Church of England, a good singer, and willing to take part in a church choir. Address, by letter, C. B.," &c.

GIVE not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine. If vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles*.

A CONCEITED man, who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for private study, showed it to a friend, remarking, "Here I sit reading from morning till night, and nobody a bit the wiser."

SCANDAL ought to be regarded, like piracy, as the common enemy of mankind. Truly polite ears will not listen to it, for it naturally belongs to that low life in which Mrs. Grundy's family originated.

THE following appeared some time ago upon the house of a colored man in Philadelphia:—"Peter Brown, porter and waiter.—N. B. Attends to funerals, dinner parties, and other practical occasions."

A LADY asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers. "Madam," answered he, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

JULY, 1873.

No. 7.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
No. 907 Arch Street.

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GUARDIAN, JULY, 1873.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

Mrs. J.O.Johnson, Scyl.HavenPa. 1 50 24	Rosa Kessler, Allentown, Pa. 1 50 23
Dr.C.P.W.Fisher, Boalsbg,Pa, 3 00 25&26	Jacob Tribble, McConnellsb'g, Pa. 1 50 24
Rev. OLAshenfelter,Brgep't,N,J. 1 50 24	Rev. J.G.Noss, West Phila. 3 00 23&24
Ellen Spohn, Reading, Pa. 1 50 24	Annie E Waggoner, Carlisle, Pa. 1 50 24
John Kissinger " " 1 50 24	Rev. J. Ault, Mechanicsburg, Pa. 1 50 24
Hannah Kiefer " " 1 50 23	

THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV.

JULY, 1873.

No. 7.

THE SONS OF THE PROPHETS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“I was born in the city of Stein, in the land of Krain. My pious mother, Gertrude, sang me Psalms and spiritual songs in childhood; and often, when I awoke in the night, I saw her still sitting patiently at her work by the stove, and heard her singing those hymns of heaven, or praying in the midnight darkness when her work was done. It was for me she prayed. Thus, from my earliest childhood, I breathed the breath of pious aspiration. Afterwards I went to Laybach, as a student of theology; and, after the usual course of study was ordained a priest. I went forth to the care of souls; my own soul filled with the faith that ere long all people would be united in one Church. Yet at times my heart was heavy, to behold how many nations there are who have not heard of Christ.”—HYPERION.

Thus many a man of God remembers with tender affection, the moulding heart of a pious mother. And not only hers, but, like Timothy, those of godly foremothers. For, as some one justly says: our education begins with our forefathers; and the technical term “fathers,” includes our foremothers. Indeed there are still many godly mothers, who, like Hannah and Elizabeth, dedicate their Samuels and Johns to God before they are born. And after birth, they daily call the holy angels around the babe in prayer, and breathe into the child their own pious longings. In due time the little boy will hear the Lord’s voice, calling “Samuel.” And he will answer: “Here am I. Speak, for thy servant heareth.”

The office of the holy ministry is the highest official position attainable by mortal. To be an ambassador of Christ to a perishing world, to stand, speak and officiate in “Christ’s stead,” confers honors and powers, such as no office in the gift of earthly empires or monarchs can bestow. The well known advice of

President Jackson to a certain aspiring minister of the Gospel, who dishonored his cloth by his vain-glorious lusting after political position, was true in the fullest sense. Applying to him for a foreign appointment, as minister to some European court, "Old Hickory replied: "Sir, you have already a more honorable and remunerative commission as minister, than this or any other nation can bestow. You had better be faithful to the appointment the great Master has conferred upon you."

The brave old warrior had a more orthodox view of the holy office than is ordinarily held by men of his standing. For centuries, the popular estimation of an ecclesiastic in the Catholic church of Europe, was so high, that no family of wealth and rank would be content without having at least one son to represent it in the priesthood. Alas, in Protestant Churches, one rarely finds this holy zeal among the great ones of the earth, to give and train their sons to the service of representing the Lord Jesus Christ to the race of man. Were it not for the sons of the lowly, two-thirds of the churches in the land would be left without pastors in ten years' time. Nothing discloses the idolatry of Mammon, the love of money and of the world among wealthy Christian families, in such a sad form, as their unwillingness to give their sons to Christ, in the office of the ministry.

How are young men called to the ministry? Very often, as Samuel, John the Baptist, and Timothy were called, from their mother's womb. But their mothers were full of the Holy Ghost, and abounded in prayer. Had our present Israel more women like these ancient mothers, we would have more great prophets, of true grit and grand power. Not that we are without them. Many such noble mothers have I known and read of. Their sons from early boyhood live and serve in the House of God. Their chief joy is to be with God's people, and, in their own peculiar way, help to support his cause.

A certain gentleman once consulted me about his boy.

"I have a son who, I think, ought to study for the ministry. I should like to have your advice about it."

"Very well," I replied, greatly pleased with the prospect of introducing another laborer into the vineyard of Christ. "Why do you think he ought to study for the ministry?"

"Well, the fact is, he has always been a delicate child, and will never be strong enough to work at a trade. I thought as ministers had no hard work to perform, he could suit himself better in this *business* than any other." The poor soul looked upon the ministry as a *business*.

What should I say to this man? My dear sir, the ministry is not an invalid corps, made up of people who are too sickly to be

of any use elsewhere. In the Old Testament, "no priest who had any bodily defect, could offer sacrifice, or enter the holy place to present the shew bread." In the New Testament Church some of the most useful ministers have been life-long invalids. Their sorrows kept them nearer the cross and gave to their ministrations a peculiar tenderness and power. Especially did their afflictions fit them to sympathize with the afflicted. It is possible for a strong intellect and a pure heart to dwell in a sickly body. And, after all, it is the mind and the heart power that the minister needs. There are diversities of gifts, of bodily gifts, too; and God needs them and can make use of them all.

But the question has another side. Does He need these gifts only in the ministry? He needs pious laymen, too. The people of God should see to it that the ministry is furnished with a sufficient number of healthy, able-bodied as well as able-minded men, without needing to call invalids into service.

It is true, Calvin was an invalid; and was not Calvin one of the great lights of the Church? He wrote whole books in bed, and lived on a fasting fare. And I believe that his angular, sharp stern system of theology is partly owing to his sickly body. And a greater than Calvin, Paul, seemed to have been an invalid; a man whose great soul dwelt in a frail, sickly tenement. Robert Hall, one of the greatest pulpit orators England has produced, was an invalid. Of whom his physician says: No man ever, probably, went through more physical suffering; he was a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of mind, exalted by religion, over the infirmities of the body. For more than twenty years he was never able to pass an entire night in bed, and was often obliged, in a single night to take one thousand drops of laudanum.

In the face of all this I hold that my old friend was egregiously in error. It is wrong to burden the ministry with men, whose wrecked constitutions unfit them for any other pursuit. A young man who has inherited a disease, which, according to well-known laws of physiology, must ere long develop itself, and weaken his working powers, ought to seek another sphere of usefulness. How many young men pious, but bearing the seeds of disease in their system, has the Church educated, who died in the first years of their ministry, and some before they entered it. "O sirs, the good die first," was the sentimental wail around their bier. Good and true they were, and have very likely entered into rest, yet I hold that the Church should have spent its money for the training of healthy able-bodied men, instead of selecting those whom none of their friends expected to live long. We tenderly sympathize with the afflicted, but deem it highly unwise to spend the means which God gives us to so little purpose.

Much truth did the ancient poet express in his well-known saying about a sound mind dwelling in a sound body. As a rule, the giants of the pulpit are men of bodily soundness and vigor. From Chalmers and Whitefield down to Dr. Hall of New York, they are men of strong build, good digestion, and healthy nervous tone. And in the pastoral work this is no less necessary than in preaching.

It is impossible for an invalid to sustain a cheerful and hopeful ministry among his people. He looks with a sad eye upon human life. He may be sympathetic, but it is almost always with the shadows that are in the world. He will give out moaning and drowsy hymns. He will make prayers that are almost all piteous. It may not be a minister's fault if he be afflicted and ill, and administers his duties in mourning and sadness, but it is a vast misfortune for his people.

What a sorry life have some of the best pastors been living, whose nerves are easily unstrung, whose stomach and liver are all the while pouting, and refusing to do their duty? Many of these sacrificed their health on the altar of the Church. The work and worry of their office have shattered constitutions naturally strong. Sooner or later we must all yield to the common fate of human frailty. Entering the army and the battle field with a limping gait and crutches, ill become the soldier. Leaving the field after the battle has been fought and won, with scars and a frame enfeebled by enduring hardship, are his greatest glory.

A certain other father once complained to me that his son was such a stupid student. For the life of him, neither he nor his teacher could pound any knowledge into him. He shunned his books as a hen shuns the water. What should he do with him? He had formerly thought of preparing him for law or medicine, but he will never come to anything in any of these professions. "I have for some time seriously thought of sending him to college, with a view of making a minister out of him."

"You have! So you think a man who has not mind enough to make a doctor or a lawyer, is good enough for a minister. If not fit for those, much less for this. We want no blockheads in the ministry. There, more than anywhere else, we need men of strong minds, and who know how to use them."

Jean Paul says of his grandfather, that he was "very pious and very poor." And we can say of many men, in the ministry and out of it, that they are very pious and very stupid. Piety cannot supply a lack of talent or learning. I cannot believe that God calls a young man to be a minister who has an impediment in his speech, who is a semi-imbecile, whose mental qualities, so far as seen, are all against his attempting to enter the ministry. How

natural for us clergymen to err in this respect. The Church is suffering from a want of laborers. We must try and bring young men into the holy office. We appeal to our young people to enter the Master's vineyard. A young man reports himself. How delighted we are! So eager to come to the rescue of the Church, that we forget to inquire rigidly into the motives and talents of the youth. We hurry him off to college. Perhaps he seems dull, but some dull students have made the most brilliant preachers. Perhaps he is poor. We get him support. Support him for six or eight years. Spend from \$1000 to \$1500 for his education. He graduates with an unblemished character, and an undisciplined and unfurnished mind. Less fitted for ministerial purposes than many young men who have never gotten beyond the privileges of some humble country school. Useful Christian farmers, mechanics or day laborers, such men would make. But it is a pity, it is a gross moral wrong knowingly to spoil a good cobbler to make a very poor clergyman. I hold there is more true glory in mending boots well than in being a professional bungler and quack. It costs no more to educate a young man of first-class talent for the ministry, than one of no talent. And it is not difficult to find enough talented young men, if pastors do their duty. Men of the best body, and men of the best mind we ought to bring into the sacred office. To be a minister is not everybody's duty. God has a place for every one; a place just suited for each one's capacity. To force or persuade one into the wrong sphere, will throw his whole life out of joint. With the crying wants of the ministry, the Church ought to discriminate well in the selection of her candidates. The finest talent, the most vigorous bodies and minds ought to be laid on her altar.

A certain ministerial brother was one day called on by a poor young shoemaker for advice. He had heard that the Church called for more ministers. He had made up his mind to respond to her call, but he had not the necessary means. Would the Reformed Church perhaps furnish him therewith?

The good pastor inquired into his motives for such a step. He frankly stated that he was tired making shoes. Besides a shoemaker was not so much respected as a minister. He thought it would be a good plan for him to rise in the world. Such was the substance of his remarks as to his motives. The good pastor replied that if those were his only motives, the "shoemaker had better stick to his last." We could name a long list of men in part or entirely educated by the Church, who now use the education they received, with the money of God's people, in amassing a fortune, or running a career of worldliness. Some such have passed over into other denominations, in quest of more rapid pro-

motion ; a few, perhaps, for conscience' sake. Some desert the ranks, and laugh their benefactors to scorn before their education has been completed. And only in exceptional cases do such persons refund the money which they have received from the Church. Their conduct can only be accounted for on the ground of an improper motive in entering the ministry.

All praise to the noble band of loyal and true brethren, who fought their way up from a lowly birth, to the first and most useful positions in the Church. Glorious men, whose fame and name outshine those of the sons of the rich, because through much tribulation they have entered the kingdom of a blessed ministerial power ; men who have the manhood, the piety and the talents which make up the successful minister of Christ. But as for those who lack any or all of these—

“ From such apostles, O ye mitred heads
Preserve the Church ! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.”

With respect to a call for the ministry, Henry Ward Beecher says :

“ Young men are sometimes brought up to it as I was. I never had any choice about it. My father had eight sons. Only two of them ever tried to get away from preaching, and they did not succeed. The other six went right into the ministry, just as naturally as they went into manhood. Therefore, so far as personal experience is concerned, I have nothing to say.

I have observed, however, in classes, in college, and elsewhere, that when young men have not been brought up to believe all through their childhood that they were to be ministers, they generally have the question brought to their mind in some serious mood, whether they ought to go into law, or into medicine, or to be civil engineers, or whether they ought to go into the ministry. They think about it a good while, and at last it is borne in upon them, without any special reason, that they had better preach ; and they resolve to do it. These are young men who ordinarily cannot form judgments deliberately.”

DEATH.—One may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.—*Webster.*

It is not isolated great deeds which do most to form a character, but small conterminous acts, touching and blending into one another. The greenness of a field comes not from trees, but blades of grass.

 POSTSCRIPT GOSPELS.

 BY PERKIOMEN.

Saint John closes his Gospel in these words: "*And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen.*"

This is one of your strong, nervous oriental sayings. The spies who had searched around Canaan, (Numbers XIII. 33), saw giants, aside of whom they *were like grasshoppers*. "Not exactly," you think; but there was yet something in their report, and the people knew how to take it. So too was Solomon's wisdom considerably magnified, (Ecclesiasticus XXXVII. 15): "*Thy soul covered the whole earth, and thou fillest it with Parables.*" We read of cities (Deut. I. 28) which are said to be *walled up to heaven*—i. e. very high walls.

The Jewish writers speak thus of JOCHANAN: "*He composed such a great number of precepts and lessons, that if the heavens were paper, and all the trees of the forest so many pens, and all the children of men so many scribes, they would not suffice to write all his lessons.*" Of Eliezar it is said: "*Although the firmament were vellum, and the waters of the ocean were changed into ink, it would not be sufficient to describe all the knowledge of Eliezar.*"

All such sayings pass for "Hyperboles," you see. They convey a truth, provided we attach no other meaning than their author intended. This sense we learn by reflecting *by* whom and *to* whom they are given. When Saint John, for example, says, the world itself could not contain all the books of Jesus, the Jew will at once understand *an immense number*.

Or, should you be shocked at such a rendering of the inspired Record, take it in this sense: "The Miracles and Parables were so many, that if all were detailed, the world would not receive them with credence but dismiss them as fabulous in number and kind."

The principal lesson we are taught by the closing words of the last Gospel, however, is that the four Evangelists do not claim to be *chroniclers* of our Lord's Life and History. Rather as ants that carry by piece-meal the mound together, or like coral animals that build islands of tiny particles—so have the four holy men concreted a history of Jesus—such a history as would suffice to convince men that Jesus is the Son of God.

We have full proof of at least *two* sayings of our Lord, which the Evangelists did not record.

The one: IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.—(Acts XX. 35.)

That sounds unearthly, indeed. Were we not told by St. Paul that these are the “words of the Lord Jesus,” we would nevertheless suspect them of some foreign origin. They could hardly have been conceived and uttered by any covetous man-heart. Reverse it, and the phrase becomes thoroughly human; as it stands now, it is out and out divine.

How well it is, though, that our minds are capable of apprehending and endorsing a truth which the Divine Spirit places in a mould for us—even if we cannot originally discover it. When the artist liberates the “imprisoned angle” in the marble for us, we can all admire the statue. The enlightened soul, with much possession crowned, feels the warmth of such a divine philosophy. Paradoxical as logic may regard the formula, the wisdom from above still persuades us that by giving away we grow fat, and by scattering we gather. Surely the richest man is he who invests most wisely, not he who hoards and stores. Read the epitaph of the Earl of Devon :

*What we left, we lost !
What we spent, we had !
What we gave, we have !*

Thus a rich man, though dead, yet testifies. Many living yet feel its Gospelness. The pious poor man, too, admits the truth of our Lord’s saying. He would rather give than take, poor as he may be. It is a greater burden to receive a kindness, favor, or gift, than it is to the generous to render it. As we ascend the scale of nobility, we give much rather than take. “To take is human—even inhuman sometimes!—to give, divine.” How does the reader like this new rendering of an old saying? God gives much, and asks but little; and is it not our legitimate destiny to become God-like, more and more?

That man may breathe but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation’s blot—creation’s blank.

The other: MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE; FOR MY STRENGTH IS MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.—(Second Cor., XII. 9.)

Another of our Lord’s declarations, of which St. Paul is the only Evangelist. He tells us that the Lord said so to him. It satisfied and cheered him greatly. A promise and a prophecy lie over each other here. Without any exception, God’s Grace is made sufficient

for us—in all states and conditions of life. Our asking for it, however, may be sadly deficient. That's the reason we miscarry so often. *Gottes Brännlein hat Wassers die Fülle.* A little son asked his faithful mother, during one of our late earthquakes, whether she was not alarmed. "No, my child," was her confident answer, "I rejoice in a God who can shake the world." She had some sense of God's all-sufficiency, we think. So too had that little fellow, whose widowed mother wondered what they must do after the last measure of flour should be spent. "Oh! mam, don't you think God will hear when we scrape the bottom of the barrel?" During one of the fearful German wars, a poor woman cheered her frightened boy, at eventide, in hearing of booming cannons, by telling him that God could surround them as by a wall. "How, mother, how?" "Don't ask me, Johan! Did I know how, I might do it myself." They prayed and slept undisturbed. Sure enough, by morning snow-banks had environed the little hut higher than its roof and gables. It verily appears that no cloud can overshadow the Christian, but the eye that is in him will discern a rainbow. "My Grace is sufficient for thee," is a Gospel that seems to be echoing within and around our hearts, ever since Jesus proclaimed it to Paul as an antidote to his thorn in the flesh, and through him to us. God does wonders in the seas by the tiny little corals; but what does He perfect by means of elephants? He seems to let them shamble around, before our eyes, just to show man how vain a thing mere size and bulk is. His strength is made perfect in the weak things of earth—never by massive instruments. He accomplishes His wonders in a nation by means of orphan boys—not by such as are born big from the outstart. And in His favorite kingdom His law has always been: *My strength is made perfect in weakness.* Mary was an unknown Jewish maiden, and the Apostles were fishermen. So, too, will saints continue to be built out of the little ones of the earth. The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are God's greatest men. It is not possible for man to become great until he sees that he, and all that is, is small, and God alone is great.

Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies,"
And "dust to dust," concludes her noblest song.—*Young.*

Webster was quite right, in declaring: "Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees." But why listen to this one and then to another? Have we not a still surer commentator? Had He not spoken before what he reiterated to Paul: "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted?"

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.”—(Proverbs xxx. 17.)

“Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.”—(Ephesians v. 1—3.)

On the lower eastern slope of the Valley of Jehosaphat are several monuments or tombs. One purports to be the tomb of Absalom, the fair, favored, frail son of David. Around it lies a heap of loose stones. The heap grows larger every year. As the Turks pass the tomb they pelt it with stones, to show their abhorrence of the son who disobeyed and rebelled against his father. In this way these stones have been, and still are, brought hither.

During the seven-years-war, the son of a poor farmer, named Kurzhagen, served as a common soldier in the German army. In the small village of Parchim he was born, and there his parents lived and died. The son was a faithful, affectionate child; a brave soldier, and a true Christian. In due time he was promoted for his valor, honored with the order of Knighthood, and made General of a division. At the height of his prosperity, he returned with his army from the war—returned with much glory. As he approached his native village, his humble, godly parents, clad in plain, home-spun farmers' clothing, awaited him in the market place. As the son saw his dear old parents among the village throng, he leaped from his gay war-horse, embraced and kissed them in the presence of his soldiers and officers. From that day they had to live with him, and eat with him at his table. On a certain occasion, one of his officers sneeringly remarked that it was improper for common farmers to eat at the same table with Knights. To which Kurzhagen bravely replied:

“How can I help but gratefully honor the first benefactors of my life? Before I became a Knight I was a child.”

This incident came to the ears of General Von Ziethen, the highest officer of the army. Soon thereafter Kurzhagen gave a dinner to all the officers of the garrison. The plain old parents

asked their son to permit their absence at the table, as they would feel embarrassed among so many great folks. At the table Von Ziethen asked the son :

“Where are your worthy parents? Let them at once come to the table; by no means let my presence keep them away.”

Nay, more; Von Ziethen himself went to their room and brought them to the feast; heartily grasped the old people's hands, and set one to his right hand and one to his left, at the table. Then, taking a glass of wine in hand, the great chief arose and said :

“Meine Herren, auf das Wohl dieser würdigen Alten, der braven Eltern eines braven und verdienstvollen Sohnes, der es beweis't dass ein dankbarer Sohn mehr werth ist, als ein hochmüthiger Rittmeister.”

(My friends, to the health (well-being) of these worthy old people, the brave parents of a brave and meritorious son, who shows that a grateful son is worth more than a haughty Knight.)

Once Kurzhagen was invited to dine with Frederick the Great. The King asked his guest from what house (noble family) he was descended. “From none, may it please your Majesty,” he replied. “My parents are merely plain country people, and I would not exchange them for any other parents in the world.”

“That is nobly spoken,” the great King said. “Woe to him who is little enough to be ashamed of his parents and relatives; he is not a *noble* man, and can never be one.”

Now and then I hear of young people who have acquired the disgraceful notoriety of being unkind to their parents, and to their face rudely refuse to obey them. I have often wondered how everybody comes to know all about their bad behavior so soon. And equally surprising it is how unanimously all good-thinking people predict the future misery of such. And no less astonishing is it to learn how their predictions are fulfilled. Loss of character, loss of the credit, confidence, and respect of others always come upon the son or daughter who sins against parents. And usually such ill-mannered young people are the most tempted to filial unkindness at an age when their habits ought to improve, and their riper judgment ought to teach them better. If there is any of this leaven of wickedness in a young person, it is most likely to show itself at the period when the boy is about passing over into a young man, and the girl into a young lady. This period of transition is one of the most critical in life. Then the youth passes the threshold of a new world. New associates cluster around one; and pleasures equally new are offered. Pleasures with poisonous ingredients are pressed upon us by false friends. The tempter comes in the disguise of innocence. Social sins are varnished with the semblance of innocent amusements. The young man, recently a boy, is seen among

the group loitering around the tobacco shop, and the rum hole. The young lady, lately a girl, giddily saunters along the street, late at night, with her silly companions. Bad men exchange glances and smiles with her, and see that she is pleased with the exchange. The parents entreat, rebuke, exhort. Alas! to no effect.

Yes; once they could command, and enforce their rules with the rod. Now, no longer. The boy has grown into a young man; the girl into a young lady. He is as tall and strong as father; she is, physically, a match for mother. Surely for the back of the young gentleman or lady, though a fool, the rod cannot be intended; or, if intended, cannot be used. With a sneer, the advice of kind parents is spurned. How many a parent's heart bleeds at the sight of such disobedience.

Just here the young make a new start in life. They step over into a new sphere of experience. To fit them for it, the church provides for their instruction in the Scriptures and their confirmation, just before they pass the boundary. They renew their baptismal vows. They enlist as active soldiers in the army of Christ. Yet, right on the threshold, they are misled by the siren voice of sin. Nor parent nor pastor will they heed. The fifth commandment, to them, is a dead letter. Other counselors they prefer. Them they will follow. What all this must lead to the wisest of men clearly teaches:

“Rejoice, O young man in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.”—(Eccl. XI. 9.)

The biography of many a good person clearly shows how God's blessings follow those who are kind and obedient to their parents. The *promise* in the commandment is a true one.

Some thirty years ago a certain young man was a student in Jefferson College, Western Pennsylvania. He enjoyed his studies, and strove to prepare himself for usefulness in life. Meanwhile his father was unfortunate. He became embarrassed in business. How should he keep his home and raise his family of small children? His son at college had the prospect of acquiring a thorough education, which he prized very highly; yet his love for his parents enabled him to sacrifice this. He left college, returned home, taught school, and made himself otherwise useful, that he might assist his father to pay his debts, keep his home, and raise his children. Although without a college diploma, in the course of time he became Governor of Pennsylvania. Six months ago he died. When this incident of his life was published, a certain Christian gentleman, who had never voted for him, remarked to

me: "I have much more respect for Governor Geary than I ever had before. A man who treats his parents as he did I must respect and admire." This friend may have seen things in the Governor's political career which he had to condemn, but the self-denying kindness to his father was the great redeeming feature of his character and life, which, in the eyes of thinking people, covered a multitude of political differences, and even infirmities.

Forty years ago, a certain young man graduated in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, then at York, Pa. He became pastor of a large and influential Reformed congregation. Meanwhile his father died, leaving a widow and a large family of children. The young pastor left his pleasant field of labor, where he was well supported, that he, as the oldest brother, might take a father's place aside of his widowed mother. For six years he devoted himself to teaching, and assisted his mother to support her family and educate her children. But for his faithfulness to his mother, it is doubtful whether his three brothers could have graduated in College and the Seminary, and become useful ministers of the Gospel.

A few months ago I visited a certain family, in humble life, yet in comfortable circumstances. I inquired about the son. "He is still a very kind boy to us," the mother said. "There is hardly a day but what he comes to see us, and always tries to do and say something to please us."

This boy now fills a prominent position, enjoys the confidence of the community, gets a salary of between \$3,000 and \$4,000, without being spoiled by it, or becoming too proud to love his parents. Although often pressed with work, he finds time to walk half a dozen squares every day, and spend half an hour with his parents. Does not this all prove how true is the first commandment with promise, (Exodus, xx. 12)?



ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—"I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but go to my Father." To an humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied, "I know I am: but, blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it, I hope it."

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATION.

From the French by Lamartine.

BY MARY ELLEN.

Oh that I had befitting words,
A sign, a type, relief affords—
To tell the thoughts I feel!
Oh could my heavy burden'd tongue
Once free—to noblest accents strung,
My inner life reveal!

O holy law, a mystery!
A soul attun'd to melody
The universe enthrones.
Each being has its harmony,
And ev'ry star its symphony,
E'en air its sacred tones.

One voice alone, these all employ,
'Tis Nature's song of holy joy,
And like her God, sublime!
These evermore proclaim the same,
O Lord! that word, that precious name,
Is heard in every clime.

When winds the crested waves caress,
Or sea doth roar in wild distress,
When thunders war on high—
Ah! who as ignorant as we,
The children born of destiny,
Can even ask—and why?

One says:—'tis grand—sublimity!
Another—pow'r, immensity!
One cries,—resist His will—
Another flies, before His face;
Yet one doth say: His shadow trace!
All heav'n and earth be still!

But man, Thine own immortal child,
By knowing nature oft beguil'd
But simple words can find—
E'en these unmeaning—yea too frail,
His thoughts eternal, to unveil,
As echoes of his mind.

His soul, e'en like the storm confin'd
Amid the clouds, when roaring wind
Doth strive itself to free.
Or like the foaming captive wave,
As 'gainst the shore, it breaks—doth rave—
Then rolls into the sea.

It wastes and wears itself away,
As eaglet frets, the live-long day,
Ere it is plum'd for flight.
Its eyes aspire a genial sphere,
While yet it crawls the earth, in fear,
As stupid reptile might.

'Tis not an endless life that most
I envy in th' angelic host—
Nor glorious destiny.
It is their harp, their heav'nly lyre,
By which a heart, profane entire—
Can praise unceasingly.

Ah! yes, within me something sighs,
Soft as the evening zephyr's rise,
When night doth it exhale.
Sublime as ocean's restless surge,
Or pealing crash of thunder's rage,
My heart—to speak—how frail!

Ocean, upon whose peerless shore
The plaintive billows break and pour—
Ah! branches, when ye wave—
Thunder, with which the clouds are filled,
Or brooks, by evening's zephyrs thrill'd
Had I the voice—you have!

My longing soul—Oh! could it be,
That God, whose love enkindles thee,
As northern winds, the flame—
To ardent zeal, consuming thee,
Would grant in rapt'rous ecstasy,
One word, to speak His name!

His Name as Nature evermore,
In wordless whispers, doth adore—
That Name the heav'ns e'er know.
The Name that bright aurora veils,
And star to star in rapture hails
The echo's tuneful flow!

The thunder, yea, the hurricane.
And fire, the sea,—e'en earth, His name,
To hear, in silence wait.
Hearing, with wonder thrill'd, the air,
Delays to learn, the accent rare—
The skies—to iterate!

That Name, repeated o'er and o'er,
 In vale of tears—of trials sore,
 Would calm my ev'ry sigh.
 I then would say, without regret,
 My final day may now be met—
 His glory said—I die!

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY PERKIOMEN.

I do not at all refer to Eugene Sue's. No; but to the wandering Jew of Providence. He is an extraordinary character, indeed, whether viewed from or independent of the Christian stand-point. You meet him everywhere—in city, town, and country; and always on the go. If the term "sinner" implies a *wanderer*, then is he a sinner beyond everybody else. Some one calls the Jews the pegs and nails in the great social edifice, since, disseminated as they are through all parts of the world, they become a medium by which mankind are knit and held together. The figure assigns but an inferior office to the chosen seed, it is true; but pegs and nails are nevertheless necessary to keep the framework in one. Before the telegraph stretched its slender arms out to embrace the nations, the Jew served its place, as an instrument by which the most distant people held converse with one another. Should any one call this idea "far-fetched," let it not be forgotten that our theme is of the far-and-wide order.

He is as the bush ever-burning and not consumed. The coral animal is ever dying below and growing above—living and dying at once. (Is that some faint symbol of Eternal Death)? He has been slaughtered under the Roman Emperors; I cannot just say how often. Many hundred thousand times has he fallen in wars, in massacres, and in persecutions. Pagan and Christian nations have felled him to the earth. The Rabbins say: "Such torrents of his blood have been shed as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea!"

But is he not just as much alive to-day as he was in the land of Canaan?

He is a ubiquitous character. His faded and fresh footsteps may be traced all over Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In the interior and on the frontiers he walks to-day, as he walked yesterday and the day before. Like as with a singular earth-worm—dismember him as you will, every particle will mature and

perfect itself to the full measure again. His very ashes are seed, as they say of the phoenix bird.

How tenacious he is of his creed ! He had indeed been as fickle as the wind, right after his exodus from Egypt, and during his stay in his native land. Then he seemed an incorrigible apostate. Prophets, priests, and kings could not prevent him from bowing before the altars of idols. The slightest temptation could sway him over.

But what a remarkable change came over him. Leech-like, he adheres to his religion. New sects may swarm around him ; persecution and banishment may set against his religion ; still he adheres. When the temple stood in sight he turned his back on it. Now, since it is no longer, he prays even towards its former site. What an extremist !

Is there any accounting for these singularities ? Why so undying ? so ubiquitous ? so tenacious of his faith ?

He lives and thrives ever, let us say, because he is ever busy. Did you ever see a lazy wandering Jew ? Constant employment is with him a standing rule. From first a trade had to be acquired. It has rooted itself in him never to be lost. "Do something," is his motto. You see him often ; but always with a little basket or bundle, if not with a larger one—never empty-handed, or a begging. And running waters are fresh and living, you know. So are busy men healthy. Hence the wandering Jew is ever hearty.

He is a temperate man. How abstemious he lives. He doesn't eat anything and everything the cook sets before him. High living cannot so easily move him. The market entices him in vain. Unless it is slain and dressed after the manner of his ancestry, he will not touch it. And temperance prolongs life.

He is a non-combatant, though his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him ; yet he won't fight. He runs away and lives. The wandering Jew in military dress is a rare spectacle.

In his eyes a *bachelor* is contraband. Generally before or about his twentieth year he is a married man.

Now, add all these causes together and you know why the wandering Jew ever lives so thrivingly : His diligence, his temperance, his anti-war ideas, and his glorification of the family.

Why is he so ubiquitous, though ? Well, some fish delight in cloudy waters. The Jew is a rebellious character. "We are Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man," is an idea that will never make him a good citizen anywhere. He was troublesome in this respect from his earliest day ; he is so still ; he will continue so. Hence he is driven out of all quarters. Banishment is dispersion. For a long while, too, no government cared

to invest him in the land or office; and so he turned to trading. That turns him into a wanderer; and so he goes everywhere—"never continuing in one stay."

His restlessness and trading life account for his being everywhere—in a measure, at least.

And why, finally, is he so firmly riveted to his creed? Say, why should he *not* be, rather? He is exclusive, and associates only with his kith and kin. He is at home only within the enclosure of his own colony. All without are unclean. He eats his own meats, you know. His exclusiveness in life presents a barrier to his conversion.

But after all, may be, Providence has a hand in all this too. Perhaps the wandering Jew must serve as a living witness for the truth of the Christian Religion. The Divine Record foretold all concerning him that has come to pass. He bears the marks in his own person; because he must serve his mission in this respect, to the end of time; he must ever live. To serve as such everywhere he must wander. That he adheres so firmly to his own faith, and yet bears witness for another creed, even against his will, *this*, we say, renders his testimony all the more disinterested and true. "Give us a proof of the Christian Religion," cried an infidel emperor at the dinner-table. His chaplain looked up and answered, "Your Majesty, the wandering Jew."

LUTHER'S SNOW SONG.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside:

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said:
"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a scholar. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them.

They sent him to school, and afterwards he went into a monastery. There one day he found a Bible, which he read, and learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news—"Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street-singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

The following is the whole of the song which Luther sung on that memorable night:

Lord of Heaven! lone and sad,
I would lift my heart to Thee;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me.
I shall neither faint nor die,
While I walk beneath Thine eye.

I will stay my faith on Thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour-Master leads;
He will give me daily bread.
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—
He will feed me from His store.

Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest.
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is here.

If I live, He'll be with me;
If I die, to Him I go.
He'll not leave me, I will trust Him,
And my heart no fear shall know.
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely.

[*Home Words.*]

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN GERMANY.

Whom he Met and What he Saw.

No. 3.

BERLIN HOSPITALITY AND SOCIABILITY.

W. M. R.

The traveler in Germany meets with no phenomenon which strikes him more pleasantly than the social life of the people. Their industry, skill in art, and thoroughness in scholarship, form a leading factor in the civilization of the day. In a military point of view they stand foremost among the nations. But the most beautiful and most distinguishing of their characteristics is this, that the Germans are simply, genuinely, and intensely sociable. They look upon a high form of social life as the very essence of civilization. It is the end to which success in business, art, or learning is but the means. With them it is life *par excellence*.

Here we can fancy some of our fair readers inquiring: "But is it not very burdensome? It is pleasant to be entertained; but this involves reciprocation, and with it care and expense." If carried on in accordance with our American ideas of social life, entertainment in Germany would prove a very serious drain upon one's income. But there no emulation is perceptible. The refreshments are of the simplest character. Profusion and display are under ban; and gormandizing is frowned upon. In Northern Germany I never saw anything warm on the table at tea, except the exhilarating beverage itself which gives the name to the meal. At home I have frequently seen a dozen guests sit down before a quantity of provisions equal in value to what it costs a Berlin professor, who has open house once a week, to entertain his guests half a year. The Germans know what that sphere is in which the highest form of earthly enjoyment is to be found; they know how to enter it at but a trifling cost; and will not allow themselves to be prevented from the enjoyment of its culture and its charms by the adoption of conventionalities which spring from such sources as vanity, envy, and ambition.

I was furnished with a large number of cards of introduction to

residents of Berlin, by Dr. Schaff, who by his kindness has placed me under obligations to him which I can never forget. In almost every instance upon presenting them I was informed that one evening in the week was set apart especially, by the family, for the entertainment of their friends. On that evening, as often as I saw fit to come, they would be glad to see me. Sometimes upon calling I found myself the solitary guest; as once when I spent the evening with Dr. Nitzsch, who at that time was regarded as the greatest of German theologians. As is usually the case, most of the time was spent at the table. All of the family were present, including a son who had just begun, as *privat docent*, to deliver lectures on theology in the university. The venerable man was very affable; spoke of the old English writers on didactic theology, among whom he particularly admired Burnet. He had commenced to study English at one time; but he had an indiscreet teacher, who, a few months after he had begun, put King Lear into his hands. He found it so difficult that he became disgusted and abandoned it. He informed me of the part of Germany from which my ancestors came. He had heard my father allude to it thirty-five years before, and I do not believe that any one living was acquainted with the fact but he.

For the most part, the number of guests would be from six to twelve. This was nearly always the case at Dr. Hoffman's, the court-preacher. He was generally surrounded by a number of young men who had been licensed to preach, and were, under his direction, passing through a course of practical training for the work of the ministry. After his company assembled, he gave out a hymn, whereupon his oldest daughter went to the piano and started the singing, accompanying it upon the instrument. The Doctor then read a passage of Scripture and offered prayer. He usually did most of the talking, and was very successful in entertaining his guests. His large practical experience as pastor; his extensive traveling, and the intimate relations in which he stood to the King and the royal family, afforded abundance of material for most interesting narratives. He spoke English very well, and seemed glad, usually, to have an opportunity to exercise himself in the acquirement he seemed so much to value. He once remarked to me, "I believe you know something about Gettysburg?" I replied I did. At that time this town had not become famous as the theatre of the terrible battle which decided the fate of the great rebellion. It was known only as the seat of two flourishing institutions of the Lutheran Church. He added, "That is the place where some thought I ought to be. They told me that a much wider sphere of usefulness would be opened to me in America than in Germany. But I could not see my way clear to go to Gettys-

burg." Beside being at the head of the theological school just referred to, he has indirectly the entire control of the *Neue-Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*; is one of the pastors of the Cathedral, and as *Consistorial rath* and *General Superintendent* occupies a position in the Church of Prussia which corresponds to a Bishopric. From this it will appear that there was no small degree of irony in the statement he then made, that he "still found a little to do in Germany."

The gentleman whose house presented the most attraction for me was that of Dr. Twesten, the professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University. He is a man of the most accurate and extensive scholarship, and a most severe student. But his love of learning and literary activity is not permitted to interfere with his fondness for social intercourse. He devotes Tuesday evenings to the entertainment of his friends, and at that time it is nothing unusual to find him surrounded by them to the number of twenty or thirty. He is a small man, of a rotund figure, with what might be termed a squeaky voice, and a good-humored twinkling eye, and is always ready to throw back his head in a hearty laugh. What strikingly characterizes the company of Professor Twesten is the variety of social position, walks of life, and nationalities, which in it are represented. Here are to be met Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, and Danes. On a single evening I have found him entertaining lawyers, artists, linguists, and philosophers. He teaches a severe orthodoxy; but around his hospitable board radical Hegelians and Roman Catholics are made to forget their differences and stand upon the higher plane of human social-life. His presence inspires all with the spirit of social intercourse. He loves to converse, and there is no trouble in conversing with him. Indeed, it seems that if he had time he would draw out of you all you know. He had a great many inquiries to make in regard to the schools of America. Wanted to know what Latin grammar I had studied. I answered, among others, — A few minutes after the remark a tall, polished and dignified gentleman entered the room, when the Professor remarked: "*Herr R——da ist Herr Zumpt; Sie können nun mit ihm sprechen wegen Lateinischer Grammatik.*" He once asked me whether I did not find it difficult to take notes from the lectures in the University. For a foreigner he regarded it as a very trying task. He advised me to try taking down the substance of them in English; and told me of a young Frenchman who had adopted a similar plan, and practiced it with success and satisfaction. I tried it, and never after took notes in German. Dr. Twesten has two children; one a daughter, who is the widow of a late distinguished correspondent of the *London Times*; the other a son, who is a lawyer, who figured conspicuously in the news-

papers some years ago on account of a duel which he fought with General Manteuffel, recently the commander of the Prussian army of occupation in France. Twesten fired and missed, but bravely stood his ground. The soldier then took deliberate aim, and shot off his antagonist's little finger.

Perhaps as well here as anywhere else I may state a bit of experience which I had in a students' theological society. I was one day describing to an acquaintance the importance of similar organizations in our American institutions of learning, and presumed that they were not wanting in the universities of Germany. "Oh no," he replied, "we have them here. One meets to-morrow night, and if you will meet me at No. — of — street, at 7 o'clock, I will introduce you to the association." I thanked him, and promised him that I would most gladly comply with his invitation. The next evening, at the appointed hour, I found myself before what seemed to be a third-rate hotel. I inquired for the hall of the society, and was directed up stairs. I entered a room which was to all intents and purposes the verisimilitude of a lager-beer saloon. Not many had assembled, but in the mouth of almost every one was a cigar. The room was tolerably well filled, when a boy entered skillfully manipulating about a dozen mugs of beer. Whilst the beer was being tasted and fresh cigars lighted, one of the number arose with an air of importance and shouted *silentium!* which means: the society will come to order. He then stated that the question for discussion was: the claims of the Lutheran doctrine of the Lord's supper over against the Reformed. The merits of the subject were then entered into with considerable earnestness and force. In the discussion the Lutheran side of the question seemed to have the advantage. In the heat of the argument the debaters frequently forgot the decorum which the circumstances demanded. The chairman had again and again to check the exhibitions of asperity, which he did in anything but a gentle manner. The mistification became so intense that I concluded that the question would have to be decided without any assistance from me. With humid eyes, a bedizened brain, and a nauseated stomach, I took my departure, and was glad, indeed, at the door to come in contact with the crisp atmosphere of a Berlin winter.

The person whom I was most anxious to see after my arrival was Von Bethmann Hollweg. I was acquainted with no one, but felt as though I knew the intimate friend of Drs. Schaff and Schneek, and the patron of our now defunct theological tutorship scheme. He was at that time in the Prussian Cabinet, and had the Bureau of Public Worship and Education. For the department, at whose head he stood, a spacious palace is set apart in the Linden avenue. On the second or third day I made bold to seek admittance at the

residence of the nobleman. I mounted the steps, pulled the bell, and as the door, apparently of its own accord, opened I looked for some one whom I might ask whether his Excellency was at home; but no one was to be seen. At last I discovered some faces at the rear of the hall, behind a pair of sashed doors. As I approached, these swung open, and the parties indicated a willingness to answer any inquiries I had to make. They told me that the minister was out taking an airing, and that I should return "*um halb sieben Uhr.*" One took his watch to show me what that meant. "O," said I, "*Ich verstehe.*" And I did *versteh* that *halb* meant half; *sieben* seven, and *Uhr*, o'clock. I then started off and whiled away a few hours in sauntering about. Punctually, at *half past seven* I returned, confident that I would meet the gentleman whom, above all others, I was desirous of seeing. I was greeted with an excited gesticulation on the part of the porters, and with the exclamation, "*Sie sind eine Stunde Zu Spaet!*" I was one hour behind time, and an interview with the Baron for that day was impossible.

I succeeded at last, and was in no wise disappointed with the reception I met with at the hands of Von Bethmann Hollweg. His presence was both pleasing and imposing. A tall figure, with steel-mixed hair, and benignant countenance, he fully realized the conception I had formed of him. With that peculiar bearing of courtesy and dignity which characterizes the German nobility, he conducted me to a seat on the sofa, before which a table is drawn, where a visitor in a German house always feels that he is welcome. He spoke English during the first of my calls, but afterwards said to me, "*Sie muessen unsere Sprache lernen, und in Ihrem Interesse Spreche ich hinfort nur Deutsch.*" He seemed pleased to see the first student from the Reformed Church of this country; wondered that as young a man as I was would undertake so much, and expressed his willingness to do anything for me in his power. He told me I should call upon Dr. Hoffman immediately; gave me a card to Gov. Wright, of Indiana, who was at that time our Ambassador, and told me I should return and inform him as soon as I had settled upon quarters. At the close of my visit he took leave of me as beautifully as he had received me, and told me that I would always be welcome in his family circle.

I called upon him a number of times during the year, and always met with the same kindness. He had his fixed hours for interviews, and I generally found a number of persons waiting in the ante-room. Most of these wore dress coats, white vests, and white kid gloves. Once, after I entered, I told him I hoped he would excuse in a foreigner any want of conformity to the rules which prevailed around him, when he cordially threw his hand into mine and said, "We are a plain people—a plain people." He wanted to

know what lectures I was attending, and what my impressions were of the different professors. Alluding to Steinmyer, he remarked, "I called him here." In case of a vacancy the professors make a number of nominations, but the appointment devolves upon the Cultur Minister. Von Bethmann Hollweg seemed proud of the choice of Steinmyer, but agreed in the general opinion that Nitzsch was the great theologian of Germany.

During the winter I was favored with two special invitations to the house of the Baron. One was to dine with him, and the other to an evening soiree. At the former there were only three guests present, of whom one was a lady on a visit to Berlin, and the other a student from Erlangen. On this occasion I found the Baroness to be a great admirer of English literature, and to be better acquainted with some of our American authors, e. g. Hawthorne, than I was. The soiree was quite large, and characterized in the fullest measure by the intellectual brilliance for which Berlin society is famous. Besides, Drs. Nitzsch and Hoffman, who have been already mentioned, there were present Fredehenburg, who occupied the principal chair of philosophy in the University, and Dr. Wichern, the famous founder of the Rauhe-Haus, at Hamburg, who occupies so prominent a position in Germany in all enterprizes of a practical benevolent character. These gentlemen were attended by a portion of their families. With some of the young ladies I had previously become acquainted. German *Gemüthlichkeit* prevailed. No one seemed to think that this was the room in which the Court of Prussia was wont to condescend to be entertained by one of the ministers of State. As we sat at the tables, which were scattered promiscuously through the large saloon of the palace, drinking our tea and nibbling at slices of cold ham or Bologna sausage, all seemed as easy and as free as if engaged in social enjoyment in a cottage of some remote corner of the land.

I embraced the opportunity of a short vacation given the students at Whitsuntide to visit Potsdam. I had several letters to Dr. Krummacher, the court-preacher, residing there. From early childhood I had heard of the author of *Elijah the Tishbite*, and as I approached the house wondered if I was going to be fortunate enough to meet him to-day. His residence was of an antique and rather ostentatious style of architecture. It was built close up to the street, but there was an open space on either side, and a large pleasure-ground extending back from the house. The appearance plainly indicated that the family spent a large portion of their time out of doors. I did not see much of Dr. Krummacher before dinner. The description I had had of him corresponded to what I found him to be. He was about sixty years of age; had a large frame; a heavy head of auburn hair, approaching red; a round

benevolent face, and a remarkably heavy voice. His kind heart shone through an expressive countenance; but there was not at hand the gentle courtesy and dignified mildness which characterized Von Bethmann Hollweg. He seemed to have more difficulty than some of the younger members of the family in keeping his face straight at some of my awkward attempts to express myself in German; but did not, as was the case with the nobleman, give me an opportunity to be amused in turn at his English conversation. At the dinner table after praying,

“Komm, Herr Jesu, sei Unser Gast,
Und segne was du Uns bescheret hast,”

he skillfully removed the cork from a fresh bottle of Rhine wine, then held it for a moment in his hand and said, in English, in his heavy guttural tone of voice, “Do you belong to the temperance society too?” I replied I did not, and then he gave me a loud *hah! hah! hah!* which kept ringing in my ears all that day.

The bright spring afternoon was spent in the pleasure-grounds in the rear of the house. No one’s enjoyment seemed greater than that of the old gentleman. One source of amusement was the pranks of a large house-dog in a pond. He would dash into the water and swim after, and bring out, any object that the young folks would throw in. The struggles and excitement of the dog produced general merriment, and the Doctor entered into the amusement as heartily as any one. Few laughed as much, and none so loud, as he. One of the young ladies asked me how I liked Germany. I told her I was so much pleased that I could spend my life there. She started off and told her father what I had said, to which he replied, “*Ach er ist kein aechter Yankee.*” I saw Dr. Krummacher again, a year afterward, when I was about leaving North Germany. He shook me cordially by the hand, and said, “*Gehen Sie zurueck nach Amerika, wie eine Biene voll von aus den Blumen von Deutschland gezogenen Honig;*” that is, “Go back to America, like a bee full of honey drawn from the flowers of Germany.”

“Every man is a little world within himself, and in this little world there is a court of judicature erected, wherein, next under God, the conscience sits as supreme judge, from whom there is no appeal; that passeth sentence upon us, upon all our actions, upon all our intentions; for our persons, absolving one, condemning another; for our actions, allowing one, forbidding another. If that condemns us, in vain shall all the world besides acquit us, and if that clear us, the doom which the world passeth upon us is frivolous and ineffectual.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There is not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food :
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss ;
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss,

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were sea-oned with a kiss.

SEVENTY-FOUR TIMES.

It is said of a certain Life Insurance Agent, that he called on a man seventy-four times, to persuade him to insure his life. The last call was successful.

Who does not admire the patience and perseverance of this man ? And all for a little temporal gain ! He is a successful man because he is patient and persistent. If these qualities were wanting, how many a good work would have failed ! The Thames tunnel would never have been constructed, nor the Great Eastern have been built, if the Brunels had lacked patience and perseverance. Genius without patient labor accomplishes little. Florence Nightingale, whose deeds of love are heralded through the admiring world, avows that she is nothing more than any other woman. But she displayed wonderful patience and perseverance and determination to carry her point. When soldiers were dying in the Crimea

for want of medicines, and the chests containing them arrived, red tape would not suffer a single chest to be opened, and the commanding officers were miles away; but this gentle, heroic woman called on a company of Turkish soldiers, and marching with them, ordered the chests to be opened. The soldiers obeyed the order, while she stood quietly by. Then, with her own hands, she distributed medicine to the suffering. Miss Nightingale was never court-martialed for this act.

Every city of the land is strewn with wrecks of good enterprises falling through simply for want of patient perseverance. Our primeval forests would never have been removed but for this quality. The woodman's axe was kept swinging and his nerves were strengthened by it.

In seeking the salvation of men, oh that Christians would imitate these characters, and let the love of Christ constrain them!—*S. S. Times.*

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door:
And she shok her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before,
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a bandbox on it,
Had hidden safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And that little head that's filled with silly little airs—
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

MOTHERLY.—What a dear old Saxon epithet is the word “motherly!” Motherly kindness, attention, nurture! The word is never unwelcome when fairly applied. Motherly influence; who has not joyed in it? Motherly self denial; often the secret heading of the longest chapter of her life, the memory of which long survives them all. Motherly self-sacrifice; true to the last, often re-appearing in some posthumous expression, like the voice from the tomb.

My friend, the Rev. John Burbidge, of St. Stephen’s, Sheffield, put it to the mothers and sons of his church, “Does not history tell us how St. Augustine, Theodoret, Basil, and St. Chrysostom owed everything to a mother’s prayers? Have we not read how Bishop Hall was dedicated to the service of Christ by a mother on her death-bed; how Payson traced all his hopes and usefulness to this Christian nurture of his home; how Brainard ascribed his deep religious feelings to the education of his early years; how Philip Henry and his five sisters avowed that what piety they possessed they owed, under God, to their parents; how James Montgomery traced his love for spiritual things to the instruction received in childhood; how the mother of the Wesleys left impressions on the character of her illustrious sons which were never effaced; how Romaine, Doddridge, Felix Neff, Leigh Richmond, Richard Knill, and Robert Moffat all tell of the moulding influence of the Christian homes amid which they were reared?—*Quiver*.

TEXTS IN GOLD.—That is a beautiful thought of the lamented Dr. James Hamilton: “Suppose that every one were to mark in golden letters the text which has been the means of saving his soul. The Apostle Paul would mark the words, ‘Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?’ for it was these words, spoken by Jesus from the dazzling light, that made him a new creature. In the Bible of the Philippian jailor, the letters would be found at Act 16: 31, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;’ for embracing this simple offer he rejoiced, believing in God with all his house. Martin Luther would print the text, ‘The just shall live by faith,’ in gold; for that text, spoken by the gentle lips of the vicar general, guided him to peace; and the young monk of Erfurth, reduced by fasts, and tears and struggles, to the verge of the grave, found rest in the wounds of Jesus. In the Bible of Bunyan, the mark would be found at ‘Yet there is room.’ It was through the lattice of these words that he first saw the cross, and he thought God put them into the Bible to meet his special case. And the ironside soldier would indicate Eccl. ii. 19; for it was there the bullet stopped, which, but for the interposing Bib’e, would have pierced his bosom; and when the battle was over he read, ‘Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.’ ”

THE ENGINEER'S PRIVATE SIGNAL.—That brave engineer, William D. Guild, who met his death at Richmond Switch station, recently, while standing gallantly at the post of duty, was a resident of that part of Providence known as Elmwood, his house being close to the railroad-crossing. Whenever he passed this spot, whether in daylight or darkness, he used to sound a short, peculiar signal on the locomotive whistle, as a greeting to his wife and a notification that he was there and "all right." Year in and year out this signal never failed. The regular passengers came to know it, and on hearing it would say, "There's Guild's signal to his wife." Saturday morning of the disaster she missed it for the first time, and will never hear it again.

On the Portsmouth, Saco, and Portland road there is an engineer named Akerman, who resides at Portland,—his mother lives at Portsmouth,—and when approaching the Portsmouth bridge he sounds a peculiar whistle which notifies her that he is "all right." It is known as "Akerman's signal."

THE LITTLE GERMAN BOY'S FAITH.—A little German boy was brought forward as a witness in a very important case at law. He lived with his uncle, and this man had insured his house for a great deal more than it was worth, and then burned it down. The insurance company suspected as much, and would not pay the money. On questioning the child, it was found that he had kindled the fire according to his uncle's command.

Then came on the law-suit, and the little boy was placed on the witness-stand, and for several hours was cross questioned by ingenious lawyers, who tried hard to make him cross himself in the answers. Even experienced men, who have their thoughts well at command, find it hard not to become confused in such circumstances. Often they say what a moment later they very much wish unsaid. But this little German boy never altered his statement a hair. All their efforts to confuse him were in vain. The second day they tried the matter over. The interpreter was bidden to ask him if he did not know that his evidence would injure his uncle, and whether he did not think it would benefit himself.

The reply the interpreter gave thrilled many hearts in the court-room:

"He does not know whether it will injure his uncle or benefit himself. He believes in God."

That was the secret of his standing so firm amidst all the perplexities of the lawyers. His heart was fixed. God never deserted the humblest child that put its trust in Him. Oh! so many times in life you will be placed in just as trying scenes; widely different, no doubt, but full of difficulty. Then how will you need something strong to lean upon! How happy you will be if you can say—"Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Jesus Christ is a sure helper in trouble for all who put their trust in Him.—*Child's World*.

A MAN whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday-school kept his eyes wide open during praying, and when one boy thrust a pin into another he marched up the aisle, still praying, and cuffed that boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.

A MORAVIAN missionary, after forty years' work in Greenland, now returning to England, reports: "In all Greenland there is but one station in the neighborhood of which there are heathen. With this exception, all the Greenlanders now profess Christianity. What shall we do with our favorite hymn, viz.:

"From Greenland's icy mountains?"

Editor's Drawer.

TIMES have changed since 1624, when on issuing invitations to a public dinner it was deemed necessary to lay down "rules to be observed by gentlemen" present on the occasion. Old records bring to light the fact that in 1624 those officers who were invited to dine with the Archduke of Austria were instructed by a circular of the royal chamberlain how to conduct themselves at table. They were directed to come neatly dressed in coats and boots, and not to enter in a half-drunken condition. At table they were not to tilt up their chairs, nor rock themselves, nor stretch their legs at full length, nor drink after each mouthful, lest they get tipsy too soon, nor empty their goblets to the extent of more than one-half after each dish; and before drinking therefrom they should wipe their mouths and mustaches in a cleanly manner; neither were they to thrust their hands into dishes, or throw bones under the table, nor to fall from their chairs and make themselves incapable of walking straight.

THE late Dr. Risk, of Dalsersf, being one of the moderators, did not satisfy, by his preaching, the Calvinistic portion of his flock.

"Why, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness."

"Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor. "I never saw any ye had to renounce."

PROF. S., of Dickinson College, is not much given to joking. Occasionally, however, this vein of his disposition is excited, and then his hits are of the hardest kind, and double-edged. One morning, not long ago, he found a horse in the recitation-room. The class had collected, and with solemn countenances awaited the entrance of the professor. He came in, looked around deliberately, first upon the horse, then upon the class, and remarked, at the same time twitching his shirt-collar. "Ahem! You have got a new classmate, I see. I'm glad it's a horse; there were jackasses enough."—*College Courant*.

A REPORTER for a London paper wrote the verdict of a coroner's jury, "Died from hemorrhage; and the public gained the information the next day that the deceased "died from her marriage."

A SABBATH-SCHOOL superintendent asked his scholars if any of them could quote a passage of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives; whereupon nearly the whole school cried out, "No man can ever serve two masters."

REFERRING to a recent item in the *Springfield Republican*, a Pelhamite writes: "I don't believe any one in Pelham thinks we have the best 'hearse in New England;' though nobody that ever rode in it ever said anything to the contrary."

THE following very curious and very ancient prediction, entitled by popular tradition *Mother Shipton's Prophecy*, was published three hundred and thirty years ago.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In black, in white in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do.
England shall at last admit a toe.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

A sea-horse has been secured for the Manchester aquarium. The *Manchester Examiner* says: "With the head, neck, and body of a horse, it has a tail like a lizard, which it entwines round seaweed or a bit of natural rock work. In this position it waits with remarkable patience for its food, chiefly animalculæ, to come to be eaten."

Amongst the curiosities of cantonal legislation may be cited a law which exists in the half-canton of Nidwalden. This prohibits a person under a penalty of ten francs from felling a nut-tree without a special commission from a member of the Communal Council.

PROF. CLARK tells the ministers that whenever the Bible is read in the pulpit the looks and tones of a reader are far more appropriate than those of a declaimer. The *pastor* need not make gestures when the *apostle* is speaking.

LITTLE ROBBIE went to a show, and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. Robbie replied, "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail."

A GRIM, hard-headed old judge, after hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, advised him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them into the tail of his judgment.

A SPLENDID collection of jewels, the property of the late Empress Eugenie, were sold in London, there being in all upward of 100 lots. The total reached was more than \$250,000.

A GENTLEMAN was introduced to a young lady, recently, and addressed her as follows: "Where do you live when you are at home?" To which she promptly replied, "When I am at home I live there."

"ARTHUR," said a good-natured father to his "young hopeful," "I didn't know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, pa?" replied hopeful; "I knew it at the time."

CURIOUS, BUT TRUE.—There are more Scotch in London than in Edinburgh, and more Irish than in Dublin. In London, too, there are more Papists than in Rome itself, and more Jews than in the whole of Palestine.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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No. 907 Arch Street. Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

AUGUST, 1873.

No. 8.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

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No. 907 Arch Street.

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Rev. C. W. Shultz, S. T. Wagner, Rev. H. King, F. B. Hahn, S. M. Roeder, Rev. W. D. Lefevre, T. L. James, J. Rader, D. Small, C. Duchman, Rev. H. Bair, Rev. J. E. Hies-ter, J. L. Reifsnyder, W. H. Weiss, E. Summey.

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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV.

AUGUST, 1873.

No. 8.

DR. KRUMMACHER AND BERLIN.

Several years ago the Editor of the GUARDIAN gave his readers an interesting account of two interviews, which he had with the great Court preacher, and still later presented them with a graphic description of his boyhood, based upon an autobiography. As an *addendum* to the last article, which appeared under the initials W. M. R., the present writer will give a brief narrative, based upon the same source, of Dr. Krummacher's experience as Pastor of the *Dreifältigkeits Kirche* in Berlin.

The reader will remember, that Dr. K. studied at Halle and Jena. His first position was that of assistant pastor in the Reformed Church in Frankfort on the Maine. From that he was called to Ruhrort, taking with him his bride, a daughter of one of the distinguished families of the former city. Hence he was called to the Wupperthal, where at different times he served several congregations. The most prominent of these was that of Elberfeld. The period spent in the valley of the Wupper, was the blooming period of his history. The prevailing religious life was one of great earnestness. His services were fully appreciated, and his labors were crowned with most abundant success. The vivid description which he gives of his activity there seems to be tinged with the enthusiasm of poetry. One feels all the way through the remainder of the autobiography, that Dr. Krummacher never afterward was at home in the same sense, in which he had been at Barmen and Elberfeld.

The occasion of his going to Berlin was a sermon, which he preached in the presence of the father of the present Emperor of Germany, who was, as crown prince, on a visit to the western portion of the realm. He was so much pleased with the discourse, that when the vacancy occurred in the Trinity Church, which was caused by the death of Marheinecke, who was the successor of Schleiermacher, the preacher of Elberfeld received the appointment. He went to Berlin doubtless with high anticipations, but at the

very outstart, he was made to realize, that the field was altogether without the attractiveness of the one which he had left behind him.

Before proceeding to Berlin, let us glance at the receptions he met with in the Rhine country.

On his way to Rubrort to commence his ministry there, he was met at Dusseldorf by a delegation of his membership. A large multitude accompanied him to the banks of the Rhine. Here lay a barge with sails unfurled and wreathed all around with ornaments and branches. Three large flags floated from the masts. Chairs wreathed with flowers were provided for himself and his Lotte. One of the elders held the rudder, ten lads rowed with all their strength, the flags floated gaily in the air, and the wind was favorable. The ship glided majestically down the stream; and the King himself could not have been more royally conveyed. At length they came near to the birch wood of Duisburg, when little boats adorned with birch branches were seen rapidly sailing up the stream to meet them. Salutations were exchanged by means of cannon and musketry. The boats were all bound together, and like a little fleet they floated down the river. At length Ruhrort is reached. The cannon roared without intermission. The banks swarmed with people. The bells pealed forth their welcome. The burgomaster and the president of the Presbytery received the new pastor. The teachers were there at the head of their scholars. The children, draped in white and adorned with shoots of ivy, gathered in a circle around him and sang a hymn. After a brief address the procession moved forward, and as it did so the children strewed flowers in the way. The town was made to look like a garden. Wreaths, arches, and tablets were to be seen on every hand. Banners and handkerchiefs waved from the windows, and all bowed with a friendly salutation to him, who was to break unto them the bread of life.

Krummacher's reception into the Wupperthal was attended with scarcely less eclat, than what has been just described. But the moral and spiritual welcome he here met with is equaled in brilliance in the experience of few pastors. He tells us, that at that time there was not to be found on the European continent, a place where the Gospel had shown itself in a higher measure as a power, and where church-life flowed in a fuller and fresher stream. The manner, in which the preachers were borne up by the spiritual animation of the congregation, and elevated and carried forward in their work, is almost without a parallel. "Oh those grand imposing assemblages, gathered together in the churches every Sabbath-day—a great ocean of faces, and the men not fewer in number than the women! How overpowering their full-toned choral singing! It echoed far out into the streets, rendering the liturgical

choruses and responses altogether superfluous. How earnest was the attention of the thousands, as they listened to the words of the preacher! The lively evidences of the deep impressions they produced on their minds were mirrored in their countenances! And what shall I say of the grand communions? And then the responsive echo of the sermons listened to on Sabbath, sounding all through the week in the homes of the congregation; the hearty joy with which the pastor was welcomed whenever he visited them; the animated and truly fruitful conversations on biblical or ecclesiastical subjects, or on practical Christianity, which were wont to season such visits; and above all, the faith-strengthening evidences of the purifying and comforting power of the word of the cross, which was able to overcome the world, and to rise above the trials of poverty and the fear of death, of which one heard in so many houses of the poor and the sorrowing, and beside the triumphant death-beds of so many of the dying, both among the humbler and the higher ranks of society!—what a powerful stimulus, what encouragements and incentives to offer his very best to such a congregation, could not the minister fail to experience from all these things.”

On Krummacher's arrival in Berlin, instead of being welcomed into his new parish with a splendid procession of carriages and horses, and amid the pealing of bells and the firing of guns, he was hardly received as an ordained minister of the gospel, but as he tells us, was introduced into his office in a manner more suitable for the ordination of a candidate or licentiate. The fact that he does not mention his colleague's name is significant. He tells us, that this functionary was a superintendent, a consistorial counsellor, as well as assistant and afternoon preacher,—his superior and inferior, all in one. He was filled with consternation when, after the conclusion of the introductory services, some one remarked to him, that it was questionable whether he had really seen *his own* congregation before him, since it was only through official arrangements, that the Berliner knew that he belonged to a parish at all.

When he started out, in accordance with his Rhenish custom, to visit his parishioners, he found a striking contrast between the description of his congregation, as one of the most wealthy and prosperous in the city, and the reality. For, although there was much to distinguish it, he found a large portion of his people in cellars and back-buildings of the houses, many of them suffering under destitution and misery, amounting almost to starvation. But he comforted himself by remembering the word of the Lord, that “the poor have the gospel preached to them.” He was much disheartened by the discovery, that there was an almost total want on the part of the people of any interest in the church, or con-

nection with it as a congregation. When he introduced himself as their "new pastor," they were wont to stare at him with astonishment. Many informed him, that they would not remain long in that part of the city, and accordingly their relations to him would be discontinued. Of such persons there were so many, that the congregation presented to him the sad spectacle of a people always shifting about from place to place. He was amazed at the spiritual ignorance which he found in his parish. The image of "the city of intelligence" had always remained in his mind, but he began to think, that Berlin was this only in name. He had hoped to find in the congregation connected with Trinity Church some distinct traces at least of the intellectual and spiritual activity of Schleiermacher and Marheinecke there. But he found none, and persuaded himself, that it must have been only the *elite* scattered throughout the city, who had at one time assembled in crowds around the pulpits of these theological notabilities.

Thus many things conspired to humble him to the dust and to lead him to prayer. He tells us, that the thought lay heavy upon him for a long time, that, in leaving Elberfeld for Berlin, he had acted in accordance with his own wishes, without having the comfort of thinking, that he had the divine sanction for so doing. But he was not long depressed by this doubt. He began to be favored from on high. The attendance upon worship perceptibly increased, and soon every available place in the church was filled. He felt himself sustained by the people, and discovered evidences that the gospel, which with a joyful enthusiasm he preached, awakened corresponding feelings and produced blessed fruits. He saw a small band of believing men of all ranks, ever increasing in number and in strength of Christian character, gathered around him in more intimate fellowship, among whom, he tells us, he felt as happy as if he had suddenly been placed again amid the much loved circle of his dear friends in the Wupperthal.

In Berlin Krummacher found a circle of ministerial friends and acquaintances, from intercourse with whom he derived much pleasure and profit. Among these he mentions Friederich Arndt, as the anointed and undismayed witness for the Lord on the walls of Jerusalem, who never ceased to glorify Christ, changing not his voice in accommodation to times and circumstances, to please friends or propitiate foes. Buechsel had the courage, in addressing the most educated and most religious of the people, to presuppose in them the very lowest measure of Christian knowledge and of the life of faith. By means of his sermons, which were charged with the electricity of personal conviction, and richly seasoned with unaffected religious humor, many were brought to the enjoyment of salvation. Kober, whose authority was needed at their round-table,

was the moderator of their social enjoyment. Was their deportment ever unbecoming the character of theologians? No! but still it appeared occasionally to be somewhat more elastic and less restrained, than was the case in the pastoral conferences in the Wupperthal. If it happened, that the flashes of humor in their circle threatened on any occasion to pass beyond the bounds of moderation, then Kober was wont, as the exorciser of the evil spirit, to stand up like a true Saxon among them, and exercise his authority as the inflexible guardian of propriety and the enemy of everything that unnecessarily went beyond the bounds of consistency. Under his castigatory admonitions, everything quickly returned to the proper course, and good-humor and brotherly friendship prevailed.

In regard to social life, Krummacher acknowledges that Berlin presented attractions, of which no other city could boast. He frequently visited the palace of the Cultus-minister. Eichhorn, the amiable and excellent, but much misunderstood and reviled, was at that time the incumbent. In his sal  n were generally to be met all the men of authority in science or art, who resided in Berlin, or who might be only passing through the city. Here one was sure to meet with Twesten, who was thoroughly at home in all the spheres of knowledge, and always brilliant, in virtue of a classic *esprit de finesse*; Schelling, the hero among philosophers, with a lion's head, and with the friendly, innocent look of a child; Julius Stahl, the eagle-eyed, always appearing with stretched bowstring, and surpassing all as a skilful dialectician; the always animated court-preacher, Frederick Strauss; the historiographer Ranke: and many more of equal celebrity.

Krummacher frequently attended the "evening parties at Twesten's. These somewhat resembled the *soirees* in the minister's palace, only that in the house of the professor the fellowship was more confidential, and young students were present with the other guests. How much was here presented of an animating and instructive character. As a digger after hidden intellectual treasures, he found the opportunity of gaining much intellectual wealth from conversations with such men as the astronomer Encke, who never said that in the stars he had not found God; the geologist Lichtenstein, who only smiled compassionately at the naive confidence, with which some of his modern colleagues proclaimed their doctrine, that instead of Adam, a baboon or orang-outang was the great progenitor of the human race; the geographer Ritter, who listened as few ever did to the music of creation; the philosopher Schelling, who practically confirmed the truth of the saying of Bacon, that philosophy, in its fundamental principles, always leads back to God, and even to the Son of God; the jurists Stahl and Richter; and the arch  ologists Piper and Lepsius; the philologists Curtius and

Zumpt; and many more besides. Well did the accomplished host know how to lead out into prominence the eminent men, who were present, and to lay open for the benefit of all, whatever gifts and talents and mental resources he found in the company. Well did he understand also how to preserve the firmament clear and blue over the keenest discussions, and at the right time and at the right place, to open the barrier and let in humor upon the scene, that it might dissipate the gathering clouds and smooth the brows that were becoming contracted. A young lady experienced in the art was always present to entertain the party with music and song; and that the graces might accompany the Muses, there were present also noble ladies adorning the social circle.

Dr. Krummacher frequently visited the houses of Hengstenberg and Stahl, the two great champions of high-strung Lutheranism. The former was generally regarded as a sullen man, and as, with compressed lips, behind a pile of yellow parchments, always sharpening his polemical arrows and murmuring excommunications. But Krummacher felt himself at home when under his roof; for he found him to be cheerful and kindly-disposed; and ever regarded him as the Telemonian Ajax among those, who contended for the honor of God and His Word. The latter was very much like his colleague. He was terribly severe in his opposition to everything that failed to correspond to the straight edge of a rigid orthodoxy, but in the circle of his friends, he was the most amiable, most pleasant, and the gentlest of men.

The court-preacher was an intimate friend of Dr. Neander, and with his graphic and touching description of the great Church-historian's character, we will conclude.

In Neander was blended the learned Church-father and a simple child. I never met a man to whom the testimony of the Lord regarding Nathanael, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile," was ever so freely and unreservedly applicable as it was in him. His very presence was truly edifying, and fitted to impart peace; and how many have felt, when stepping carefully over the open folios which lay scattered over the floor of his room, they approached the study-table where he sat, as if they had entered into a sanctuary! Talkativeness was not his weakness; but what he spake was always with "grace seasoned with salt." How valuable, deep, and thoughtful were the ideas to which I have often heard him give expression on particular aspects of the life of our Lord, and on the characters of diverse persons, who have appeared on the pages of the Bible and Church history, as well as on the happiness of believing Christians in this world and in the world to come; and how willingly and thankfully have I always listened to the acute and excellent remarks, he felt himself constrained now

and then to make to me, with truly touching delicacy and modesty, on this or that point, which I had referred to in a sermon ; for he constantly attended public worship and was one of my most regular hearers. I reckon it as a great honor to me, that this man, one of the fairest and noblest ornaments of the Church of Christ, and one of the most prominent and laborious theologians of modern times, counted me worthy of his confidence, and, in proof of this, that he dedicated to me the new edition of his splendid and immortal work, "*Der heilige Bernard und sein Zeit-Alter.*" And who among all his friends in the neighborhood of Berlin, who yet walk on this earth, thinks not, with a heart swelling with joy, of the entertainments at which every year, on his birthday, he assembled us around his hospitable table. On such occasions the highly welcome duty devolved on me, in name of the other guests, of offering our hearty salutation in the form of a toast. Alas ! it also devolved on me to offer our farewell beside his grave. I spoke on that sad occasion also in the name of his friends. How copiously our tears poured down on his coffin, and how many a "*Have pia anima*" was then whispered from true sorrowing hearts ! But how many a glance was directed with joyful hope upward also to heaven, which seemed to become more and more our blessed home by the thought, that we would once more again behold, amid the glory of immortality, that beloved face !

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Next to the pleasure of making a journey, is that of reading or hearing the descriptions of intelligent travelers. Few books of travel are so rich in instruction and so pleasing to read, as "William H. Seward's Travels Around the World." We know of no other distinguished scholar and statesman, who made a circuit of the globe, at "three-score years and ten." Not even Alexander von Humboldt crowned his old age with such an achievement. Seward is an exceedingly interesting traveler. His ripe scholarship, his diplomatic experience with the nations of the earth, acquired while Secretary of State, his familiar acquaintance with the history of all nations,—all these make him the best traveler we know of. The princes and rulers of the far East treated him, not only as a sage and statesman, but with almost royal honors. In Japan one of the great officers of State said on meeting him :

"I have heard of you much, and I know you by character. I

see your face now for the first time, and I am happy to see it. I am happy that you have arrived safely after so long a journey. I see that you are very old and very handsome. You show high resolution in making so great a voyage." A Chinese statesman said, "Mr. Seward, your complexion is very fresh, and your step vigorous." On several other occasions he was complimented by men in high places, as being "so old and so handsome."

Right royally was he entertained by Oriental nabobs. To be sure, some of the duties were new; indeed the whole routine of entertainment was often more of a burden than a pleasure. In Yeddo, Japan, his party is entertained at a fashionable place of resort—"The Delmonico's of Yeddo," as he calls it. Leaving their boots at the door, they are ushered up a very steep and highly polished staircase into a large chamber. Seated on a clean matted floor, before each person a small table, eight or ten inches high, is placed. Tea is served, in little cups, "piping hot." After tea, fiery liquor, distilled of rice, served up in shallow saucers. The middle-aged hostess is assisted by eleven pretty girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age. Their beauty is greatly enhanced by gay dresses, and white cosmetics. Aside of each guest one of the girls knelt, until they were to bring a new course. They had voices like birds, and were very graceful. The dinner was rather "a self-denying ordinance." Vegetable-soup flavored with soy soy, raw fish in thin slices with horse radish, petty bits of game, various preparations of rice, and many dishes, whose ingredients they could not ascertain. All the courses were intermingled with sweetened fruit and confectionery. And every course brought the inevitable fiery rice whiskey. All the dishes, even the sugar had a raw singular flavor.

"The dwellers in Canton (China) are Epicureans. In the midst of the tempting display in the provision shops are seen the carefully dressed carcasses of infinite rats and unmistakable saddles of dogs, while here and there you notice in the shop-windows a placard, which announces 'black cat served hot at all hours.' A decoction of snake is sold as a medicine." Indeed water snakes they relish as much as we do the eels.

Among Mr. Seward's traveling party are three ladies. By an extraordinary stretch of Eastern hospitality, these are often included among the social gatherings given in honor of their venerable and distinguished friend. "They are the only women of whatever nation or race, who, within the memory of man, have been received in an official circle in Japan." In China, Japan, and India woman is degraded to a very inferior rank. "Among the common people of Japan neither sex maintains decency in dress, and they use the public bathing houses promiscuously." There as elsewhere in the East the marriage relation exists, "without its rights and responsi-

bilities." This debasement of woman has tainted and corrupted the whole State.

At Cochin China a very wealthy Chinese invited the Yankee ladies to visit his family. He, his wife, and five hand-maidens received and entertained them. Besides the costly Chinese furniture in this home, they found a Brussels carpet, pictures of the Yosemite Valley, and a small American sewing machine with a crank. Neither party could entertain the other in conversation. The inspection of one another's dresses and jewelry afforded mutual amusement. The wife was a delicate-looking woman of forty, richly dressed, finger nails as long as her fingers, polished and stained to resemble tortoise shell, each nail having for its protection a wrought gold case. Her coarse, black Mongolian hair carefully dressed and fastened with gold pins, partly covered with a black satin cap, tied at the back. Her feet were not more than three inches long, and were tightly encased in scarlet satin shoes; her face and neck, literally plastered with pearl-white, in shocking contrast with eyelids and cheeks painted pink, and lips red. She was refined in manners and speech, reputed intellectual and fond of books. Among other luxuries at the feast, tea and tobacco were indulged in. The Chinese ladies gave their guests cigarettes, while they themselves used long silver pipes, blowing the smoke out of the nose.

In Japan women are the slaves of silly usages. The married and unmarried are required to wear different and distinctive badges. The girl has her full hair tastefully arranged, teeth white, and her whole exterior more or less attractive. As soon as she marries, "her eyebrows are shaven off, her teeth stained jet-black, the ornaments removed from her hair, and she becomes repulsive."

(The reading of this work does not increase our respect for Chinese civilization. Much one finds to approve and admire. But far more to commiserate and condemn. Some of the first men of State are ashamed to invite Mr. Seward to visit them, on account of their miserable places of abode. The 200,000,000 of China are a chaotic world, an effete mass fast hastening to dissolution. Yet she boasts of mighty monuments. Her wall is a standing wonder to the civilized world. Begun 240 years before the Christian era. Finished 450 years later. From 25 to 50 feet high, the top wide enough for two carriages to pass, 1500 miles long. Its erection costing more than all the Railroads in the United States. Yet the building of the whole took only about twenty years of actual work.)

An Indian grandee of seventy years invites Mr. Seward and the ladies to visit him. He has his fifth wife, three sons, and their seed after them. The eldest son welcomes the guest in an English eulogistic oration. Servants gayly dressed stir the air with large

peacock fans. Others sprinkle the company "from head to foot" with rose water, to the perceptible damage of the Yankee ladies' dresses. Others cover them with fragrant bouquets and garlands. The infirm, venerable host's room, was on the third story. He greeted Mr. Seward as "the great father of the greatest of the nations." He ordered all the children of the house to be brought in. Twenty infants gaily dressed, were borne before him by their nurses. Then all the women of the family, the widows excepted, were introduced. Would they be seen by the ladies only, they nervously inquired? Then master replied: "They must all be presented to Mr. Seward, and receive him as a friend. He is a friend of mankind; he shall see us just as we are, and see all that we do—we will have no secrets from him."

"There was a sound of pattering feet, and a gentle rustling was heard. It was followed by the entrance of eight little women, all of whom were draped in gauze of gold and various colors—only gleaming jewels could be seen through their veils. They trembled like so many aspens, as they approached gracefully, lifted their slender arms—almost covered with gold—and extended to us their little nervous hands. The baboo (the old man) was not yet content. He requested us to raise their veils. We did so gently, and looked upon gazelle eyes and pretty features, but the wearers were so abashed, that, in tenderness for them, we soon let the veils drop. In answer to our compliments they spoke not a word."

While Mr. Seward was led through seventy-five apartments of the vast dwelling, the little women, left alone with the ladies, became quite talkative, through a lady interpreter. How many wives each of the sons had married and lost; how many children each wife had; what the jewelry of each was worth, all this they freely told their guests. One introduced her daughter lately married to a youth of ten years. The daughter was eighteen months old. The family consists of seventy-five persons, and has eight couple of such married children. Each woman has three dresses. These are woven in the shape required, so that they need no milliner's work thereon. In all China there is not found a mantua-maker or milliner. All the garments for females are made by men. The wife can neither sew, read, nor write. She has nothing to do but talk with their fellow lady slaves, and brood over numerous domestic miseries.

"They visit a Hindoo village school. Thirty boys, most of them naked, were sitting in the sand, under the shade of a wide-spreading Mango-tree, in a circle. The master stood in the centre, rod in hand, and gave out successive lessons, in the Tamil language, in spelling and arithmetic. The whole school, simultaneously, took the words from his mouth, giving them back with their own; and at the same time wrote the words with their fingers in the sand. These children showed great agility, as well as quickness of ap-

prehension. No sooner had they written the text in the ground, than they sprang to their feet, raised their right hands to their foreheads and made a *salam*, indicating that they were ready to receive the next lesson."

Another school for girls was of a better order. The children were all jet black, and had straight hair, regular features, slender forms, little hands and feet, and were small in stature. They looked sad. All were gayly dressed, either in bright-colored muslins or gauzes interwoven with gold. Their fine, black hair, ears, noses, necks, arms, wrists, ankles, and toes, were loaded with ornaments of silver, gold, pearls, and precious stones. A little girl, six years of age, wore \$1500 worth of such ornaments. A converted Hindoo mother's daughter wore a green satin vest, low at the neck, small short sleeves trimmed with gold lace; a white skirt, over which was wound a long, full, rose-colored scarf; the necklace, ear-rings, and nose-rings were of gold coin. These ornaments constituted the entire fortune of the wearer. Instead of investing their means in business, bank stock, or real estate, as in other countries, they carry it thus on their persons. These girls answered Bible and History questions, as well as our own Sunday-school children, in the language of their own country.

A blessed work has the Dutch Reformed Church of America done for these people. In 1855 the three brothers Scudder, sons of an eminent missionary, who labored here thirty years ago, established the Arcot Mission here. They found thirty-five native Christians, without a church or school. Now the Mission numbers six missionaries and fifty native helpers, who teach day school in seventeen villages. They have three boarding-schools—two for boys and one for girls. In 1870 their Medical Hospital treated 53,963 patients. The Reformed Church of America gives \$25,000 a year to this mission. "The simple homes, frugal habits and patient labors of these missionaries and their families are worthy of all praise and admiration."

A journey around the world is made through much tribulation. The more distinguished the traveler, the severer the trial. Now groaning on the restless billows of the "mighty ocean," then borne in litters, on donkey, or by unsteady yet sure-footed Japanese and Chinese. A powerful prince escorts them to his capitol on great elephants, which swing them in mid-air as they trudge heavily in a procession, guarded by 10,000 soldiers. They naturally feel insecure in their exaltation. The elephants knelt for them to mount. When they rose to their feet, "we held fast to the arms of our howdahs much as the landsman grasps the bulwark of a ship in a high sea. Our animals marched three abreast, covering the entire pavement of the widened streets."

"Long before John baptized in the Jordan, the Asiatics had

conceived the beautiful idea, that certain rivers are holy, and that their waters have the power of cleansing from all sin. The Ganges is, as it always has been, that river of the Hindoos." As the Jews and Catholic pilgrims visit their Jordan, so the Hindoos, from the remotest parts of the earth, must visit their sacred river at least once in a life-time. Those that can, come here to die in the holy city of Benares, on its banks, as the pious Jew seeks a grave in the valley of Jehosaphat. They think heaven is more accessible from this place than any other. Princes and men of wealth build costly temples on its banks. And hither they bring their dead, where thousands of fires consume their remains by perpetual burnings. Bathing pilgrims are all dressed in snow-white robes. Laving in its sacred waters unloads the soul from sins. So they believe. Thither many a mother brings her new-born babe, either to wash or drown it in its stream.

HAND-WRITING.

Was Chesterfield correct when he said, that "every man, who has the use of his eyes and his right hand can write whatever hand he pleases?" If so, would Byron have put his burning verse into such a miserable school-boy scrawl, Emerson write so sprawling a hand, or Napoleon I. have written the worst hand on record—so bad that his letters to Josephine from Germany were sometimes mistaken for maps of the seat of war? No doubt the vileness of his pot-hooks was aggravated by the speed, with which he wrote. Jacob Bryant said of Archdeacon Coxe's hieroglyphics, that they could be called neither a hand nor a fist, but a foot, and that a club one. Sydney Smith's hand, with the exception of Jeffrey's, was the worst that Constable's printers had to puzzle out for the "Edinburgh Review." He himself compared it to the hieroglyphics of a swarm of ants escaping from an ink-bottle, and walking over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs. When his wife inclosed to him an illegible passage from one of his letters from London, containing directions about the management of his farm, and asked for an explanation, he simply returned it with the remark, that he must decline ever reading his own hand-writing twenty-four hours after he had written it!

Rufus Choate's hand-writing could not be deciphered without the help of a pair of compasses and a quadrant. The best specimens look like the hieroglyphics on a Chinese tea chest. Having been invited on a certain occasion to address a public meeting in New Hampshire, he replied by letter; but the committee, after puzzling for hours over the scrawl, despaired of deciphering it, and were obliged to send a special message to learn his answer.

A BIOGRAPHY CARVED IN MARBLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Man shrinks from oblivion. He pants for the imperishable. Mortal man evermore sighs for immortality. Not only in the world beyond, in the "Great Hereafter," but in time and space, he longs to live on in the hearts and memories of his fellows. *Hereafter*, was the last word that fell from the lips of Peter the Great, when dying. But what hereafter did he mean? In his hereafter we are now living.

I still remember with what solemn impressions I stood for the first time before one of the statues of Phidias. The gray moss of twenty-five hundred years had gathered on it. It was standing in a square of Rome. His name, carved on it. A grand human body, surmounted by a head to suit it, he had cut in marble, so symmetrical and fully developed, as if it had grown into its present shape from a baby. The noble Greek did it. His mind moulded it in Athens. And now, after the changes, battles, victories, and defeats of twenty-five hundred years, it turns up in a market-place of Rome. Since then Empires have risen and fallen, Kings and Emperors have been made and unmade, but the grand work of the old Greek has defied the tooth of time, and is admired and studied by the roving children of the nineteenth century after, no less than by the Athenians in the fourth century before Christ. How rarely can men rear for themselves such enduring monuments as did Phidias. Herein the sculptor has the advantage. The painter paints on perishable material. The last Supper of Da Vinci, at Milan, has almost crumbled to dust. Many of the works of Raphael, Rubens, Titian, and other masters, need continual retouching. The best color fades, the best canvas decays; becomes worm or moth-eaten, but marble gains with age. The grayer and the more moss-covered, the grander. The philosopher, poet, theologian, put their grand thoughts in books, or at best impress them on human hearts and minds. Again they propagate their thoughts in other minds. Thus Shakspeare and Bacon live on in their disciples, and in the systems, laws, and constitutions of the nations of the earth. But the sculptor's thought is petrified; it retains its original shape, upon which the passing crowd of two thousand years can look, and through it commune with the author, and learn the lessons which he teaches.

Many of the finest statues in the principal cities of Europe have the name of Thorwalsden inscribed on them. The King of Bavaria in Munich; Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, in the market-place of Mayence. Goethe, Schiller and other great men, stand in their places, in summer's heat and winter's cold, in the silence of midnight when the watchman goes on his lonely beat, and in the busy, noisy noonday they proclaim the genius who put their features and form into a permanent mould—Albert Thorwalsden. Bertel his Danish admirers call him, Alberto the Italians.

In Copenhagen, Denmark, November 19th, 1770, he was born. His father, Gotto Kalk, was a poor wood carver, his mother, the daughter of a Jutland peasant, poor enough too. They had to work hard for their living, in the cold inhospitable North-land. They lived in a poor hut, near the wharf, where trade, tricks, dirt, dogs, and dismal sounds abounded. Hans Christian Andersen, a brother genius of the same city, tells us in one of his sweet stories, that the Copenhagen dogs make day and night hideous by incessant howlings.

It was a dreary Northern home into which Bertel was born. In his untidy cradle, the baby was left many an hour neglected, mingling his cries with the howls of the curs around him. It is said he loved his bottle—most likely such a bottle as afflicted and neglected babies often get to love for want of something better.

Karen Thorwalsden was a little fat woman, plump in form and speech, and withal not lacking in a certain kind of prettiness. She seems to have taken domestic matters somewhat easy, and left her baby genius to crow and kick up his heels in his confined quarters to his heart's content.

As much of the house-work as was done, she did; nor nurse nor hired help of any kind could they keep. While she bore the father's daily dinners to the ship-yard, Bertel and the dogs were mutually the monarchs of all they surveyed. For Gotto Kalk Thorwalsden was a wood carver, and maintained his family by carving figure-heads for merchant vessels. And many a merry joke passed between the plump young mother and the admiring ship builders, when she brought her diligent spouse his noon-day coffee. It was a poor craft wherewith to support a family.

By doing his very best they got a home, and a poor one at that. But honest, virtuous, diligent they both were—he perhaps more so than she. Still she too, for a mother with a baby, to attend to and provide for her household, cook, wash, sweep, scrub, and daily carry the meals many squares to her husband, must be wide awake to get through with her work.

Meanwhile Bertel began to crawl, and walk, and gambol after

his mother, bearing the dinner kettle to the ship-yard. The sharp boy soon became a favorite with the ship builders, whom he greatly delighted with his apt jokes. This makes me think that after all the dog companions of the baby must have done all the crying, since no peevish, fretful, crying baby is ever likely to take to joking. He watched his father carving at his wooden figures.

Many years after, when he had become the great Thorwalsden, the ship carpenters in their old age, with pride described the pretty child, with blue eyes and light hair, who used to come to see his father in the ship-yards of Copenhagen.

One day Bertel was playing in the market-place with other boys. There stood a large equestrian statue of Christian V. of Denmark. The King astride of a great horse, the noble steed trampling the Monster Envy under his feet. While the other boys went after their play, the eye of the boy-genius fell on the statue. After a while the other boys found him standing before, and, forgetful of his whereabouts, lost in thought while he gazed upon it. His mischievous comrades raised him on the back of the horse, and then ran away. Perched on his lofty seat, cleaving fast to King Charles, the bewildered Bertel, with his red cotton cap, soon attracted the police, who harmlessly carried him to the police-station and then sent him home.

“The child is father to the man.” It was so in this case. He was fond of sketching, and for a boy sketched remarkably well. His father got him to draw the designs for his wooden figures. Till his eleventh year he received no schooling but what he picked up at home. This neglect of his early education is seen throughout his noted life. In his letters and conversation one is constantly surprised with the glaring defects of scholarship in the great master of Sculpture. Little did the father dream of the future greatness of his son. Still such talents as he showed in drawing, he thought gave promise that a better fate than the father’s awaited the son.

The Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen, was a free-school. There he began his studies, at eleven years of age. In two years he learned enough to become quite a help to his father. He was a good student, but good only at one branch. In the usual branches of study he was good for nothing. Only in Sculpture he was zealous. During six years he made such little progress, that the Chaplain of the school became greatly discouraged with him. Even his Catechism he had so much neglected, that he was put in the lowest class, although seventeen years of age. How could good pastor Höyer confirm such a blockhead? Just then prizes were awarded among the students for progress in the Fine Arts. Bertel was rewarded with a small silver medal. The city

journals published the name of the successful boy, with flattering comments. The Chaplain read the notice, but never dreamed, that the successful Thorwalsden was his stupid pupil. When he came to school, the severe man of God asked the boy of marble:

"Thorwalsden, is it a brother of yours, who has just taken a prize at the Academy?"

Bertel blushed and timidly stammered, "It is myself, Herr Kaplan."

"Herr Thorwalsden, please pass up to the first class," exclaimed the astonished pastor in the hearing of all the boys.

In that country the title "Herr," as applied to a boy or youth, is a mark of extraordinary respect. When an old man, and burdened with the honors and decorations of royal favor, he was in the habit of saying, that glory had never been so sweet as on the day when good pastor Höyer called him "*Herr Thorwalsden*."

He became more calm, manly, and modest. Spoke little and thought much, and when at work, brought all his powers to bear upon it. All the while he carried his father's dinner to the ship-yard, and was an obedient boy. And while Gotto Kalk ate his frugal meal, Bertel took up the chisel to correct and finish his father's work. No wonder the father thought of making his son a partner in his humble ill-paid toil. Two years later he gained another prize. Now he knows enough for a wood carver, thought the father. One of the Professors plead for the son. How unwise, indeed cruel, to smother a genius by tying him to life-long menial drudgery. But the old man wished his son to come honestly by his daily bread. That, he thought, a wood carver could do as well as any one. To start him on the path of a great man, might make him a fast and bad man.

At length the parent and professor compromised the matter. Half his time Bertel should help his father to work, the other study in the Academy. Meanwhile he continued to live at home, in the lowly hut of his parents. His mind soon outgrew the rude carvings of the ship-yard. In book studies, he was dull. At practical work, designing and moulding statues with clay, he excelled. Whilst his comrades discussed, he was busy with his clay. He translated his ideas into marble. The chisel was his pen. With it he engraved his grand ideas into the imperishable stone.

He was naturally diffident. He shrank from a task for which he was better fitted than any other student. Fearful that he could not succeed, he tried to escape from the school. A professor gently chides him, coaxes him to his work. The result was his *Heliodorus*, which won him the most flattering compliments.

Although much honored, he remained meek. He talked but little. His clear eye was not exempt from a certain melancholy dif-

ficult to explain. Naturally timid, and unused to society, his was not an expansive nature. When he had passed sixteen, he became more cheerful. He who until then had rarely laughed, now often shared in the gayety of his comrades.

Of Literature and History he knew little—indeed outside of the Fine Arts, he was ignorant. At sixteen he had already become the pride of Copenhagen. He must be sent to Rome, the nursery of all great artists. With the help of a pension, he could support himself. Surely such a prospect would give him a new inspiration. Instead of that the lad began lazily to lean on his native genius. He had drawn a great gold medal for a bas-relief. He lingered on in Copenhagen, painting portraits, which sold readily. They brought him as much money as he needed. Like most great minds, he could only work when the mood was on him. Without that he loitered about in idleness. “Thorwalsden, why lose the spring-time of your life, why not hasten to Rome?” said his friends. Others: “Why not begin to study hard? In Rome an ignoramus is at a disadvantage.” In his estimation, Rome with all its charms could not compete with Copenhagen, with its peevish cloudy climate, its long nights and long winters. Besides, dame Thorwalsden, by this time, had discovered that she was the mother of a genius. She stormed and fretted at the idea of parting from her Bertel, as only a little fussy, self-willed Danish mother could. Bertel delayed. The more he was urged to depart, the more stubbornly he resolved not to go. He was an easy good-natured soul, who wished to humor as well as obey his parents. Thus, in Copenhagen he could easily make a little money, the use of which he could enjoy, along with “a little beer, a few merry friends and a sweet-heart.”

At length he sails. Well might his doting parents grieve at parting with their son. They never saw him again. When he returned, twenty years later, they had both died. His voyage to Rome was long and tedious. Still he seemed to enjoy the idle, dreamy life at sea. After he had been out over seven months, the ship captain, who was to have charge of him, wrote to his wife:

“Thorwalsden is still here (at Malta), but looking at last for an opportunity to go to Rome. He is very well: you can let his parents know. God knows what will become of him! He is so thoroughly lazy, that he has had no wish to write himself, and while on board, he would not learn a word of the Italian language, though the chaplain and I both offered to teach him. I have resolved to send him to our ambassador at Naples, so that he may forward him to Rome. The young man has an annual pension of four hundred crowns, and may God help him! He has a big dog whom he has christened Hector. He sleeps late in the morning, and thinks only about his comforts and his eating. But everybody likes him, because he is such a good fellow.”

Such was Thorwalsden at sixteen, and at sea. In another letter, the captain says: "He is an honest boy, but a lazy rascal." His arrival in Rome formed a new era in his life. An aged saint being asked his age, replied: "Four years. Up to eighty years I was dead in sin. Then I was born by water and the Spirit—a new man. This new man is four years of age." In a similar sense, Thorwalsden, although born in 1770, says: "I was born on the 8th of March, 1797. Before then I did not exist." This was the beginning of his life in Rome. He loitered through the rich Art Galleries of the holy city, in a sort of ecstasy and stupor, learning how little he knew, and how much he had to forget. Bishop Münter of Copenhagen, had given him a letter to Zoega, a then famous Danish archeologist. He saw the good and ill of the Art student, and wrote to a friend about him:

"Our countryman, Thorwalsden, has come to spend a week with us, and see the curiosities of the neighborhood. He is an excellent artist, with a great deal of taste and sentiment, but ignorant of everything outside of Art. By the by, the Academy shows very little judgment in sending such ignorant young fellows to Italy, where they must necessarily lose a great deal of time in acquiring that knowledge, without which they are unable to profit by their stay here, and, which could be acquired more easily and rapidly before coming. Without knowing a word of Italian or French, without the slightest acquaintance with history and mythology, how is it possible for an artist properly to pursue his studies here? I do not require him to be learned, that I should not even desire; but he should have some faint idea of the names and meaning of the things he sees. The rest he can pick up by association with the learned."

[*To be continued.*]

MUSIC AND MERCY.

The citizens of Antioch, irritated by some exactions which the Emperor Theodosius had imposed on them, broke out into open revolt; and, among other excesses, pulled down the statues of the Emperor and Empress and dashed them to pieces. Shortly after, when the heat of their fury was passed, they began to repent their indiscretion, and to be filled with alarm for the danger, into which they had brought themselves and their city. Flavianus, their Bishop, took a journey to Constantinople, in order to appease Theodosius; but the Emperor indignantly repelled all supplications, and vowed that nothing but the most signal vengeance would satisfy him for the insult put upon his crown and dignity.

The good Bishop was in despair at the danger impending over his flock; but being a man of lively fancy, and learning that the Emperor was in the habit while feasting of having a number of

young boys to sing to him, he conceived the idea of making yet another appeal through music's powerful influences, to the sensibilities of the Emperor's heart. He prevailed with those, who had the charge of the songsters, to place them under his direction for a short time, during which he taught them to sing in mournful strains the woes of the Antiochians; the sorrow they felt for their transgressions; and their despair at having fallen under the displeasure of their Prince.

A day was at length fixed, on which the boys were to try the effect of their lesson on the Emperor. The attention of Theodosius was instantly arrested by the peculiar pathos of the strains addressed to him; he soon discerned the import which they conveyed; yet continued to listen to them with undiminished fascination; and such at last was the effect produced, that, watering the cup of wine which he held in his hand with his warm tears, he forgot all the displeasure he had conceived against the Antiochians, and called aloud, "The city of Antioch is forgiven!"—*Percy Anecdotes.*

AUTHORS AS CONVERSATIONALISTS.

Almost as wonderful as Coleridge's were the conversational powers of Thomas De Quincey. While yet a youth at Oxford, he astonished all who came in contact with him, as well by his great colloquial as by his extraordinary mental gifts. "Yonder boy," said a learned professor to a distinguished visitor at Eton, "yonder boy, sir, could move an Athenian mob with his eloquence more easily than you or I could an English one."

A gentleman, who visited him in 1854, thus records his impressions of him after a half hour's conversation: "We have listened to Sir William Hamilton at his own fireside, to Carlyle walking in the parks of London, to Lamartine in the midst of a favored few at his own house, to Cousin at the Sorbonne, and to many others; but never have we heard such sweet music of eloquent speeches, as then flowed from De Quincey's tongue. Strange light beamed from that grief-worn face, and for a little while, that weak body, so long fed upon by pain, seemed to be clothed with supernatural youth."

Eloquent, however, as he was at all times, he was supremely eloquent when under the influence of his favorite drug. He once made an extensive visit at the house of "Christopher North," where he was permitted to have a regular allowance, an ounce, of opium each day. Mrs. Gordon, in her delightful memoir of her father, tells us how De Quincey while there would, after taking his opium, stretch himself at full length on a rug before the fire, with

a couple of books under his head instead of a pillow, and how he would lie in that position for hours in profound unconsciousness.

Honest "Kit North," with perhaps a pardonable pride in his eccentric guest, liked to exhibit De Quincey as he appeared on his recovering from the stupor into which the opium had plunged him; for then his tongue seemed touched with an eloquence almost divine. He accordingly would regulate his parties, so that the company might have an opportunity of seeing, or rather of hearing, De Quincey at his best. Mrs. Gordon says, that these gatherings were often prolonged to three or four o'clock in the morning, in order to hear the "Opium Eater's" wonderful eloquence.

It is singular that De Quincey, possessing as he did such mastery over language, never attempted to adapt his conversation to the comprehension of his listener. He addressed an illiterate porter, housemaid, or prowling beggar, on the most trivial subject, in the same precise and measured language as he would have addressed a Cambridge professor on a disputed point in metaphysics, or Porson on a classical emendation. In this respect he differed much from Dr. Johnson.

Mrs. Gordon has preserved a specimen of the style, in which he (De Quincey) was wont to address her father's housekeeper, when giving her directions as to the preparation of his food, and did it come from any less friendly source, we should take it as a caricature or parody. He simply wanted his meat cut with the grain or fibre, instead of across it, and this is the way in which he conveyed to her the fact: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise; so much indeed as to increase nervous irritation and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form." No wonder that the simple Scotchwoman exclaimed to her mistress, that "Mr. De Quincey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle of the folk would na' ken what he was driving at."

An eminent living writer, who knew him well, has drawn him as he appeared one morning at a friend's house, stretched upon the floor, with but one article of clothing on him, surrounded by an abattis of books, wildly gesticulating over a Greek classic, in which he had just discovered an important error, and shouting with all his might: "Eureka!" "As he expounded it," says the writer, "turning up his unearthly face from the book with an almost painful expression of grave earnestness, it occurred to me, that he had seen something like the scene in Dutch paintings of the Temptations of St. Anthony."—*Evening Mail*.

WHAT YOUNG MEN MAY DO.

The "Record," which is the organ of one of the Presbyterian Churches, puts before its missionary friends the possibilities of young men in the cause of Christ, saying among other things:

"Robert Murray M'Cheyne had been the means of the conversion of hundreds of persons, and had given a lasting impulse to foreign missions in the hearts of the Scotch people, by his visit to the Jews on the continent of Europe and in Palestine, before he died at thirty years of age, and his biographer (Rev. And. A. Bonar) says: 'Perhaps never was the death of one, whose whole occupation had been preaching the everlasting gospel, more felt by all the saints of God in Scotland.'

"David Brainerd kindled a flame of interest in the salvation of the poor savages of this continent, and set an example of burning zeal for Christ, which has, perhaps, beyond that of any other one man, inspired and sustained others in labors for the most benighted and degraded of our race, before he finished his brief thirty years. Jonathan Edwards, in his memoirs, says of his 'love, meekness,' etc., 'I scarcely know where to look for a parallel instance in the present age;' and that his memory should 'teach and excite to duty us, who are called to the work of the ministry, and all who are candidates for the great work.'

"John Summerfield, whom Dr. Bethune styled 'that most apostolical young man,' and whose labors created such an intensity of popular interest in Ireland, England, and America, did not reach twenty-eight.

"Felix Neff filled the Alps with the light of the gospel, and ascended to the glory on high before he was thirty-one.

"Henry Martyn died at the same early age, leaving a name precious in England, India, Persia, and wherever Christ's cause is loved throughout the world.

"Walter M. Lowrie, whose life and death have so powerfully drawn the heart of the Presbyterian Church to China, was but twenty-eight when pirates drowned him in the muddy waters of the Bay of Hangehau.

"Isidor Lowenthal.—That prodigy of talent, fervent zeal, and industry had served the Church but seven years in India, before he was master of the Affghan, the Persian, the Arabic, the Cashmeri, and the Hindostani languages, had translated the New Testament into the former of them, and nearly completed a dictionary of it,

besides contributing a large amount of valuable matter for publication in America and in England.

“Melville B. Cox.—Need we call our people to the memory of this young man, whose dying utterance has not ceased to ring along the ranks of our Israel: ‘Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up!’”

How animating and how encouraging are such examples! With similar ardor of love for Christ, unceasing prayerfulness, and patient perseverance in labors for good, it may be within the reach of the reader of these words to be as blest and honored as were they.

A PENITENT'S PLEA.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Like a child that is lost
From its home in the night,
I grope through the darkness
And cry for the light;
Yea, all that is in me
Cries out for the day—
Come, Jesus, my Master,
Illumine my way.

In the conflicts that pass
'Twixt my soul and my God,
I walk as one walketh
A fire path unshod;
And in my despairing
Sit dumb by the way—
Come, Jesus, my Master,
And heal me, I pray.

I know the fierce flames
Will not cease to uproll,
Till Thou rainest the dew
Of Thy love on my soul;
And I know the dumb spirit
Will never depart,
Till Thou comest and makest
Thy home in my heart.

My thoughts lie within me
As waste as the sands;
Oh make them be musical
Strings in Thy hands!
My sins, red as scarlet,
Wash white as the fleece—
Come, Jesus, my Master,
And give me Thy peace!

WHAT MONEY CANNOT DO.

Mr. Beecher, in his last "Ledger" paper, says: Many, many things can money do. It can transform the wilderness, drain the morass, cover the desert with blossoms, rear up suddenly splendid dwellings where only hovels were before, fill them with sumptuous furniture, fill them with delicacies, fill them with flattering friends. But though money can do almost all things, it cannot make young trees old, nor old folks young. Here am I surrounded with old, old elms, huge in trunk, with vast branches, each large as a tree, stretched out afar, to gain some light and liberty, and yet all feeding by the same root. One looks up into this vast canopy as into the nave of a cathedral; yet no cathedral was ever so beautiful. What architect would dare stretch out stone as these branches do? With their immense weight, they lie upon the air as seemingly light as a feather spray. Run your eye from their summit back to the trunk. What immense leverage! Upon these huge arms winds play and storms have wrought. Out of these rude and shapeless things storms have even evoked music. All along the weather open spaces, moss in green patches lie along the rugged boughs, poor and weak in itself, yet able, of its mere beauty, to add grace to the giant tree. It is too high for singing birds, which love lower trees and shrubs; but squirrels live here, having homes in the holes left in the branches where storms have broken off former companion boughs.

Mighty as this tree is which throws its protecting arms over the house, it was once a riding whip, which when used for an hour was stuck in the ground, took root, and behold, here it is! I look enviously upon this and its companion trees. No money can build such as these. Nature cannot be bribed to furnish them to order. While waiting for them we die! One should have ancestors. No matter about what they put in their wills, if only they will plant enough trees, which when we come along shall be old and huge!

Young trees and young men are got up too nicely—trim and snug! Only when a tree opens its top, and lets the sunlight clear into its very centre, does it begin to be noble. Old trees! unlike old men, they have no infirmities. Their strength does not depart, and their glory abides! Happy are they who frolic under them in childhood, and who sit in old age calmly beneath their shadow. We give out something of our life to the things which surround us. And trees, water brooks, beetling rocks and dwellings register our thoughts of sorrow, or our great joys; and, in after years, we recall much of our inward experience from the voiceless teachings of inanimate things!

TIRED MOTHERS.

BY MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless curling head from off your breast;
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging at their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

THANKING GOD FOR FLOWERS.

A thoughtful little girl, not four years old, was riding one day with her mother. Katie—for this was her name—sat a long time in silence, looking at the flowers which grew along the roadside. After a while she turned her eyes full on her mother's face, and said, "*Wouldn't you like to kiss God?*" Her mother wondered why her little daughter had asked such a question. Katie replied, "Because He's so good to give us such pretty flowers."

I think the great God was pleased with that dear child's question and answer. She saw His skill and goodness in the flowers, which gave her so much pleasure. It was in her heart to thank and praise Him. She loved Him for the beautiful things He had made, and as she showed her love to her mother by a kiss, she thought this a good way to show her love to her heavenly Father. I knew little Katy very well, and I always loved her more after I heard that she wanted to kiss Him, who has covered the earth with flowers.

God might have withheld them. He might make the spring come, and the summer, and the autumn, without a single flower to gladden our eyes.

"He might have made the earth bring forth
Enough of great and small;
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all."

But how sad it would be without them! How lonely and barren it would seem in the country, through all the warm season, if these sweet and beautiful things did not smile upon us. How glad we are to see them come with the return of each spring. For my part, I always feel like kissing the first flower I find, after the cold and snow of winter has left us.—*Messenger*.

THE BOY ON THE PLANK.

We once heard of a mother who, while on a little ship, was wrecked, and cast upon a rock some distance from the shore. While the vessel went to pieces, she saved her little child, and was left with others some time waiting for a boat to come and take them off. But no one saw them, and they had to contrive to reach the shore with planks from the breaking up of their large boat.

This mother would not trust her darling to any one but her own

arms. She at length saw the storm hushed, although the groundswell still sent its waves gently rolling past the rocks and the wreck. Impatient to reach the land, the mother, grasping her child with a firm hold, seized the plank, and began to float her boy on the water to the shore.

He saw the waves come along, sprinkling him with their spray, and said, "Ma, make these naughty waves be still." What faith had this dear child in its mother? His was stronger faith than the disciples had in their Lord. Amid all our trials and fears, we too can call on our Heavenly Parent to hush the waves and calm the storms which destroy our peace. By and by, if faithful, we shall reach that happy world where "*there will be no more sin.*"

That little child had not a doubt but that a single stroke from his mother's hand would hush those saucy billows. Happy, happy soul that can thus feel a calm trust in the love and power of Him who said "*Fear not, I am thy God.*"

THE ORPHANS' HOME AT WOMELSDORF, PA.

We owe it to the friends of this institution to report a brief statement of its present condition. Our receipts for the last ten months have been considerably less than those of the corresponding months of the year preceding, and the expenditures of the Home have likewise been less. The larger orphans perform the greater part of the farm and house work, so that, outside of the teachers, we need but little hired help. The land has been well improved, and will yield more and need less to make it productive hereafter than it did heretofore. Still, at the present rate of our income, the receipts will not be adequate to meet our current expenses. There are three remedies within reach :

1st. To contract a debt. 2d. To reduce the number of orphans in the Home. 3d. For the friends of the Home to increase their contributions for its support.

The first the Board of Managers will not consent to do. Under no circumstances will they allow a debt to be contracted by a deficiency of means for the current expenses. The second they will be compelled to do, unless the third is promptly done. We now have ninety orphans in the Home. Some of these will be old enough to leave the institution in a few months, so that, unless others shall be received, the number will be reduced to eighty or eighty-five. For the last six months four-fifths of the orphans applying for reception had to be rejected. In the future we shall have to receive none, unless the friends of the Home will increase their contributions. Every pastor or superintendent of a Sunday-

school, holding a collection for this object, could secure \$5, and many \$20, for this Home. The Board carefully husbands the means lodged with them for this Home. We have no benevolent enterprise in the Church, where every penny is made to tell so effectually for good as here. There is nothing wasted. Every stone and stump, stick and shred, are turned to some practical end. But we cannot disburse that which we do not receive.

B. BAUSMAN,
President Board of Managers.

THE TOLL-MAN'S FAMILY.

A TRUE STORY.

In the town of Dessau, in Germany, there was a long bridge over the Elbe. The ends of the bridge were much lower than the middle. The toll-man's house was placed upon the highest part of it, in the centre. In the spring of the year, when the ice was breaking up, there arose a great storm, and the river with the broken pieces of ice came roaring down so violently, that the ends of the bridge were soon carried away, and nothing was left but the middle arch of the bridge, with the toll-man's house upon it, which looked as if it were upon a little island in the middle of the river. The force of the river was so great, that it was impossible that the arch should stand long, and the poor toll-man feared that his home would soon be carried away by the waves, and his wife and children all drowned. There were a great many people on the banks, pitying the poor man's fate, and he and his wife and children screamed to them for help, but the storm was heavy, and the ice made it dangerous, and they were all too cowardly to go out in a boat to try to save the poor family from drowning. Among them was a rich count, who held up a large purse of gold, and offered it to any one, who would go and save the toll-man and his wife and children; but no one would risk his life for money. At last a poor man came along in a wagon, and as soon as he saw the danger the poor people were in, he set off in a little boat, and never minded the storm. He got safely to the toll-house, but he had to go three times before he brought away the whole family. Just as he was landing the last load the arch gave way, and the house was carried down the river. The poor father and mother and children were too happy to speak, when they found they were safe.

The Count then offered the poor man who saved them the purse of gold. "No," he said, "my life was worth more than money, and I do not wish to be paid for doing right." The Count urged

him to take it; he still refused it for himself, but said to the Count, "I wish you would give it to the poor toll-man, who has lost all his clothes and furniture, and who has so many little children to feed."

EAST WIND.

Why should the wind coming from the East over an ocean of water depress the human body, while that which comes from the West across the continent, enlivens the spirits and gives courage and vigor? Be this as it may, it seems as if some people never felt any wind that was not East; they are all "out of sorts." The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men awhile ago, a farmer who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said:

"Mr. Nayling, this rain will be fine for your grass crop."

"Yes, perhaps; but it is bad for the corn, and will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop."

A few days after this, when the sun was shining hot, I said:

"Fine sun for your corn, sir."

"Yes, pretty fair, but it is awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather."

Again, on a cold morning, I met my neighbor, and said:

"This must be capital for your rye, Mr. Nayling."

"Yes, but it is the very worst weather for the corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward."

So the man lives in a perpetual East wind. Nothing suits him, and it would be impossible for Providence to give him weather, about which he would not grumble. I know one man who feels that our country is on the very brink of ruin, the government a curse, and everything to be destroyed. And he has felt and talked thus for at least thirty years, and yet his property has been increasing in value all this time, amid this gathering ruin. The fact is, the man lives in an unchanging East wind. And there is Mr. Slow, who lives in the hollow under the Long Hill; he has been mourning for many years over the degeneracy of the times, and always telling what wonderful lawyers, and doctors, and ministers there were when he was young! He can sleep under any preaching he now hears, and the lawyers seem to be young upstarts, or too old to practice. Ah! Mr. Slow, does your weather vane point anywhere but to the East?—*Rev. John Todd, D. D.*

The Sunday-School Drawer.

THE MISSIONARY HEN.—In a small town in one of the counties of England there lives an old gentleman who feels an interest in sending the gospel to the heathen, and so he thought that to help on this good work he would devote the money he got from one of his hens, and she should be called the “Missionary hen;” so, when the next missionary meeting came, the people present were surprised and pleased to hear announced, “The missionary hen, fifteen shillings.” A good deal this, was it not, for one little hen to be the means of sending up to the mission house in London, to be sent from there to foreign lands?

Well, time went on, and every year the amount was the same, the good little hen still helping on the good cause. But, alas! about two months before the meeting last year a note was received by a lady living near, who is much interested in missions, to say that the poor hen had died, and the owner wished that it might be buried in a corner of her garden. Permission was given, and if some day you could visit that garden, in one corner you would see a little mound, and at the head of it a wooden frame, and these words inscribed, carefully shut in with glass, lest damp should efface them:

“Here lies the missionary hen—
Her contributions four pounds ten.
Though she is dead, the work goes on,
For seven daughters and her son
May carry on the work that she begun.”

If you will reckon, you will find how many years it was that she contributed fifteen shillings each year.—*Sabbath-School Visitor*.

PARDON FOR OMISSIONS.—Dr. Samuel Johnson, in writing to his mother says: “You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and I beg forgiveness for all I have done ill, and all that I have *omitted to do well*.”

So in the prayer he composed at the same time: “Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and *whatever I have omitted to do kindly*.”

There is a deep meaning in this. Our offences against God and our fellow-men are far greater in the omission of duties than in the commission of sins. Let any one think it over faithfully, and see if the weight of condemnation does not rest there.

And how much point in the expression “omitted to do *kindly*.” We might—often at least—almost as well not speak the truth at all, as to speak it “not in love;” so it may often happen that an act, in itself eminently proper, has a dreadful *omission* about it, simply because it is not done *kindly*. What is charity, however bountifully bestowed, if *sympathy* be wanting? It is often positive insult. Without pursuing the hint farther, let each one search for the catalogue of good things which he has left undone, and strive for a better spirit and a better life.

KEEPING FAITH.—Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken

bowl. She had dropped and broken it, in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it. As she said this, a sudden gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She innocently looked up into Sir William's face and said, "But you can mend it, can't you?" He "explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could overcome, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend on the same spot at the same hour the next day, and to bring sixpence with him; bidding her meanwhile to tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying, "I cannot disappoint her; she trusted me."

THE German Emperor, while visiting a village, was welcomed by the school-children of the place. After making a speech for them he took an orange from a plate and asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied the girl. The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong then?" asked the Emperor. The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said with radiant eyes, "To God's kingdom, sire." The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

THE other Sunday, the following was posted up in the lobby of the Cambridge, Washington county, Presbyterian Church: "Notice—The person who stole 'Songs of the Sanctuary' from seat No. 32 should improve the opportunity of singing them here, as they will have no occasion to sing them hereafter."

Editor's Drawer.

THE VALUE OF BIRDS.—In order to give a palpable, statistical idea of the value of the birds in the destruction of insects, a German land-owner named Reubens, in an agricultural paper, publishes the following figures on the use of the swallows: "A swallow-pair is sixteen hours in the day in motion, and each swallow on the average, feeds the young twenty times during the day. Both swallows are, therefore, six hundred times by the nest daily. As now each of the parent swallows brings every time from ten to

twelve insects, the two destroy in the course of one day at least six thousand four hundred insects. To their own nourishment the parents need about six hundred insects daily, so that a swallow family destroys, daily, seven thousand, and in the month two hundred and ten thousand injurious insects. If the parent swallows, in the first month, when they are alone, eat thirty thousand insects, for the whole summer a swallow family of seven members consumes five hundred and seventy-six thousand insects. If one hundred pairs of swallows make their nests in a village, these birds and their descendants will, in the course of a single summer, eat over fifty-seven millions of insects." The same figures apply to the starlings. We trust that these figures will induce many to provide for their little winged visitors, and see that they are not allowed to be recklessly killed, remembering that for every pair of useful birds destroyed their places are occupied by half a million injurious insects in the course of the year.

MANNERS IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.—In illustration of the importance of good manners a London paper recalls an incident which occurred at a Scotch telegraph office some years ago. Lord Russell was the Minister in attendance upon Her Majesty at Balmoral, and one evening there came a messenger to Aboyne—a little old man, buried in a great coat—with a telegram from his Lordship to one of his Ministerial colleagues in London. The message was handed to the clerk in charge, a peremptory person, who seeing that it did not bear a signature—it was in the days of the old companies, when a signature was necessary—threw it contemptuously back, with the authoritative command, "Put your name to it; it's a pity your master don't know how to send a telegram." The name was added, and the message handed back. "Why you can't write, either!" cried the enraged clerk, after vainly endeavoring to make out the signature. "Here, let me do it. What's your name?" "My name," said the little old messenger, very deliberately, "is John Russell." It was the veritable Lord John himself; and the unhappy clerk was removed from Aboyne forthwith.

A LADY, famous for her "muslin theology," talking to Carlyle, was (so says *Oliver Optic's Magazine*) bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ending her tirade against them by expressing her regret that He had not appeared in our times. "How delighted," said she, "we should all be to throw our doors open to Him and listen to His divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to, said in broad Scotch: "Madam, I don't. I think that, had He come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, 'To meet our Saviour;' but if He had come uttering His divine precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with the publicans and lower orders, as He did, you would have treated Him much as the Jews did, and cried out, 'Take Him to Newgate, and hang Him!'"

HENRY CLAY used to say that there were three classes of people with whom it was never safe to quarrel: "First, ministers: for the reason that they could denounce me from the pulpit, and I had none through which to reply. Second editors; for they had the most powerful engines from which they could every day hurl wrath and fury upon me, and I had none through which to reply. And, finally, with women; for they would have the last word anyhow."

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from one of the summer resorts, tells the following story: A paternal, the other day, shortly after his return to the Springs, was approached by a youth, who requested a few minutes' conversation in private, and began: "I was requested to see you, sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment——" "Young man," interrupted the parent briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about. You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me, this morning, on that subject. I have given my consent to the others, and I give it to you. God bless you."

EVERY day in the week is the Sabbath of some nation. Sunday is observed by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

YOUNG MAN, DEPEND ON YOUR OWN EFFORTS.—Fight your own battles. Hoe your own corn. Ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but, carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm in that while you chop out still another. Men who have made their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by puffs, begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing; and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmamma to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will!" and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.—*Grace Greenwood.*

ASK MY WIFE.—A notorious character was converted. His former associates taunted him with being a hypocrite. He replied: "If you want to know whether I have got religion, go and ask my wife. I was a brutal vagabond, squandering what little I earned in drink. My poor wife at midnight could be seen hovering round drinking-places trying to get me home, and then I would curse and swear at her, and sometimes beat her almost to death. My children fled from me as they would from a tiger, and hid when I came into the house. Now I have got as happy a home as there is in the city, and my children watch for my coming. I have good wages, and I don't spend my earnings at the corner grocery. You go and ask my wife if you want to know what religion has done for me."—*Christian Era.*

THE pastor of the late Admiral Farragut relates the following incident of the old hero in connection with the capture of Mobile: On that occasion, while the Admiral was lashed in the rigging of the Hartford, he offered up a prayer in the following words: "O God, my Maker, lead me to do this day what is right and best for my country." In answer to the prayer the Admiral said he heard a voice from heaven, which seemed in tones of thunder to say, "Go forward!" He obeyed the voice and went forward, and conquered.

GIVEN AWAY.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 9.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
No. 907 Arch Street.

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S. E. Hedges, J. Z. Gerhard, S. Pence, T. S. Case, Rev. J. M. Grether, Rev. H. S. Vaughan, Mrs J. S. Wagner, T. L. James, Rev. G. H. Leonard, C. G. Michael, A. W. Prugh.

GUARDIAN, SEPTEMBER, 1873.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

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Saml. D. Geddis, Phila.	5.00	24	Eli Ingram, Smithburg, Md,	1.50	24
Rev. J. J. Leberman, Louisville, Ohio.	3.00	19 to 21	A. W. Prugh, Piqua, Ohio.	6.00	23
Mr. J. S. Wagner, Selinsburg, Pa.	1.50	24			

THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV. SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 9.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE HAREM.

BY THE EDITOR.

The most of our readers doubtless know that a harem is the apartment or dwelling assigned to the women, or wives, in an eastern home. Few travellers are admitted into this sacred part of an oriental dwelling. Some of these abodes of women are magnificent prisons, where they fare sumptuously, but are cut off from social communication with the outside world. The lady members of W. H. Seward's party had the honor of an invitation to visit the harem of the Khedive, or viceroy of Egypt. Of course, no gentleman of the party, however distinguished, could profane the place with his presence. They received instruction as to what kind of dresses would be agreeable to their royal hostess. By no means would black be allowed. For if within six months after a Christian lady visits the palace wearing a black dress or trimming, a death occurs therein she will be held responsible for it. Through the help of a woman of their own country they procured dresses of blue and lavender. With the necessary guide and interpreter they presented themselves at the palace. Two companies of jet black Nubian soldiers at the gate, presented arms as the party entered. At the second gate they received a similar salute. And likewise at the third gate, where alighting from their carriage, eight black eunuchs took charge of them. Through a beautiful garden they were led to the vestibule of the palace. This was filled with young Circassian slave girls, "dressed in gay-colored gauze and muslins, some with little turban hats. Two of these, more richly dressed than the rest, displaying many diamonds, took each of the visitors by the hand and led them through endless corridors and salons, all the others following.

"All these apartments were gorgeously furnished. They were conducted into a hall, as large as the east-room of "The White-

house." At the far end of the hall they saw a lady reclining on a divan, with one of the princess-wives sitting near her, and sixty slave girls formed in a crescent-shaped group at her left hand. The lady on the divan was the Princess Validâ, the first lady of State. The other wives and the daughters of the Viceroy are princesses. The slaves who followed the visitors formed themselves into another half-circle on the right-hand of the Princess Validâ. Between these two groups they passed to the divan, where her Highness received them standing.

" Her dark eyes are sharp, her face expressive of great cleverness, her voice clear and pleasant. She received the ladies with perfect courtesy, and presented them to the princes at her side, and then invited them to seats on her left. The princess was dressed in a long white satin skirt which covered her feet, and a black velvet jacket with long pointed Turkish sleeves. A fold of violet satin, with variegated border, was fastened around her head with a band of diamonds, the whole surmounted with a *solitaire* diamond of immense size." * * * * *

The harem ladies confess being very partial to European fashions, and order their outfits from London and Paris. They speak Arabic, an English lady acting as interpretress. Of course, all the world over ladies must pass the usual compliments when they meet. Slave girls brought ice-water on a golden salver, sugared rose-leaves in enamelled cups, with golden spoons. Then a chibouque or Turkish pipe, with tobacco, was offered to each lady. The bowl of this pipe is of the red clay of Egypt, the stem, five feet long, of the fragrant Danubian willow, with an amber mouth-piece eight inches long. Validâ's pipe had a mouth-piece of black amber, profusely set with diamonds. Etiquette compelled the visiting ladies to smoke the pipe, resting its bowl on a small silver tray on the floor. After the pipe came black coffee.

The slave girls are brought from their native land when they are quite young, and are provided with husbands and dowries. The Princess Validâ remarked that they were "very lucky." Two hundred served on this occasion. They were neither pretty nor graceful. Usually the Viceroy chooses a slave to wife. After her marriage the slave girl becomes a princess. What did these Eastern and Western ladies talk about? Many a curious question was put to the visitors, such as :—

" How old are you ? How many brothers and how many sisters have you ? What are their ages ? Are you married ? Why not ? Are you going to be ? How old is Mr. Seward ? What does he travel for ? How many sons has he ? How old are they ? How many of them are married ? Has he any grandchildren ? How old are they ? How many boys, how many girls ?"

For three hours they were entertained with delicacies, pipes,

coffee, dances and "sweet music" by the girls. They played on the violin and cithern and other instruments.

Kiamil Pacha was the Prime Minister of Turkey, and one of its wealthiest citizens. The American ladies were invited to breakfast, at his palace. Through certain misunderstandings they came at an unexpected hour. Upon their arrival they were presented to their expected host, "a man about sixty, of commanding presence, with piercing black eyes, white hair and long pointed beard and moustache. He was dressed in a flowing dressing-gown, of rich white silk, and yellow Turkish slippers. He apologized for being *en dis-habille*, which, indeed, seemed to us extraordinary."

A deformed Nubian led the way for four white slave-girls and the visitors into a large and grandly furnished room, but without books, music, pictures, or statuary. Fifteen minutes later a lady entered, attended by six slave girls. She was small, about forty-five years old, dressed in a simple white muslin gown, with a simple band of blue tulle on her head, fastened with an enormous sapphire, the only ornament she wore. On entering she acknowledged the presence of her guests by a cold distant inclination of the head, and nothing more. Seated on a divan, drawing her slippered feet under her, and embracing her white poodle dog, she scanned the toilets of the strangers for fifteen minutes without saying a word. In vain did the interprestress try to open a conversation. The great lady was evidently in bad humor. At length she broke silence with the usual oriental questions :

"How old are you? Have you any brothers or sisters? How many? How old are they? Where do you come from? Why do you come so far from home? How can you fatigue yourself so much? Why do you not stop and rest? Why did you come here in such a hurry this morning, and give us no time to dress?"

Encouraged by her freedom the visitors essayed speech in their turn. They said : "We understood that we had the honor of being expected here this morning."

She replied : "I know nothing about it."

She was asked : "How do you amuse yourself?"

"I look at the Bosphorus and smoke."

"What is the name of your pretty dog?"

"He has no name!"

"How do you call him?"

"I say dog."

Her questions and answers she interspersed with puffs of smoke from her cigarette. After an hour spent in this way the princess extended her beautiful little hands to her guests, to be kissed, and the foreign ladies took their leave." Kiamil Pacha, who took the

surprise in a better humor, meanwhile had a sumptuous feast prepared, at which he entertained his company in the most agreeable style.

The Sultan or Emperor of Turkey received them with marked kindness. "He is a stout, well-formed man, forty-seven years old, with a pleasing and amiable, though not impressive countenance. His hair is slightly gray, and he is said to dislike the national fez (red Turkish cap), which he wears very small. He rides remarkably well, like a soldier accustomed to the saddle." Seated at Mr. Seward's side he inquired about his health, the time he had been abroad, and the countries in which he had travelled.

Hearing of the expected tour of Mr. Seward through Syria, the Sultan, through the Turkish Government, issued the following *firman* to the Governor or Pacha of Syria :

His imperial majesty, Sultan Abd-ul Aziz Khan, son of Sultan Mahmoud Khan, may his virtues be perpetuated! To my noble vizier—my glorious councillor who administers the affairs of the people confided to his care with great justice and equity—who strengthens and consolidates the edifice of the empire and public weal with much zeal and ability—who is one of the faithful ministers of my government, and who by his convictions has merited the favor of the Most High, possessor of all things; the balee or governor-general of my province of Soria (Syria), the possessor of my noble decoration of the Majidich of the first class, Rechid Pacha, may his glory be increased! be it known :

"That the bearer of the present royal and sovereign document is the Honorable William H. Seward, formerly the chief minister of the government of the Republic of the United States of North America, who, with his companions, is visiting for the purposes of travel, my province of Soria—and that it is my sovereign will that you who are balee of the same, consider him as my honored and distinguished guest.

"That you treat him with every demonstration of honor and respect, and see that, wherever he may be pleased to go, he be shown hospitably. It is my royal pleasure that he be everywhere known as the guest of my government and treated accordingly. Let all measures be taken for his comfort and protection, and permit nothing to occur contrary to the present command.

"This know, and hasten to carry my sovereign will into execution.

"Written the 15th day of the Moon of Rejeb, the Unique, of the year of the Hedjera, 1287,' September 20, 1870.

This *firman* to the Governor of Palestine or Syria secured to Mr. Seward the treatment of a royal guest, when visiting that country. In Jerusalem he was received with distinguished honor. Thanking the Sultan for these marks of consideration, he replied to Mr. Seward, "That these attentions were justly due to him, as an eminent man of a great nation."

Would the Sultan ever honor the United States with a visit?

Shaking his head, he answered with a smile, that the German ocean made him so sick, that he determined never to go to sea again.

A Sultan is made of like stuff as ordinary mortals, and the sea handles and affects him as it does anybody else. Whilst few can hope to attain the Sultan's royal magnificence, many have attained the other end of his experience, wherein he groaned most unroyally under the grip of old ocean's mighty hand.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN GERMANY.

WHOM HE MET AND WHAT HE SAW.

IV.—BERLIN.

Pulpit. University.

BY W. M. R.

If I were to yield to my present inclinations, I would not intrude upon the readers of the GUARDIAN with another number of these reminiscences. The egotistical feature which so prominently prevails does not suit my taste. But how is it to be avoided? Although he may be offended, the indulgent reader will concede that however insignificant the person, the *personal* has a great deal to do with the interest in articles like the present. A dry bundle of general facts, such as can be gathered out of the encyclopedia or traveler's guide, is not what is wanted. The minutiae of the traveler's own individual experience, together with the impressions and suggestions produced by the objects of interest around him—these are what the ordinary reader desires to become acquainted with. It is through these that he is enabled to project himself into the situation of the writer, to live over as it were the scenes which are described, and thus not only derive pleasure, but real benefit from the narrative. Accordingly I have not attempted to imitate the accomplishment which some writers possess, of appearing not to be egotistical, whilst in reality the possession of the attribute is what gives value to their productions.

I sometimes tell the editor of the GUARDIAN of my disinclination to proceed. But with a protracted brow and a slight but emphatic gesticulation he peremptorily says: "Why, go on!" and then in the shape of a very effective, although negative compliment, he insists upon it, "that my articles are not a bit too long."

Shall I say anything more about Berlin? Perhaps the reader is ready to answer: "What you have said on that subject will do."

Travel with us now to some other place." But the gist of the matter has not yet been reached. I have scarcely alluded to that which makes Berlin what it is: which drew me thither, and constitutes the attraction for thousands. This city is the great intellectual centre of the European continent. We have seen its attractiveness in a social point of view; and what remains to be done is to afford the reader a glimpse into the other spheres of culture, and indicate some of the advantages which are here to be enjoyed for spiritual, scientific and æsthetic advancement.

The Pulpit.

The Berlin Pulpit is a world in itself. You have here the ablest men that are to be found in a country which has carried the science of theology in all its branches higher than any other. Here are to be met with not only all varieties of excellence, but all shades of religious sentiment. The most rigid orthodoxy is enunciated in some of the churches with a confidence which would do credit to the seventeenth century. Here the importance of a correct doctrinal position is set forth with so much emphasis that you feel prompted to go home at once and make an inventory of the articles of your creed lest one might be found which would endanger your eternal welfare. In others you have a form of pietism represented which pours contempt upon all philosophy, and even history, and almost persuades you that Arendt, Spener and Franke are worth more than all the church-fathers put together, with the Reformers thrown in. But strange to say what seems to characterize the ecclesiastical life of Berlin is the two opposite tendencies of Rationalism and Ritualism. If the majority of the Berlin preachers hold the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, it is in a sense very different from that in which the word is employed in this country; and it is always understood that the right is reserved to ascribe it to those of the canonical books of the Bible which the individual deems proper. The doctrine of the Trinity as set forth in the ancient creeds, and that of the atonement as taught in our catechisms, is rejected by the most of them. Whilst the number of out and out Rationalists is by no means small. Think of a man representing a considerable party, standing up in one of the pulpits of the state church, and under the authority of the royal ecclesiastical counsel, who disbelieves all that is supernatural in the life of our Saviour, from the incarnation to the resurrection, and from whose preaching it is difficult to determine whether there be a personal God, a fallen human condition or a future state of conscious existence! On the other hand more than one American has at first entering a fair specimen of the Berlin churches thought that by mistake he had gotten among Roman Catholic worshipers.

The gown and surplice, and sometimes the white bands, are worn by the clergy. The altar is always at a distance from the pulpit, not unfrequently as much as half the length of the building. Generally there is an extensive vacant place between it and the people. The crucifix and burning candles are never wanting. The minister makes the cross when he begins to officiate at it. Whilst he is engaged in his sacramental functions, it is not unfrequently the case that he has his back turned to the congregation. The altar service is evidently intended to be the centre of public worship, and all else is made subordinate to it.*

It has been stated that great intellectual superiority characterizes all these various classes of the Berlin ministers. This renders everything in the shape of claptrap unnecessary. Sensational preaching, in the ordinary sense of the word, is not known. Anything not perfectly legitimate in this sphere would betray shallowness. This is something that even the masses in this city quickly detect and will not endure. So far as gesticulation is concerned, I never saw the hand raised higher than the head. Oratorical display in general is not indulged in. Fine speaking passes for little. At the same time there is no reading from the pulpit. I remember but once to have seen anything in the shape of a manuscript employed by a preacher. It was in the case of the venerable Strauss, the chief court-preacher, and formerly a professor in the university. The occasion was the opening of the Landtag or parliament. All the members of both houses together with the royal family were assembled in the Cathedral for worship. This was preliminary to the formal opening of the sessions with an address delivered by the king from the throne. The preacher took for his text the words: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It was not in the least apparent that he had any notes before him. Fluency, earnestness, and pungency, characterized the discourse, which was listened to with eager attention apparently by every individual of the immense mass that thronged that spacious edifice.

Dr. Strauss was at this time seventy-four years of age, and had been pastor in the Cathedral about forty years. He preached regularly when his turn came. He had three colleagues. These were Hoffman, Snethlage and Hengstenberg. The latter dare not be confounded with the professor of the same name, who by the

* In Western Prussia and Southern Germany, on the contrary, the altar is of en nothing more than a bare table; and sometimes in case of a crowd, it may be seen covered with hats and other articles of clothing. Dr. Krummacher did not relish the formal feature in the Berlin Cultus; and at the Kirchentag in the Wupperthal, in a private circle, expressed himself as amused at the horror of some of the Eastern pastors at such desecration of the altar.

way although a leader of the clergy, never entered the clerical ranks. All of these men were getting advanced in years and had lost much of the force and energy, which formerly characterized their preaching and secured for them the high position they occupied. The cathedral was usually crowded, so much so that it was difficult to get a seat, and many were required to stand. I was always inclined to think that the crowd was to be attributed, in a great measure, to the central and attractive location of the edifice in the Lustgarten, to the presence of the royal family, and to the superb music, said to be the finest in the world.

Dr. Büchsel's was the fashionable church. It stood outside of the walls of the city in or near the park. The congregation was composed for the most part of the nobility, including also members of the cabinet, military officers and professors. Büchsel was a model pastor. He knew the wants of his people and understood how to meet them. He preached ordinarily twice on Sunday, which was something unusual in Berlin. During the week he held a Bible lecture. His preaching was for the most part expository and practical. I heard him once illustrating a point in his sermon by directing attention to a painting hanging on the wall near the pulpit. It was a copy of one of the master-pieces in the picture gallery of the museum. The subject was Christ demanding the penny to be shown. His sermons might be called plain talks with his people. In such an easy and familiar way does he present the truth to his congregation that you are reminded of a father speaking to his children. Nothing could be more sound and wholesome than the matter of his discourses. Dr. Büchsel carries with him a great weight of authority, and his influence for good is scarcely to be measured.

Von Bethman Holweg advised me to go to hear a Moravian minister whose name I cannot recall. He told me that when Drs. Hoffman and Büchsel did not preach this was the church which he attended. The building was very plain. Both interior and exterior contrasted strongly with the ancient and imposing edifices of the established church. Indeed I do not remember whether there was an altar at all. The minister wore no gown. His case was, as far as my knowledge goes, the solitary exception in this respect among the one hundred ministers of the city. But the liturgical service was very protracted. The congregation turned over page after page of antiphonies and responsive reading. Worshiping out of the book constituted the great bulk of the service. All participated with distinctness and feeling, and I never was able to detect any sign of weariness. It was a striking example of a congregation assembled for worship, and for worship chiefly. An excellent choir contributed its full share to the at-

tractiveness and solemnity of the service. In the preaching we had a good illustration of Luther's advice to the preachers,

Steh frisch auf.
Thu's maul auf.
Hör' bald auf.

With a brisk movement the minister took his place in the pulpit. He announced his text with solemn and emphatic utterance. With but few preliminary remarks he stated his theme or subject. Usually it was some ordinary and simple scriptural topic. One I remember was faith. He went to work in good earnest. Spoke with rapidity and to the point. Carried his hearers along without allowing their interest to flag for a moment. He had not a word too many, and not one was lost on his auditors. In twenty minutes, or a trifle over, he was done. This was his rule. No one failed to go away benefited. A lesson of divine wisdom had been presented in a compact and stirring form. And the feelings of solemnity and devotion connected with the worship proper were in no sense interfered with.

The most popular preacher in Berlin was Arendt. He was deserving of his popularity. The large *Parochial Kirche* was always filled by a congregation composed for the most part of the middle classes. It was nothing unusual to see Twesten, the successor of Schleiermacher, in the professional chair of the university, himself on minister, slipping in and taking his seat in a retired part of the building. In Arendt were not to be found the wit and originality of Beecher, nor the vehement oratory of Spurgeon. The attraction here was the simple truths of the Gospel presented in a plain and forcible way by one who deeply felt their power. There was no enthusiasm perceptible, but a subdued glow of earnestness characterized his preaching, which was very effective in calling forth the sympathy of the devout hearer. I could wish for no better evidence of the power of the pure Gospel to draw and influence the heart of man, than the fact that in a city like Berlin multitudes from all classes of society were regularly gathered around the pulpit of this humble but able preacher of the word. If any man deserved to be called the Paul of modern times, I know of none whose claim to the title would be better than the little monotonous and awkward man of the Parochial, who was so apt in inculcating the truth, so skillful in correcting error, and so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Gospel.

Professor Steinmyer was at one time the star of the Berlin pulpit. When he was pastor of one of the smaller congregations in a remote part of the city, crowds flocked out to hear him. His sermons were almost perfect models of homiletical skill. After he was called into the university he became the university preacher,

and it was his duty as such to preach twice a week. But he soon lost his popularity. The large church in which he preached was never more than one third full. I often pitied him. He always came equipped in such a masterly way, and yet so few were present to appreciate his labor. And here, it seemed to me, was the very difficulty. His sermons were too severely elaborated. They indicated an unduly painful care. To take in the whole of one of his discourses, was always more of a task than to listen to an average lecture in the university. His sermons were lengthy too. I remember hearing Wichern comparing Nitzsch's preaching with Steinmyer's. (The former was over seventy years of age, was the most profound of German divines, and was characterized by weightiness in all he said and wrote.) He said that he found it much less fatiguing to listen one hour to the old theologian than to the much younger preacher to the university.

The University.

The University of Berlin may be considered the first, although one of the youngest in Germany. It is not yet a century old. As the original term *universitas literarum* indicates, it is an institution of learning including all the various branches of science. These are arranged into four departments, corresponding to each of which is a faculty, viz., theology, law, medicine and philosophy. The latter includes natural science and philology. When the institution was founded, the philosopher Fichte, (who by the way had studied divinity and been licensed to preach) was one of the commission appointed by the Government to draw up a scheme. He opposed a department of theology, maintaining that it did not deserve to be called a science, but was only a convenience adapted to the wants of women and children. But a wiser judgment prevailed. Schleiermacher, Marheinecke, Strauss and Hengstenberg soon occupied the chairs of the theological faculty, and made it appear that this department of learning was still deserving of the attention of men.

The King of Prussia has always been successful in gathering into his capital the most eminent scholars in all the departments of science, and soon had an institution which was a source of pride to the German nation. In 1860 the number of instructors was over a hundred, and that of the students between two and three thousand. It is needless to say that there is scarcely a topic within the range of scholarship which is not treated in the course of instruction laid down by this institution. Students are sent here from all parts of the world. A veritable Grecian sat beside me in listening to Trendelenburg discoursing on the history of the philosophy of his native land. Besides Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen and Italians, the names of about fifty Americans were enrolled in

the different departments. Prominent among these was Dr. Hamilton, formerly pastor of a Presbyterian congregation in Jacksonville, Ill. He was devoting two years of study in Berlin almost exclusively to the philosophy of Hegel. The fruit of his labor recently appeared in a work, published by a Boston house, entitled "Autology," in which a variety of metaphysical subjects are treated in a spirited and learned way.

Ranke, the author of the "Lives of the Popes," was lecturing on English History, and Lepsius, the great Egyptian traveler, on the antiquities of that land. I happened to be in the museum on one occasion, when the latter was illustrating to one of his classes a subject, which he was treating, by the hieroglyphics and other monuments which had come down from the time of the Pharaohs. I tried to get near so as to hear what he was saying, but the servants of the museum would not permit me to stop near enough. This was in accordance with his own directions, as he was frequently annoyed by crowds who would interfere with him in discharging his duty to his class. The names of Bekker and Boeckh are familiar to all school-boys who study the notes to their editions of the Classics. The former announced a course of Lectures on Thucydides; the latter on Demosthenes de Corona.

Boeckh was the rector of the University. His autograph is attached to my certificate of Matriculation. I remember quite distinctly the polite bow and respectful shake of the hand with which he received the Rev. Thomas Kemp, deceased, of the Lutheran Church, and myself into the number of the *cives Universitatis literariæ Fridericæ Gulielmæ*. He was far advanced in years,—perhaps the oldest member of the entire faculty. He was quaint in appearance. He was short, spare, round-shouldered, and very plain in his dress. I happened to meet him on a Sunday afternoon in a remote corner of the city, when I was accompanying Gov. Wright home after attending a Bible class in the Methodist chapel which His Excellency conducted. Our conversation had turned upon the University—its government, officers, &c. We were approaching his residence by a back way, and were just turning into a narrow lane formed by the wall of the city and the sides of the houses, when we met an old man with a stump of a cigar in his mouth, wearing his every-day clothes, and they of the most common character, and having on a low, narrow-rimmed, slouched hat. The latter was courteously raised as I saluted him. "Why, who is that?" said the Governor, as if wondering how that beggarly-looking person had gotten into my circle of acquaintances. I replied that it was no less a personage than Boeckh, perhaps the first of living philologists, and rector of the University.

In the theological faculty there were fifteen teachers, each of

whom lectured on two or three different subjects. Here were forty or fifty dishes to select from, and it may be readily imagined that it was no very easy matter to make a choice. I was very cautious in making out my list of lectures, and in looking back now I do not see how I could well have improved my selection. I heard from Twisten four lectures per week on the epistle to the Hebrews, Nitzsch daily on Biblical Theology, and Trendelnburg daily on the History of Philosophy. Besides these I heard several courses of lectures occurring twice a week. My Hebrew teacher was Professor E. Preuss, who was one of Hengstenberg's closest followers, and who, after taking a professorship in a Lutheran seminary in Missouri, went over to Rome.

The students have access to the Royal Library and also the one belonging to the University. The former is one of the largest in the world. Among the large number of interesting literary relics to be found here is the Hebrew copy of the Old Testament from which Luther made his translation. The latter is intended more especially for the use of the professors, and was selected with a view to their wants. The observatory, the botanical and zoological gardens, the museums of anatomy, zootomy, zoology, &c., are on a scale corresponding to that upon which this magnificent institution of learning has been established, and of which they are the surroundings.

It was my purpose originally to conclude this article by setting forth the opportunities afforded in Berlin, for culture in the æsthetic sphere in an account of the galleries of painting and sculpture in the Royal Museum. But this with some kindred topic will afford the material for the next number.

SANDALPHON.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air?—
Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chaunt only one hymn and expire
 With the song's irresistible stress ;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
 By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
 With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
 To sounds that ascend from below ;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
 In the fervor and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
 Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
 Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
 Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend I know—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
Yet the old medieval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

Longfellow.



MY FIRST DAYS IN BERLIN.

N. C. S.

THE first thing that attracted my attention on reaching the so-called capitol of Modern Europe, was a long array of drosches, headed by a policeman, who was busily engaged in distributing numbers corresponding to those on the drivers' hats. These drosches are one-horse carriages with two seats, so that they can carry four passengers at a time; but they never take more than one, unless several wish to go to the same place. Strangers need not bargain before-hand for fear of being over-charged; the rates are fixed by the police, and there is perhaps not another city in the world in which persons can ride so far in special conveyances for so little money. The drivers, indeed, have a hard time of it. They are expected to be ready, at all hours of the day and night, to take passengers to any part of the city; hence it is not surprising that they should sometimes sleep during the day, but how they manage to do so with a cigar in the mouth or while driving through the streets, is after all a question. The horses generally look the worse for wear. Many die in the harness; others, it is said, are fattened in their old age and sold for food,—a report which I am ready to believe by reason of personal experience in the restaurants, and also because the municipal reports state how much horse flesh is consumed every year by the inhabitants of Berlin.

After I had somewhat recovered from the fatigue of a sixteen days journey, I started to call on Dr. Dorner. The drosche stopped in front of a magnificent building. These Professors must live in style, said I to myself; but to my surprise I found each floor occupied by two families. At the close of the late war with France people flocked into the city from all quarters; houses could not be put up fast enough to accommodate them, rents became enormously high; hundreds of students were obliged to go elsewhere; many of the poor had to sleep in stables, and children were found dead on the streets. This state of things is gradually remedying itself. At present not less than two thousand dwelling-houses are empty because no one can be found who is willing to pay the rent asked by the owners.

On entering Dr. Dorner's study I at once recognized a face which I had seen on photographs in America. His countenance was lit

up with a sweet smile as he approached to welcome me. When I handed him my letter of introduction, he looked at it and said in an undertone; *Von wem kommt denn das?* Ah! *von dem Nevin*, he exclaimed, placing the accent on the last syllable. As he was engaged with two other young men, I offered to wait. He finished the examination of the first, then bade him adieu. The other was an applicant for aid. The Doctor listened to the young man's account of how he had struggled and denied himself in order to get along, gave him a recommendation to the next Synod and asked him: "How long can you subsist with your present means?" "One week," was the reply. Walking to his desk, he wrote a check, told the young man where he could get it cashed and then addressed himself to me. By a few pertinent questions he found out just what I wanted. He gave me permission to attend his lectures gratis until the close of the summer semester, and advised me to ask the same favor of the other Professors.

In reply to my question about rooms and boarding he said, that a number of private individuals had bought the mission house for the accommodation of students in Theology and Philology. He requested me to make application before the close of July, if I desired a room in that building; as the whole matter would have to be arranged previous to his going to America to attend the Evangelical Alliance. He talks the English better than any other German whom I have met in the Old world. He is remarkably prompt in all business transactions. A vein of kindness runs through every thing which he does. In him we have another exemplification of the law that men are kind and charitable in the same degree in which they are truly great.

Dr. Semisch lives on the floor immediately above Dr. Dorner. I had great difficulty in getting away from Dr. S's study, he is such a fluent talker. In the lecture room he dictates ten or fifteen minutes. The rest of the hour he allows himself free scope. During the first lecture, I made up my mind that he must be brim full of information and find particular delight in pouring out upon his hearers as much thereof as time will allow.

In the process of matriculation or admission into the University two things struck me as peculiar. In the first place the Rector asked me to give him the right hand, instead of the oath, as a pledge to obey the rules and regulations. In the second place when I asked to have my passport given back, the Secretary answered: "You are now a citizen of the University. If you get into trouble with the police, show the card, which you have received from the dekan (president) of the Faculty under whom you study, and you will be released immediately. You will, then, be summoned to appear before the Universitäts Gericht. Should you have any business

with a minister or consul from the United States, you can get your passport for the time being." This Universitäts Gericht has the power to admonish, to suspend, to imprison and to expel from the precincts of the city, unless a student's regular home is in Berlin.

Sunday came and with it wonder and astonishment. Fields without fences; houses with straw roofs; chickens, cattle and people living in the same building; muffled dogs pulling wagons; hotels without soap; everybody drinking and nobody getting drunk,—these and many other peculiarities in Germany struck me as very strange: but the observance or rather neglect of the Sabbath in Berlin seemed strangest of all. The streets were just as noisy and business almost as brisk as on other days. At the restaurant, where I took dinner, they were playing billiards. In the afternoon crowds of people were wending their way to the pleasure gardens. In the morning, however, very few could be seen going to Church. Since only two or three church bells could be heard, I inquired: How many churches has Berlin? and was told in reply that there might be fifty, but most of them were small and some not attended by more than a dozen persons. Fifty churches in a city that has a population of nearly a million,—the thought is terrible! Out of curiosity I went to the Dome Church, where the Emperor attends. The young man, who showed me the way, excused himself at the door on the ground that he had to work the rest of the morning. The church was scarcely half full, and most of those present were evidently strangers: because previous to the hymn before the sermon all the pews are locked so that no one can get into them except the owners. The music was truly grand; under its influence the gnawing cares of the week vanished like dew before the morning sun. Profound silence reigned throughout the church while the Creed was repeated; the lips of several aged men were moving in unison with the minister's, although his voice was the only one that could be heard. The whole congregation stood during the reading of the Scripture lessons. The prayers were all read from the Liturgy: by a peculiar arrangement at the organ it seemed as if the Lord's Prayer was echoed to and fro in the mansions above. The sermon was preached from the pulpit in the middle of the church; but the rest of the services were conducted at the altar, which is located at the Southern end in front of the organ. The Apostolic benediction was pronounced immediately after the reading of the text, and the Mosaic benediction at the close of the services. If many of our self-styled orthodox American Protestants had seen the minister make the sign of the cross in connection with the last sentence, they would have thrown up their hands in holy horror with the exclamation, Romanism! But it is not safe always to judge from appearances or on the basis of our prejudices. Prus-

sia can certainly not be accused of leaning towards Romanism. She is the great bulwark of European Protestantism, the only country that has dared to banish the Jesuits. I would not be willing to form an opinion of the religious character of the people from the little I have seen ; there may be more piety in these German hearts than is apparent on the surface. The nation has a pious ruler. The Emperor is the only man of his rank upon the globe, who is regular in his attendance upon divine services. He obliges all the soldiers to go to church ; the army is composed of youth, who have had the benefit of several hours religious instruction every week since the days of childhood. In this respect the German Empire is far ahead of the United States. Nevertheless as often as Sunday comes, my heart longs for "the land of the free and the home of the brave," where the Lord's day is characterized by quiet streets, by the music of the church bells, by the enthusiastic activity of innumerable Sunday-school scholars, and by a "Kirchegang," which must cause rejoicing among the angels in heaven.

MR. BEECHER ON LABOR.

Sometime ago the following passages occurred in H. W. Beecher's sermon.

Men do not like labor because the worker ranks below the thinker. That's a Democratic feeling. I say I'm just as good as any other man because all men are equal. I beg your pardon, all men are not equal. They are not equal in size, height, girth ; not equal in virtue ; but all men are civilly equal before the law. When a man says : "I am just as good as any man," it may be so and it may not be so. With the universal man so, it's a lie. That has been the grand blunder of the Communists and the Internationals. They wanted all men equal with an equal means. The most productive part of man is the animal part. A man shears a sheep, and there are five hundred men in the same township who can do the same thing. Then the wool is sent to the manufactory, but there will not be five hundred men who can weave the fine cloth. The result is that the man who shears gets one dollar a day while the weaver gets three or four dollars a day. This is the result of brains and education.

In Ohio, when I lived there, I knew eminently educated German gentlemen earning a dollar a day breaking stones on a macadamized road. Measured by avocation, they were low ; but they were thinkers, ranking high ; they were honorable. A man who has

been a hard worker all his life says to himself: "I have a smart boy. I'll give him chances I never had. I'll give him a good education; yes, I'll make a lawyer out of him." [Immoderate laughter.] In the month of June there will be 500,000 blossoms on every apple tree. There will be about 300 apples, and the remainder will drop to the ground. It is the same in all professions. Out of 500,000 candidates there will only be 300 professional men.

The great trouble is that men are more anxious to be rich than to be happy. I never knew a minister who warned his people about being extravagant who refused to receive a good salary. I never derided wealth; never exhorted you about being economical, for I would just as lief walk into my yard and say to my cows, "Oh! Alderneys, be careful of your milk!" [Laughter.] A man may be rich and yet be a fool. Of one hundred who have wealth, but one knows how to use it. The insane notion that if a man only had wealth he wouldn't want anything else, has been the ruin of many young men. Sudden wealth and immense wealth are the dream of many men in cities who have left their farms and workshops to come here. I venture to say that there are 5000 young men here between twenty and thirty years of age who have nothing to do. I do not wish to be disrespectful, but ask one of them if he can do a day's work. He will answer no. Are you good on ship-board? No, I've never been to sea. Can you make a chair? No. Are you a blacksmith? No. Are you a carpenter? No. Is there anything on God's earth that you can do? No, not a thing. [Laughter.] Now, think what can you do? Well, I'm a good book-keeper. [Laughter.] They can do nothing, and can get nothing to do. Not alone is this the case in New York, but in all the large cities of the Union. Thousands of young men would starve to death on a hundred acres of land because they couldn't raise corn. They would be houseless and homeless in a lumber yard—barefooted with all the leather in the Swamp at their command. They have abandoned work, and want something nice and easy. I think that the respectable German in his six by nine attic, pegging away at his last, is much more respectable than the young man who left his father's farm before he learned to work. You ought to go to my house and see the number of applications that are made to me daily. Why, people must think that I own Central Park and Prospect Park, and the post-office and the custom-house, and the navy-yard. [Laughter.] They won't believe that I have no influence at Washington. [Laughter.] But I never turn them away. I sympathize with them, and assist them when I can. I never say, "Young man, go West." [Loud laughter.] I try to encourage them.

Mr. Beecher next addressed himself to the wealthy members of

his congregation, and said : Even if you are worth a million to-day your son may yet be forced to beg his bread because he can't work. Your daughters cannot be chambermaids, or cooks, or good washerwomen—what's to become of them ? [Laughter.] In one thing I would have you Judaized. There is an old and true Jewish proverb which says : " He who brings up his child without a trade, brings him up to steal." The papers tell us of people going to seek their fortunes in America. It should be, work for their fortunes. Tell your children to work. They say it will kill them. Shall they live ? No. [Laughter.] Shall they commit suicide ? No. What then ? Simply this : Eat the bread you earn, or don't eat.

Mr. Beecher closed with a touching peroration, in which, speaking of the rising generation he said : " Let them be men who earn their living by the sweat of their brow, and who can hold up their big, hard hands and say they never took a penny they did not earn."

ST. JOHN, THE AGED.

The following anonymous poem was found, about eight years ago, in a magazine published at Philadelphia. Its beauty of language, fervor of feeling, and exalted religious sentiment, claim for it a wider circulation than it has yet attained :

I'm growing very old. This weary head
 That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
 In days long past that seem almost a dream,
 Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
 These limbs that followed Him—my Master—oft
 From Galilee to Judah ; yea, that stood
 Beneath the cross and trembled with His groans,
 Refuse to bear me even through the streets
 To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
 Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth,
 My ears are dull ; they scarcely hear the sobs
 Of my dear children gathered round my couch :
 My eyes so dim, they cannot see their tears.
 God lays His hand upon me ;—yea, His *hand*,
 And not His *rod*—the gentle hand that I
 Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
 In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old ! I cannot recollect
 The faces of my friends, and I forget
 The words and deeds that make up daily life ;
 But that dear face, and every word *He* spoke,
 Grow more distinct as others fade away,
 So that I live with Him and holy dead
 More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
 I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
 It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
 Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
 Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
 Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
 And then *He* came and called me. Then I gazed,
 For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,
 From out of which, as from a window, shone
 Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
 And lighted it forever. Then His words
 Broke on the silence of my heart and made
 The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
 Took hold of me and claimed me for its own.
 I followed in the twilight, holding fast
 His mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had
 Through harvest fields and desolate dreary wastes;
 And often-times He leaned upon my arm,
 Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
 And so upbore Him. Lord! now *I* am weak,
 And old and feeble. Let me rest on Thee!
 So, put Thine arm around me. Closer still!
 How strong Thou art! The twilight draws apace,
 Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take
 The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
 Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
 Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
 Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
 Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
 That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
 Back to His kingdom? Aye, 'tis so, 'tis so.
 I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
 To stand once more upon my native hills
 And touch my Master. Oh! how oft I've seen
 The touching of His garments bring back strength
 To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
 Up! bear me once more to my church,—once more.
 There let me tell them of a Saviour's love:
 For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice
 Just now, I think He must be very near—
 Coming, I trust, to break the vail which time
 Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
 And watch His footsteps.

So, raise up my head.
 How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
 The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
 That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
 My little children! God so loved the world
 He gave His Son; so love ye one another;
 Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.

My legacy unto an angry world is this.
 I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
 What, call the folks my name? The Holy John?
 Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,
 And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide
 The eastern window. See! there comes a light
 Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
 When, in the dreary isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
 And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
 As when we mounted towards the pearly gates.
 I know the way! I trod it once before.
 And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang,
 Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
 And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
 Can join it now. But who are these who crowd
 The shining way? Say! joy! 'tis the eleven!
 With Peter first: how eagerly he looks!
 How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face!
 I am the last. Once more we are complete
 To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
 Is next my Master. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
 How bright Thou art, and yet the very same
 I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
 To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
 Unto Thy bosom. There shall I abide.

A BIOGRAPHY CARVED IN MARBLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The educational short-comings of his youth, followed Thorwaldsen through life. He became a great sculptor, but a poor scholar. He spent much time in the galleries. Studied the works of the old Masters in Art. Although he made rapid progress, it took him years to earn a comfortable living. When the mood was on him he wrought like a Titan. When without it, he lounged, and wasted time. With increasing steadiness, and quiet ambition he worked his way up, through the envy and prejudices of many rivals. In 1803 he completed his "Jason with the Golden Fleece." Thenceforth he rose rapidly. Philosophers and poets, kings and the great of the earth, sent in their orders, and vied to do him honor. Overworked, he was often laid low with fever. His chronic spells of laziness now and then interrupted his work. The clamor of impatient patrons gave him much annoyance. And some

of these had just cause to feel aggrieved. In 1803 a wealthy Englishman ordered a statue of Jason, and partly paid for it in advance. After waiting twenty-five years, Thorwalsden completed the work.

Although patronized and petted by the kings and rulers of the earth, he was never spoiled by success. King Louis of Bavaria sought his company, and caressed him like a natural brother. He was lionized wherever he went. So much so, that it annoyed him to be stared at. "He had no desire to be dragged about Europe as a prodigy," he said. He retained the simple habits of his youth; even neglected his dress, "and insisted on sitting down to dinner with his servants." While he moved in good society, he was a plain-living, busy-honest-hearted man, who hated all sham, and bore the odor of the ship-yard with him through life. When he returned to Copenhagen, all the city was wild with delight at the return of her great and favorite son. The first person he recognized in landing was an old porter, an humble friend of his boyhood. "Beutzen!" he cried and flung his arms around the old man's neck, and kissed him.

Like persons in other professions, artists learn much from trivial things and events in life. Passing along the Corso one day, the principal street in Rome, Thorwalsden happened to see a weary porter sitting on a curbstone, whose attitude was so natural and uncommon that it struck him forcibly. Quickly as thought he seized upon his pencil and sketch book, and sketched the man's figure, which he developed into his celebrated "Mercury." Before he had seen a live lion he sketched the celebrated Lion of Lucerne, a mammoth figure, carved into the native rock by the way side.

His studio or work-shop and musical taste Mendelssohn describes thus:

"Among alleys of evergreens, now in blossom, exhaling a delicious perfume, in the midst of the shrubbery of the Medici garden, is a small house from which invariably issues some noise, which is heard from afar,—shouting or quarrelling, or may be an air played on a trumpet, or the barking of dogs,—that is the studio. The most admirable disorder reigns throughout. Guns, a hunting horn, a monkey, palettes, a brace of dead hares or rabbits; everywhere pictures finished or half-finished; sketches of horses, the first sketch and studies for the Judith, the portrait of the Pope, heads of Moors, Pifferari, papal soldiers, my unworthy self, Cain and Abel, and last of all the interior of the studio itself,—all hanging on the walls."

"You know how much Thorwalsden loves music. He has in his atelier an excellent instrument, and in the morning I play something to him from tune to tune, while he works. When I see the old artist mould his brown clay, give with a hand firm and delicate the last touch to an arm or drapery, when I see him creating these imperishable works which command the admiration of posterity, I feel myself happy in being able to give him pleasure."

Byron must be immortalized by the Sculptor. He says: "It was in Rome that I made the bust of Lord Byron. When this

nobleman came to sit to me in my Atelier, he took a seat opposite me, and put on directly a strange expression entirely different from his natural one. 'My Lord,' I said to him, 'please keep perfectly still; and I beg you do not look so disconsolate.'

'It is my natural expression,' replied Byron.

'Really!' I said, and without paying attention to his affection I began to work in my own way. When the bust was finished, everybody thought it a striking likeness, but my Lord was dissatisfied.

'This face is not mine,' he said. 'I look far more unhappy than that,'—for he was obstinately bent upon looking miserable!"

Sir Walter Scott's warm heart when on a visit to Rome, took to the Danish genius with great ardor. Neither could understand the other; during their interview only such words as the following were heard: *conoscenza*—*charme*, *plaiser*—*happy*—*connaissance*—*piacere*—*delighted*—*heureux*. In spite of this lingual travail, the two grand men were greatly pleased with each other. They shook hands with the greatest cordiality, "clapped each other on the shoulder, and when they parted followed each other with their eyes, making all the while the most demonstrative gestures."

Thorwalsden had left his native city, as a youth of sixteen. After an absence of over forty years, he returned in his seventy-second. For years previously his king and countrymen entreated him to come home. He was welcomed with delirious delight. He was a hale fine specimen of a vigorous old man. The long white hair which fell on his shoulders was a fitting frame-work for his regular features. His form was tall and erect, and his step firm.

His remaining days were by no means spent in idleness. His religious works were, at the request of the city council, all brought into the Freie Kirke. A fine museum building had been erected, expressly to receive his other works. His last journey homeward gave him no little annoyance. "The annoyance of exhibiting one's self all through Europe like a curious animal" made him think of going by sea. He made the land journey, not without the dreaded stare of the curious crowd. The fine museum, in which he was one day to be buried, was hung with garlands, to receive him. Walking through it the day after his return, he bowed his venerable head for a few moments, near his last resting-place. Henceforth he had to endure all the annoyances of greatness. Ambitious mothers besought him to stand sponsor for their children at baptism. His kind nature could not refuse. The most amusing letters he received on this subject. He always promised but usually forgot to go. He atoned for short-comings by sending a present to the baby. Ere long the city and its environs swarmed with a rising generation of Thorwalsdens. And from all parts of

Denmark the fortunate Thorwaldsens, tried through letters and personal visits, to convince him that they were related to him. Letters for charity poured in upon him until his money and patience were exhausted, when he handed all appeals for charity to his secretary. People sought his influence with the King and the Ministers of State. Business men pestered him for recommendations, and money-seekers for his name upon their notes.

He no longer belonged to himself. The general public claimed him, and was rude enough to press its claim. Every day a long line of carriages could be seen before his door, such as Copenhagen never witnessed save on some extraordinary performance at the theatre. Usually these stylish folks found him at work in his dressing gown and slippers, with moulding tools or hammers, which seemed to please them all the more. There was no rest, he had to act as Valet-de-place, to them, showing and explaining his own works for the thousandth time,

Every day he was to dine out, and afterwards attend to a number of evening parties. His servant would usually hasten him from place to place, and then not get through with the list. Sometimes they would come too late, when he would say: "At all events we have kept our word." "I shall sink under it," he sighed to a friend.

At length his servant Wilkens came to his relief. He kept a list of all his engagements. Thereafter if anybody sent him an invitation, he would reply, "See Wilkens," and thus get rid of them.

One day the King of Denmark happened to call on him. "Herr Counsellor," he said to the sculptor, "I engage you to dine with me next Thursday." Thorwaldsen looked at Wilkens, blushing, "Can I accept?"

"Oersteds."

"Your Majesty must deign to excuse me. Thursday happens to be the day of Oerstedsfete." While the whining courtiers felt scandalized at his bold refusal to a King, his majesty replied with a smile:

"I am very sorry, but I hope to be more fortunate another time."

Like most men with very active brains, he was in his later life subject to fits of depression—the blues, perhaps. Then his thoughts would brood over all the insults and injuries he had ever received. Everything he thought went wrong, had always gone wrong. He would sit by himself in a corner of the sofa refusing to see or care for anybody.

In their walks Wilkens would often take him past No. 226 Aabenraa, the lowly house where his parents lived when a boy. Standing before it, he would look at it from top to bottom, point

out the window of his parents' room on the first floor, and that of the little closet where he had spent so many nights at work.

When he wronged any one he was eager to make the proper apology. A tailor, as he thought, overcharged him for his cloth. In a quarrel with him he used the word "cheating." The honest tailor, much wounded, disdained to accept anything for his work, and left him. Soon thereafter he said: "Wilkins, this man is right, and I owe him an apology. Let us go to him at once."

Liberal to the poor to a fault, he was frugal. He would pick up a button or a pin, and wear thread-bare clothes. Wilkins said one day:

"The sleeves of Herr Counsellor are so worn that the white lining shows."

"You have only to put a little ink on it and it will not be seen."

"But, Herr Counsellor, that would look odd."

"Odd! does it hurt anybody? Has any one a right to prevent me?" By this time he showed signs of anger.

He had an utter contempt for Mrs. Grundy, as we Americans call a certain snobbish dread of public gossip or opinion. The late dinners of the family providing for him, kept him from some evening amusements. He advised Wilkins that they would all eat at the same time and table.

"What will the world think?" replied the punctilious Wilkins, "when it hears that the Counsellor dines with his servants?"

"The world! the world!" exclaimed the indignant Dane. "There you are again with your world! Have I not told you a thousand times that I care nothing for what it thinks about such matters? Am I not free to live as I please? And besides, Wilkins, I consider that you are quite as good at your business as I am at mine."

He had tender, fine social feelings, but was infirm or unfortunate in his love affairs. His childlike nature would have found a heaven with a house full of children—in a home hallowed by the loving heart of a wife. His love alliances were short and sharp. In some of which his conduct is not stainless.

Perhaps he was disposed to treat love matters lightly. In his profession he had much to do with the god of Love. He represents him with his arrow-making mischief in the hearts of other people. He used to say: "I am going to busy myself about Cupid's little affairs. The mischievous boy pulls me by the sleeve: I must give it a shake to get rid of him." The poor man could not always shake him off so readily. Perhaps it arose from his never having tasted of the Fountain of Divine Love.

His biographers are singularly silent about his religious belief

and hope. He is called a Protestant over against the Catholics, and a Lutheran, as all Protestants in Denmark are.

Henry Ward Beecher says his organist sometimes unburdens his heart in prayer on the piano or organ, sending his prayers to heaven on wings of melody. And the Brooklyn genius seems to applaud his praying symphonies. Possibly some might hold that Thorwalsden's Christ and His Apostles, are his prayers cut in stone. Grand aspirations and thoughts he must have had. Possibly faith in Christ, too, such as it was.

"Thorwalsden had been educated in the Lutheran faith; he lived at Rome in an atmosphere of Catholicism. at a time of great political agitation, and when, as it is well known, all beliefs were shaken. The mind of the artist was affected by these uncertainties, and the result was indifference. A friend once remarked to him that his want of religious faith must make it difficult for him to express Christian ideas in his works. He replied: 'If I were altogether an unbeliever, why should that give me any trouble? Have I not represented pagan divinities?—still, I don't believe in them.'"

FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

Rob and I were playmates once,
 Together used to laugh and cry;
 A youth and maiden are we now—
 Oh dear, the years so swiftly fly!
 We used to play at lovers, too,
 When we were children gay and free;
 And now, the rogue, he quite insists
 That he should still—my lover be.

I really can't make up my mind
 To quarrel with the foolish boy,
 For maybe, if he went away,
 My life would lose one half its joy.
 And if the question I should try
 To argue with him, why, you see,
 In argument, e'en when a child,
 Rob always got the best of me.

So now what would you really do?
 Rob has a word of all I say;
 And, after all, my heart inclines
 To let him have his own dear way.
 Oh, how persistent men can be!
 What can a timid maiden do?
 I think, just for the sake of peace,
 I'd better yield the point—don't you?

Harper's Weekly.

"TOM PAINE."

When Thomas Paine submitted part of the manuscript of his *Age of Reason* to Dr. Franklin, the sage, who was by no means a professing Christian, returned it with this reply: "I advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"

Seven or eight years afterward, in 1802, Paine wrote to an infidel friend: "I am sorry that work ever went to press. I wrote it more for my own amusement, and to see what I could do, than with any design of benefiting the world. I would give worlds, had I them at command, had the *Age of Reason* never been published. It can never do the world any good, and its sarcastic style will, doubtless, lead thousands to esteem lightly the only book of correct morals that has ever blessed the world." But he had "unchained the tiger." If Paine's publisher had been as faithful to him as was Dr. Franklin, the most sensational infidel book of the last century had never seen the light. But the publishers of its successive editions in many lands have multiplied the brood of the tiger indefinitely. There are even yet a few low shops from which this most scandalous type of anti Christian books is issued. Respectable houses will not touch a class of publications which are only one grade above the obscene stuff which is contraband of law and of common decency.

MARTIN LUTHER ON MUSIC.

Music is a noble and divine endowment and gift, that is utterly at war with the devil, and one might therewith drive off many tentationes and cogitationes. For the devil can hardly abide music. Music is one of the best of the arts. The notes quicken the text into life. Some of our nobles and scrapejacks think they could have saved my most gracious lord 3000 guilders in music. On the other hand they would spend 30,000 to no end.

Kings, princes and lords must cherish music, for it behooveth great potentates and rulers to uphold good free arts as well as laws; for private, common people have not the means to do that, however much they may delight in them and love them. Duke George of Hesse, and Duke Frederick of Saxony, kept singers and chantories; the Duke of Bavaria, King Ferdinand, and Kaiser Carl do so now. Therefore do we read in the Bible that devout kings sustained and rewarded men singers and women singers. Music is the best cordial for a man in trouble, wherewith his heart may be quieted, enlivened, and refreshed again. Music I have always loved. He that is master in this art is of a good sort, and equal to anything. Music must needs be kept up in the schools. A school-master must be able to sing, else I make no account of him. The young folks should be continually exercised in this art, for it makes fine, clever people of them. Whoso despiseth music, as do the fanatics (the Anabaptists and their like), I am at odds with him. For music is a gift and endowment that comes from God, not of man. Therefore doeth it drive away the devil, and maketh the people joyful; therewith are forgotten wrath, unchastity, pride, and other vices. Next to theology, I give music the nearest place and the highest honor, and it is to be seen how David and all the saints put their devout thoughts into verse, rhyme and song, *quia pacis tempore regnat musica*.

ABOUT ONE'S SELF.

A pleasant old story tells about a clock that stopped one night, in alarm at the thought of the number of times it must tick in a series of years. But on reflecting that it was obliged to tick only once each second, it concluded to take a fresh start. Anybody may well be alarmed at the wonderful structure of his own body, and its many parts, any one of which, if disordered, may cause death.

Supposing your age to be fifteen or thereabouts, we can figure you up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 1000 muscles; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times a minute, 4200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, and 25,000,000 times a year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it throws out and discharges seven tons of this wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain about a gallon of air, and you inhale 23,000 gallons a day. The aggregate surface of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds, when you become a man it will be eight ounces more.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

THE "Three-penny-bit at the Missionary Meeting," forms the subject of a somewhat humorous but very suggestive article by an English writer, who is quoted by the *Primitive Methodist*. One or two extracts may be appreciated, such as the following: "Within ken of my knowledge is a certain chapel, in a certain village, with a certain respectable congregation. The attendance at the annual missionary meeting would probably average from a hundred to a hundred and twenty. An analysis of the collection the year before last resulted in the discovery of seventy-eight tenpenny-bits; while last year there were eighty-four of these small fry in the boxes. Ever since then, my former contempt for this diminutive coin has been rebuked, and I have thought I saw written on it that celebrated millennial inscription, 'Holiness unto the Lord.' There is no mistake but that the three-penny-bit may read out a salutary lesson to many of its older and bigger brothers belonging to the coin of the realm. How seldom do we hear a hundred pound check say, 'I was glad when they said unto me. Let us go into the house of the Lord!' We have sometimes seen such a thing in a professing household, as an invalid daughter, who was not of much use to help in domestic duties, regularly attending the week day services as a sort of scapegoat for the non-attendance of all the rest. On the same grounds, perhaps, the threepenny piece is made to fulfill its high mission by having to move in the same pious groove. It is too small to fetch a fitch of bacon; it is too weak to bring home a sack of flour; it is no use to pay half-a-year's rent; so it is solemnly and sacredly set apart to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

KINDNESS NOT FORGOTTEN.—Once there was a boy who was born in England, and was bound out as an apprentice near Newark, N. J. He is now a man, and the other day while riding out with a friend, pointing to a gateway, he said: "When a boy on this place, I opened that gate to let a gentleman on horseback go through. He threw me a silver sixpence. It dropped in the dust, and I could not find it. He saw I had lost it, came back, got off his horse, and helped me to find it. I have since saved that gentleman from failing in business three times, and all because of his giving me and helping me find that six and a quarter cents." The boy's name was Cornelius Walsh, one of the candidates for Governor of New Jersey.

THE *Christian Advocate* says: "Commend us to that Baptist brother who, on going into the water to be baptized, replied to the suggestion that he had better take his pocket-book out of his pocket during the ordinance, 'No, I want my pocket-book baptized with me.'"

"A PRESBYTERIAN minister of a Western town was once accosted at a fair of his church, where some of these expedients were in full blast, by no less a personage than the well-known Dean Richmond (afterwards President of the New York Central Railroad, but then known to be a habitue of the

gaming-table) in this fashion: 'Dominie, I don't exactly understand all your games here, but I would like to help the cause along. If you've no objection. I'd like to go into one of these side rooms and try a game of poker with you—the winnings to go to the church any way.' The parson squirmed a little, but the church game of blanks and prizes disappeared from that branch of Zion forthwith."

AN INFANT IN HEAVEN.—Leigh Hunt says: "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish other parents with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This alone is rendered an immortal child."

TRAINING CHILDREN.—Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried. A child is placed in the arms of a young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes; you examine the dimples in the feet; you wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But on some nightfall, as you sit rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying: "*That child is immortal!*" The stars shall die, but this is an *immortal!* Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but this is an *immortal!*

THE GOLDEN RULE.—A little girl in Indiana, on Decoration day, strewed flowers on the grave of a Confederate soldier. A little friend reminded her that it was a rebel's grave. She replied, "Yes, I know it, but my papa was a soldier, and died in Libby prison, and was buried down South; I so much hope some little girl there will strew flowers on his grave; I thought I would bring these and put them on the rebel's grave, for maybe some of them have little girls at home."

BEING PUSHED TO JESUS.—A Christian mother was showing her little girl a picture of Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were crowding their children toward him. "There, Carrie," said her mother, "that is what I would have done with you if I had been there."

"I wouldn't be *pushed* to Jesus," said little Carrie, with touching earnestness; "*I'd go to Him without pushing.*"

ADVICE TO BOYS.—"You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous," says Horace Mann. "If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the play which does not require much running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson."—*Apples of Go'd.*

BED-TIME.—Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed,
With her small hands folded above her head;
And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over her glee.
"Mamma," she said, "when I go to sleep,
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
And He comes and carries it far away,
To the beautiful home where His angels stay;
I gather red roses, and lilies so white,
I sing with the angels through all the long night
And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep,
He gives back the soul that I gave Him to keep,
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."

Editor's Drawer.

FOR five months past, the readers of the *Guardian* have enjoyed the pleasure of reading a series of very entertaining articles, entitled "An American student in Germany," by Prof. W. M. Reily, of Palatinate College, Pa. Therein he tells us what he met and what he saw, during his two years sojourn at the different German Universities, from the spring of 1859 till the summer of 1861. We feel certain that our readers are grateful to Prof. Reily, for this agreeable entertainment, as pleasing as it is instructive, and are happy to learn that he consents to continue his articles. His impressions of men and things in Germany, were received from twelve to fourteen years ago. Since then matters have materially changed. Some of the older prominent men have entered into rest, and younger ones have taken their places. The unification of Germany, has put a new phase on social and literary life. This change will enable a new correspondent, to give us graphic pictures of the fatherland, as it now is. Our readers will find in this number of the *Guardian*, the first of a series of letters by Prof. Nathan C. Schæffer, late of the Keystone Normal school, Kutztown, Pa. He has just entered upon a course of study in the German Universities, beginning with the one at Berlin. His letter bears date of July 25th, 1873. He expects to remain in Europe from two to three years, and has kindly consented to be a regular contributor to the *Guardian*, while tarrying in the grand and venerable centres of German learning.

To impart an idea of eternity is certainly one of the most difficult of tasks, yet the effort was made recently by a preacher, who exclaimed, "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is forever and ever and five or six everlastings on top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and billions of years had rolled away in eternity it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

THE little ones are often homilists of the pithiest and directest sort. From Pontiac, Michigan, we have a notelet which tells of a little girl who, after a day which had been peculiarly trying to her mother, went to her room, and before going to bed knelt down, as was her wont, to say the nightly prayer. The first sentence, slightly altered from the usual form, was this: "I pray God to bless papa and mamma, and make them a comfort to each other; but I don't think He can, *mamma is so cross to papa.*" There is much doubt abroad about many "pops" as well as mammas; noticed, too, by elders as well as by babes.—*Harper's Monthly.*

AN editor in Fredericksburg, Va., was asked by a stranger "If it was possible that little town kept up four newspapers," and the reply was "No, it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, took refuge under the bed clothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion, with a punch, he said; "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the craythees sarching for us wid a lantern!"

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was noted for his habit of punctuality. Every duty was performed promptly at its proper time. On one occasion, when the Representatives were assembling in the Capitol, the clock struck twelve, the hour for business. One of the members said to the Speaker. "It is time to call this house to order." "No," said the Speaker, "Mr. Adams is not yet in his seat." The next moment Mr. Adams entered, and the House was called to order.

To "dun," to press for money due, comes from one Joe Dunn, a famous bailiff of Lincoln in England, during the reign of Henry VII. He was so uncommonly successful in collecting money that when a man refused to pay, the collector was asked why he didn't Dunn him.

The freedman, by-the-way, is never more in his element at the South than when attending camp-meeting. They have a peculiar intonation when they hold forth, which is enhanced by the addition of the syllable "er" to the end of almost every word. A story is told of an old colored minister who, in expatiating upon the horrors of everlasting condemnation, which those near the close of their terrestrial journey must expect, pointed to his own aged father, exclaiming,

"Look at that ole man-er, with one foot in the grave er, and the other all but-er!"

HUMORS OF THE TELEGRAPH.—Not long since a countryman came into a telegraph office in Bangor, Maine, with a message, and asked that it be sent immediately. The operator took the message as usual, put his instrument in communication with its destination, ticked off the signals upon the key, and then, according to the rule of the office, hung the message-paper on the hook with others that had been previously sent, that at night they might all be filed for preservation. The man lounged around some time, evidently unsatisfied. "At last," says the narrator of the incident, "his patience was exhausted, and he belched out, 'Ain't you going to send that dispatch?' The operator politely informed him that he had sent it. 'No, yer ain't,' replied the indignant man; 'there it is now on the hook.'"

SCOTTISH HUMOR.—Mr. Gough tells a good story illustrative of quaint Scottish humor: "Two sparks from London once came upon a decent-looking shepherd in Argyleshire, and accosted him with, 'You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way.' 'Yu aye, yu aye, a ferry great way.' 'Ah! you can see America here, I suppose?' 'Farrar than that.' 'How is that?' 'Yu jist wait tule the mists gang away, and you'll see the mune.'"

GIVEN AWAY.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 907 Arch Street. Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1873.

No. 10.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,

No. 907 Arch Street.

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GUARDIAN, OCTOBER, 1873.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

C. Dutchman, S. A. Baer, J. C. Galbraith, T. S. Case, D. Small, S. M. Roeder, D. D. Campbell, D. M. Whitmore (1 sub.), Rev. H. King, J. J. Berger, Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier, G. B. Bunting, J. J. Smith, C. B. Higgins, Rev. J. T. Etter, S. Spence, C. G. A. Hullhorst.

GUARDIAN, OCTOBER, 1873.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

Rev. G. H. Johnson, Easton, Pa.	3.00	23 & 24	Mrs. Hannah Weltzer, Green	
Thos. Diehl, Bethlehem, Pa.	1.50		Dale, (Dec'd.) Pa.	1.13 in full
Mrs. Clara Nickum, " Pa.	3.00	23 & 24	E. L. Neimon, Norristown, Pa.	3.00 23 & 24
J. J. Hoffman, " Pa.	3.00	23 & 24	D. M. Stonehill, Dunkirk, O.	12.00 in full

THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV. OCTOBER, 1873.

No. 10.

THE SONS OF THE PROPHETS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Guardian is a Magazine published in the interest of the young. It is read by many pious boys and young men. These are looking about for some suitable sphere of usefulness in life. What are they fit for? Where does God wish to use them? The preparation for their pursuit in life ought soon to begin. What shall they prepare for? For the Gospel Ministry? How can they know that they are called to it? By what sign is it clearly shown to them? What constitutes fitness for this high and holy calling?

1. Piety is an essential qualification. A young man must be a true child of God; he must be known and admitted to be such by others. If he is such in his home and congregation, his light will shine. It cannot be hid. In his meek, modest, godly deportment, his devout and prayerful demeanor at church, the regular performance of his church duties—all these will gain him the confidence and respect of good and right-thinking people. No dawdling dandy, no bejewelled, gay sprig of fashion who spends more time before his mirror than at the mercy-seat, is fit for this office in the kingdom of God. I have known students for the ministry whose assumed fashionable airs disgusted their best friends, and damaged the cause of Christ in their congregation. No young man, who does not earnestly strive to save his own soul, can consider himself called to save the souls of others. He must have learned to abhor, repent of, confess and forsake his own sins, before he is competent to preach repentance to his fellows.

2. He needs certain natural endowments.

a) At least a moderate share of bodily health. Absolute health no mortal enjoys. We know useful men, who were invalids when young, whose health improved with age and work, and

who have lived to see the fortieth year of their ministry. We cannot lay down a rule, which uniformly holds in all cases. Where the disease is pronounced and is perceptibly developing, we would not advise a young man to enter the ministry. God, most likely, has other fields of usefulness for him.

b) Talents. He need not be a genius. If he is one, it is all the better. Not even a lack of extraordinary talents in itself should exclude him. But at least a moderate share of talent he ought to possess. Above all good common sense, which is an inherited more than an acquired quality. From a want of this, many of the best minds utterly fail. Even genius may lack good sense. One-half of the most successful ministers are not men of genius. And some not even men of great talents. There are diversities of gifts. One excels in elocution, like Whitefield; another in bold blunt blows at sin, distinct and pleasant utterance, like Spurgeon; another in a vivid imagination and aptness of illustration, like Guthrie; another in grandeur of style and fine diction, like Chalmers. All these have been great men, in character and successful work. Yet many who had neither of the above talents, have been equally useful. It is not always the greatest man that does the most good to the largest number. Dr. Bellows, of New York, cannot draw the crowds that throng Dr. Chapin's church. Yet Bellows is a fine finished scholar. Beecher has much greater crowds than Dr. Storrs. Yet taken all in all, Storrs is intellectually head and shoulders above Beecher. True, the number attending one's ministrations is not always a true index of a man's usefulness. Still it is well known, that the profoundest and most accurate scholars do not always draw the largest crowds, or to human eyes meet with the greatest success.

We cannot accurately gauge a young man's intellect, before it has been trained and tested by actual discipline and tough study. Still, measurably this can be done. He need not be a precocious youth, a prodigy in intellect. It is not necessary that a boy should have mounted chairs and tables for his pulpit, to play minister, in order to establish his future fitness for the office. Average talents we can readily discern. But an acknowledged stupid youth, whom every body knows to be mentally unadapted for such a high office, above all, void of common sense, is certainly not called to it.

Speaking talent is necessary. An organic impediment in one's speech unfits him for such a calling. It is true, Demosthenes stammered when a youth. By rolling pebbles under his tongue and persevering practice he overcame it, and became the greatest orator of all times. Other defects of speech can be cured by proper training. Some cannot. Of these the parties concerned must be the judges.

3. A person must be influenced by proper motives. Before a young man enters upon the study of the ministry he ought to sift and understand his reasons for so doing.

a) He must feel himself inwardly drawn and driven to it. Not simply in a cool, calculating business way, to choose it in response to the dictates of his judgment. "But the love of Christ," and the love of souls should "constrain" him. Paul says: "Necessity is laid upon me; yea woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel of Christ." This *woe* the young candidate ought to feel. But it never comes to the ambitious aspirant for honor and position. It comes by fasting and prayer.

The desire must be the result of calm and prayerful deliberation. Not the spasmodic impulse of an hour, but the considerate and ripe conclusion of much earnest meditation and thought. The heart is deceitful, and the danger of selfish motives is very great. There are powerful inducements to engage in the work of the ministry. A man may desire it for his own sake. To get a living without working with his hands; to gain credit and standing; to make himself a great name in the world; to enjoy literary ease and renown. A poor young man may expect to earn a livelihood more easily, and get a more respectable standing. In short, few persons have the faintest idea how liable young men are to err in this respect. We accord to them a great degree of faith and self-denial for the cause of Christ, whereas their prime motive may be one of policy or self-interest.

We ascribe the failures in the most of our theological students to the want of proper motives. Where the heart has "woe" for souls and for Christ, it will wrestle with God for the needed grace to continue steadfast. Our mind recurs to a sad list of fallen candidates for the holy ministry. Sons of wealthy parents, perhaps prompted by a natural generosity to labor for souls, or aspiring for pulpit renown, ran well for a season. Then they fell in with the "fast students," lost their desire, and disappointed the hopes of their parents and pastor. Young men of limited means, were kindly taken by the hand and supported. For a few sessions they, too, ran well. Unused to such prosperity their heads soon began to reel. Some played the ladies' man, others the rowdy, to the neglect of their studies. We regret that truth compels us to speak thus. Not only in the Reformed Church, but equally in other Churches, the way into the ministry is lined with deserters; candidates who have become bankrupt in the most solemn obligations of their life.

A melancholy list one could prepare of such men. Some of them have a sad history. One, the pet and pride of his pastor and congregation, a genial, companionable youth, after a few years'

support, becomes a gallant, a fancy gentleman. Not given to vice, but seized by a mysterious uneasiness to get into business. He has succeeded, and a sorry business has he made of it.

Another is a young man of decided talent, of fine appearance and address. His preparatorian declamations are the admiration of the whole College. A most charming delivery he has. And his public prayers in language and sentiment are most edifying and pleasing. Gradually he neglects his studies and the church services. Selects rowdy associates. At the opening of a certain session he refuses to return to College. Now he is a wreck in body and soul. Thus an earnest pastor and his flock have their hopes of a supposed model young man blasted. A sad tale could we unfold by sketching the history of some of these wayward young men. The secret of their fall resulted from a wrong motive from the start.

The Church, the Reformed Church, ought without delay to have several hundred more ministers. Souls are daily perishing for the want of them. We call upon the thousands of pious boys, possessed of vigorous bodies and minds, to enlist in the ranks of the holy ministry. But the only way to do this, is first to give their hearts to Christ; to see to it that they will be truly pious. Boys who love the Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity and in truth, and daily pray and find their highest pleasure in acts of piety; these are the boys we want. Let them devoutly and earnestly beseech God to fill their hearts with His love, and with an unselfish desire to lead souls to Him. On this point Beecher speaks with great beauty and power:

There is one thing more. I do not think that any man has a right to become a Christian minister, who is not willing and thankful to be the least of all God's servants and to labor in the humblest sphere. If you would come into the Christian ministry, hoping to preach such a sermon as Robert Hall would have preached, you are not fit to come in at all. If you have a deep sense of the sweetness of the service of Christ, if the blood of redemption is really in your heart, and in your blood; if you have tasted what gratitude means, and what love means, and if Heaven is such a reality to you that all that lies between youth and manhood is but a step toward Heaven; if you think that the saving of a single soul would be worth the work of your whole life, you have a call, and a very loud call. A call to the ministry is along the line of humility, and love, and sympathy, and good sense, and natural aspirations toward God.

If, therefore, you feel willing to work for Christ's sake, for the sake of eternity, for the love that you have for the intrinsic sweetness of the work of the ministry, the molding of men and making them better, and helping them upward; if this is itself sweet and pleasant to you; if you are moved to do it in low places, without renown, and are willing to take your crown hereafter for it, you are called, and there is no doubt about it. But if you want only this: To be very eloquent men, and to watch the eloquence of others; or if you want to have a big church, with a big salary behind it, and if that is your call to the ministry, stay away. You may be called, but it was not the Lord that called you; it was the Devil.

Don't come from pride, but come from a love for the work, and then, let me tell you your work will be music. I hear ministers talk about their cares and their burdens. There are cares and burdens, but no more than there are discords in Beethoven's symphonies ; and your work will be as sweet and as musical as his symphonies are. Working for men ! There is nothing so congenial. It is the only business on earth that I know of, excepting the mother's business, that is clean all the way through, because it is using superior faculties, superior knowledge, not to take advantage of men, but to lift them up and cleanse them, to mold them, to fashion them, to give them life, that you may present them before God.

MISSIONARY LETTER TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

TUNGCHOW, CHINA.

My Dear Young Friends:

I propose in this letter to tell you something of the schools in which Chinese boys are taught to read and write. These schools are all for boys. There are no schools for girls in China, nor do girls ever go to school with the boys, unless it be in some very rare cases in private schools in the families of the rich. It is not thought worth while to teach girls to read, as they have no use for it. Their business is to stay at home and cook and sew. At a future time I may perhaps tell you how girls fare in China. For the present my letter shall concern only the boys.

About half the boys in China, start to school at about eight or nine years of age, but the greater part of them only go one, two or three years, and very few of them ever really learn to read and write. This is owing partly to want of capacity, and partly to want of the necessary means. It is a very difficult and expensive thing to learn to read in China. The Chinese reckon it necessary to go school at least fifteen years in order to become an ordinary scholar. The schools are all small compared with the schools in America. Twelve or fifteen scholars are quite a large school.

In China houses are rarely built on purpose for school-houses, a room in a private house or a vacant room in a temple being generally used. These school-rooms are always small, and have no floor except the ground pounded hard. There are generally three or four tables in the room, and two or three boys sit at each table. They have no stoves or fire of any kind in their school-rooms, except that the boys sometimes bring small pans of charcoal, over which to warm their fingers. They sit with hats and overcoats on in the winter. Teachers are always employed for a year, and the schools all open in the first month and close in the last month.

In China there are no free schools as there are in the United States. The rich generally employ a teacher for their own family. Amongst the common people two or three or more families join together and employ a teacher. Many of the poor are quite unable to send their children to school. The schools generally open about the 20th of the first month. The teacher consults some one supposed to be skilled in finding lucky days, and by his advice appoints the day for the opening of the school. When the day has arrived, each boy gets on his best clothes, and his father goes with him to school. When all have arrived the teacher first writes what is called a *p'ai wei*, and pastes it up on the wall by his desk. This *p'ai wei* is a long strip of red paper, on which is written in large letters "*The divine seat of the all perfect and most holy teacher Confucius.*" Having pasted up this *p'ai wei* the teacher lights several sticks of incense before it, and burns some paper money, and then he and the fathers of the boys arrange themselves before it, and all together bow down with their heads to the ground and worship; the boys then come forward and in the same manner bow down and worship, after which they also worship the teacher. The teacher then calls each boy, and if he has not been to school before, gives him a new name which takes the place of his old or baby name and becomes his proper name for life. A lesson is then assigned to each boy, and the school is fairly opened. The lesson is simply a portion of the Chinese classics to be committed to memory. Their whole education consists in learning by rote a number of sacred books called classics, together with the explanations of them handed down from their ancestors. These classics are all very ancient, most of them having been written or compiled by Confucius, more than two thousand years ago.

Chinese words are not spelled with letters, as ours are, but each word has an arbitrary sign of its own, called a character. Of these characters there are about ten thousand in common use. The teacher first names over the characters in the boy's lesson in a loud sing-song tone, and the boy imitates him. This is done several times, and the boy goes to his seat and begins to sing over his lesson as loud and as fast as he can. When a boy forgets a character he goes and asks the teacher, and at once begins to sing away as before. When ten or a dozen boys get to singing over their lesson in this way, each one trying to make the most noise, the confusion of sound is terrible—enough one would think, to distract the teacher, who listens to it all day long. When their lessons are learned the teacher calls them up, one by one, to recite. Putting the book on the teacher's desk, the boy turns his back to the teacher and his face to the wall, and sings over the lesson in the same loud drawling tone. If a boy does not know the lesson, the teacher scolds

him and sends him back to learn it over again. If, the next time, he does not know it, the teacher punishes him by striking him on the hand with his ruler. This ruler is the Chinese teacher's whip, and he generally uses it very freely, both when a boy breaks the rules and when he fails on his lesson. This process of learning the books by rote is kept up for several years, until six or eight or more volumes have been learned. A smart boy can commit in this way each day about fifteen lines of seventeen words each. All this time they are told nothing of the meaning of what they learn, and know no more about it than you would about so much Hebrew.

After from three to six years of committing in this way, the teacher begins at the beginning to explain to them the meaning of each word and sentence, and they learn to repeat it after him. As you may suppose this is a very dull and a very slow way of getting an education. The whole text of the Chinese classics is not more than the size of the New Testament, yet it requires a bright boy full fifteen years to master them all. Having done this and having learned to compose essays in the same stiff and obscure style in which they are written, he is counted an educated man.

In Chinese schools the scholars are never taught arithmetic, or geography, or grammar. The fact is they have no grammar, and they pay no attention to their language, whether it be correct or not. The books called classics, which they learn by rote, are written in a language entirely different from that commonly spoken. The style, also, is obscure and antiquated, and the subjects treated of relate chiefly to the government, and the conduct of kings and officers. Learning, and trying to imitate the style of these obscure old books are the whole education of a Chinese boy.

The pen used by the Chinese is very different from ours. It is a little brush of camel's hair, or other soft hair, having a bamboo-handle. The ink is in a hard block, like water color paints, and is rubbed on a smooth stone with a little water, and the pen rubbed in it. Their paper is very thin and soft, so that you can readily see through it. The teacher writes a copy for each boy, and makes him a writing book, each leaf of which is double. The copy is then slipped inside of the double leaf, and the scholar, seeing the copy through the thin paper, traces over it another like it; then turns it round and traces the other side of the leaf, and so on. By and by the characters in the copy are written smaller, but the plan is ever the same.

The Chinese, being heathen, do not of course observe Sunday, and so have school every day right along. They do not, however, value time at all. During the year they lose more time from school than you who keep Sunday do. In the second month school is always dismissed a number of days to attend the theatri-

cals which are held at this time. In the third month school is dismissed from five to ten days on the occasion of worshiping at the graves of ancestors. And so, throughout the year, there is a continual series of festivals and ceremonies, when school is dismissed.

The teacher also if he has any special business, may be absent from school at his convenience. On an average more than one-third of the time there is no school. Chinese boys go to school very early in the morning, before breakfast. I have often heard them singing at their books before it was right light in the morning.

Chinese school-boys play very little. They are taught that running or shouting in play is very rude and unbecoming. They are naturally lazy, and indisposed to exert themselves. I have never seen them play, any such brisk and exciting games as are common among boys in America. When they do play they generally sit down and play such games as chequers or marbles.

I might tell you many more things about Chinese schools and boys, but I fear I would tire you. I will only add that the great ambition of a Chinese boy is to get a literary degree when he is a man. Examinations are held each year by the officers, and degrees conferred on the best scholars. These degrees are like diplomas from colleges at home, but are regarded as a much greater honor than a diploma with us. Getting a degree is the first step in the way of becoming an officer, which is accounted the greatest happiness and the highest honor. This kind of education which I have described, and which is universal in China, is a very poor one indeed. It furnishes no incentives to originality or improvement, but, on the contrary dwarfs the mind, and ties it down to go round and round in the same treadmill that has served for the last two thousand years. Besides all this, the schools are the strongholds of atheism and idolatry.

None are so hard to reach with the gospel as those who are full of these old classics. Nothing can change this state of things and give to the Chinese true light and knowledge but the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We should thank God that the way is quite open to preach to them the gospel, and we should strive by all means to send it to them as soon as possible. Our school of twenty-five boys is doing something in this great work. We look to you, children in the Sabbath-school, to support it by your contributions, and to pray for God's blessing on it, without which all our labor will be in vain. Do not forget, I pray you, the millions in China, who have not the great blessings which you have.

Hoping to hear a good account of you, and to get a letter from your Superintendent, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

C. W. MATEER.

Lewisburg Chronicle.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROPE-WALK.

“Such a mite as I can do no good” is the general impression of our boys and girls, when urged to do what they can for the good work. But smaller and humbler instruments than you God has made use of to do great works in this world.

A great army many years ago invaded Scotland. They crept on stealthily over the border, and prepared to make a night attack on the Scottish forces. There lay the camp all silently sleeping in the starlight, never dreaming that danger was so near. The Danes, to make their advance more noiseless, came forward barefooted. But as they neared the sleeping Scots one unlucky Dane brought his broad foot down squarely on a bristling thistle. A roar of pain was the consequence, which rang like a trumpet blast, through the sleeping camp. In a moment each soldier had grasped his weapon, and the Danes were thoroughly routed. The thistle was from that time adopted as the national emblem of Scotland.

By the harbor of New London there was once a long old rope-walk, with a row of square window-holes fronting the water. In time of war a British Admiral was cruising off that coast, and had a very good chance to enter and destroy the town. He was once asked afterwards why he did not do it. He replied, he should have done so “if it had not been for that formidable long fort whose guns entirely commanded the harbor.” He had been scared off by the old rope-walk!

God has His uses for even the simplest and humblest of us. Our great business should be to find out what the Lord would have us to do, and then do it with all our might, mind and strength.—*Exchange.*

THE NOBLE BEREANS.

(Acts 17: 5-12.)

BY THE EDITOR.

At the foot of Mount Olympus, in Macedonia, is a city of some 18,000 or 20,000 inhabitants. It is pleasantly embowered among gardens and groves of plane trees. Streams of water flow through nearly every street. It is on the left bank of the river

Haliacmon. Birds of sweetest voice warble their songs from among these groves during the greater part of the year. It is a little paradise, which now passes by the name of Verria, but in the days of Paul was called Berea.

Upon this lovely scene Olympus, with his hoary snow-covered crown, has looked down for 4000 years. On this mountain Homer located the home of Jupiter and the chiefs among the gods. Then as now, clouds of vapor enveloped its snowy summit. To the poetic mind of the old Greeks, these clouds were the curtain hung before heaven's door. Although this family of gods, and their picturesque lofty abode, were the creation of Homer's genius, millions of benighted Pagans, looked to this as the hill whence their help came, the mountain where men ought to worship.

For three Sabbaths Paul had reasoned out of the Scriptures with the Jews in the synagogue of Thessalonica. Some believed, and others of the baser sort moved with envy, drove him from the city. His friends seeing the danger led him away by night. For a distance of sixty miles, they had to travel to Berea. The beginning of their journey, by night, led through gardens which are in the immediate neighborhood of Thessalonica. Then through a large tract of grain fields. By this time the day must have dawned. Through the vast forests, and along paths infested by robbers, they pursued their way.

As elsewhere, so at Berea, Paul can not be idle. He repairs to the synagogue of the Jews, who received "the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so." Right here, near the throne of the Olympian Jove, it is pleasant and significant to hear the true God and Gospel preached and believed in.

Their Scriptures consisted of some of the principal books of the Old Testament. Among others the prophecy of Isaiah. In these they searched for light respecting the person and life of the Messiah. These Bereans present an example worthy of our imitation.

(1.) They received the word with all readiness of mind. (2.) They followed the hearing of it by searching and comparing the Scriptures on the subject heard. (3.) They made a *daily* habit of doing this. (4.) This led many to a saving faith. (5.) All this was the mark of noble, honorable qualities.

THERE is a greater depravity in not repenting of sin when it has been committed than in committing it at first. To deny, as Peter did, is bad; but not to weep bitterly, as he did, when we have denied, is worse.—*Payson*.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red-lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy :
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown up man
Only is republican:
Let the millioned-dollared ride.
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye :
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy.

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools :
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell ;
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well :
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine.

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his wall of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !
For, eschewing books and tasks
Nature answers all he asks :
Hand in hand with her he walks,

Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,[†]
Humming-birds and honey-bees,
For my sport the squirrel played,
Filled the snouted-mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone:
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night;
Whispering at the garden-wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond;
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy.

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude.
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent;
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold,
While for music, came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can.
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubbled-speared the new mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,

Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin,
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

“ ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME ”

In the pleasant county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered passes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang Augustus Toplady. When a lad of sixteen and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn where an illiterate layman was preaching—but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind.

Toplady became very learned, and at thirty-eight he died, more widely read than most dignitaries whose heads are hoary. His chief works are controversial, and in some respects bear the impress of his over-ardent spirit. In the pulpit's milder agency nothing flowed but balm. In his tones there was a commanding solemnity, and in his words there was such simplicity that to hear was to understand.

Both at Broad Hembury, and afterward in London, the happiest results attended his ministry. Many sinners were converted ; and the doctrines which God blessed to the accomplishment of these results may be learned from the hymns which Toplady has bequeathed to the Church : “ Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me ; ” “ A Debtor to Mercy Alone ; ” “ When Languor and Disease Invade,” and “ Deathless Principle, Arise ! ”—hymns in which it would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the living hope exulting in every line.

During his last illness, Augustus Toplady seemed to lie in the very vestibule of glory. To a friend, on inquiry he answered with sparkling eye, “ O my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul—they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant, that He leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul.” And within an hour of dying he called his friends and asked if they could give him up ; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran

down his cheeks as he added, "O what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul!" And thus died the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me."—*Christian at Work.*

A DISAPPOINTED LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We stand at the grave, as a young woman is being laid in the resting-place of the dead. She was only twenty-four years of age. She was a wife and mother. A husband and three little children mourned her death. She died of a broken heart. She wasted away with consumption, induced by neglect, unkindness, exposure and want. Her husband was a drunkard, and as he stood and gazed with callous feeling at the coffin of his wife, as it was let down into the earth, his bloated face indicated the habits of dissipation which he had acquired. He, too, was young. A few years before he had led her, full of hope and happiness, to the marriage altar. He was then, as far as known, a sober young man, and she deemed him worthy of her confidence and love. But soon his habits became bad; he spent his nights away from his family, he neglected his business, his family suffered for the want of food and clothing, her spirits and her health failed her, her father took her and her children back to his home, and here at the grave is the end of her sad, disappointed life. Is this a rare case? Alas, no! It is only one of thousands. It is occurring every day. True Christian piety makes happy homes. Sin brings sorrow into the household. Admit faith and prayer into the house, and peace and happiness will enter and abide with them.—*Lutheran & Missionary.*

The path of life is strewn with wrecked hopes. O that the young would learn wisdom and discretion. A cheery gay maiden is planning and making preparations for her marriage. How full of hope! How inviting life seems to her! Full of dreams of coming pleasure! What a heaven on earth will she enjoy with her betrothed! True, he is somewhat fast. His breath often bears the odor of whiskey. He associates with the vulgar who seek the society of women of the baser sort. But then he is so smart, and generous; dresses so tastefully and is so much of a gentleman, she will try to reform him. While wooing her, she moulds him as a bust of wax. So will she do when his wife. The wedding day comes. Hosts of friends bring their greetings, and not a few their bridal presents. In all the town there is no young lady on this evening whose future seems so inviting as hers; in reality none for whom the future has such grief in store.

After a short honey-moon a new chapter opens. The mask is dropped. The young husband takes to his cups and cards. Gently and vainly the young wife chides him. He neglects his business. His papers go to protest. His patrons forsake him. His credit and character gone. The wife broods over her keen disappointment; the husband bloats over his cups. Long she endures shame, neglect and even hunger, in silence. Too proud to unburden her bleeding heart to her friends. Her child keeps her affectionate company. Her husband is the companion of fools, an outcast from respectable society. His course is soon run. His end is the drunkard's grave. With him she buries a delusive hope. She survives him in sorrowing dependence upon the bounty of friends. Had she heeded their counsel, she would not have become the widow of a dissolute wretch. Thus it happened that she early became a poverty-stricken widow, and her child a dependent orphan, and for the balance of her days she is doomed to a disappointed life.

HABITS OF AUTHORS.

Prynne wrote in a long quilt cap, with a peak like an umbrella, to shade his eyes from the light; Addison walked in a long gallery at Holland House, with a bottle of wine at either end, composing as he went; Darwin wrote as he rode in his battered old "sulky," on scraps of paper with a pencil; Rousseau composed among rocks and woods, while Chateaubriand sat at a table methodically piled with paper of various sizes, which he scattered to the ground as soon as they were filled with writing, to be gathered up and arranged at the completion of each chapter. To some it will be strange to learn that Johnson wrote his "Rambles" just as they were wanted for the press, sending a portion of each week's supply to the printer, and writing the remainder while the earlier part was in the hands of the compositors; and that Goldsmith's manner of composition was, like the man, erratic—sometimes wandering into the kitchen of his farm-house lodging in the Edgware-road, and then hurrying back to his desk to jot down whatever thought might have struck him. Lessing walked up and down his study until his eye caught the title of some book, when he would open it, and if he found a sentence that pleased him, he would copy it, and afterwards follow out the train of thought suggested. Jean Paul Richter went out into the fields for his

inspiration ; and Plato, (on the authority of DeValton) produced his glorious visions all in bed. Burns never wrote his songs until he had completely mastered the tunes for them ; and Coleridge had a custom of putting aside his essays till the heat and excitement of composition had subsided, brandishing his pen and beating time with his foot when he wrote, and ever and anon breaking out into a shout at the birth of a felicitous idea. Shelley indulged in music, and Christopher North in opium ; Washington Irving composed his "Stout Gentleman" while sitting on a stile ; Walker, of the "Original," sat full-dressed on a cane-bottomed chair, in the bed-room of his hotel, during the throes of composition ; Douglas Jerrold—as might be guessed from his minute caligraphy—wrote at a spotless desk on the whitest of paper ; Dr. Channing alternated between his study and his garden ; Sir Walter Scott composed as he rode or walked, and put his thoughts on paper regularly every morning ; Dibdin thought of and partly composed "Jolly Dick the Lamplighter" in a barber's shop, while having his hair dressed : and Tannahill invented his songs while plying the shuttle ; humming over the airs to which he meant to adapt new words ; and as the words occurred to him, jotting them down at a rude desk attached to his loom, and which he could use without rising from his seat. —*Aspect of Authorships.*

TESTIMONY FOR THE BIBLE.

The following is a collocation of the testimony of the great, the learned, and the wise to the value of the Bible, from the stand-point of worldly wisdom as well as of genuine religion :

John Milton.—God has ordained His gospel to be the revelation of His power and wisdom in Christ Jesus. Let others, therefore, dread and shun the Scriptures for their darkness ; I shall wish I may deserve to be reckoned among those who admire and dwell upon them for their clearness. There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.

Coleridge.—I know the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book.

Thomas Carlyle.—A noble book ! All men's book ! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending-problem—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on earth ; and all such free-flowing

outlines, grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation.

Sir Matthew Hale.—It is a book full of light and wisdom, will make you wise to eternal life, and furnish you with directions and principles to guide and order your life safely and prudently. There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom, and use.

Queen Victoria.—This is the secret of England's greatness.

The Chevalier Bunsen.—The Bible is the only cement of nations, and the only cement that can bind religious hearts together.

John Adams.—I have examined all, as well as my narrow sphere, my straightened means and my busy life, would allow me; and the result is, that the Bible is the best book in the world. It contains more of my little philosophy than all the libraries I have seen; and such parts of it as I cannot reconcile to my little philosophy, I postpone for future investigation.

John Quincy Adams.—I speak as a man of the world to men of the world; and I say to you "Search the Scriptures!" The Bible is the book of all others to read at all ages, and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once or twice or thrice through, and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity.

William H. Seward.—The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever growing influence of the Bible.

John McLean.—If its rules were faithfully observed by individuals and communities, the highest degree of earthly happiness would be attained.

Daniel Webster.—I have read it through many times; I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines; and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and rules for conduct.

THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold:
 And one was out on the hill away,
 Far off from the gates of gold;
 Away on the mountains wild and bare—
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord, thou hast here the ninety and nine,
 Are they not enough for Thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the roads be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's tracks?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They were pierced to night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven.
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"—*Little Sower.*

NOTES ON SURNAMES.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

"What is your name?" There is probably no question which we have been asked more frequently, and none which we are more ready to answer. The man who declines to reply to such a question, when properly asked, is suspected of being a knave, while he who does not know his own name is regarded as an idiot. So rare are instances of ignorance in this important matter, that we still laugh at the eccentricity of Sydney Smith, in having on one occasion forgotten his own name. We suspect, however, that the great humorist was only playing a part for the amusement of people who were not sharp enough to see through his tricks.

Certain as we are as to our respective surnames, it would be easy to ask us questions concerning them which we would not find it so easy to answer. Suppose some one were to begin to catechise us by inquiring, "Why is this your name?" is it likely that our answer would be very satisfactory? We would probably throw the responsibility on our progenitors, knowing that our surnames have come down to us as a legacy from remote ages; but

why the first of the family was called Brown, or Jones, or something else, is to most of us an unfathomable mystery.

We could not, indeed, essay to write upon a more confused and difficult subject. Surnames took their rise during the darkness and gloom of the Middle Ages, and the events or circumstances which caused them to be applied to particular individuals have long since been forgotten. Family traditions are, in this respect, of very little value. Grandmothers too often thought it no sin, to invent wonderful stories concerning their ancestors, for the purpose of appeasing the curiosity of the little ones, who in turn handed them down to their descendants, as veritable history.

We are, however, wonderfully attached to our surnames. Some of us would not change our names for "a house full of gold," even though they were as uncouth and twisted as the stick which is said to have been so crooked that it would never lie still. Hence, anything which concerns their origin is directly interesting to every individual, and we, therefore, venture to offer our readers a few notes on the subject, gathered in the course of our miscellaneous reading. We have no books of reference at hand, writing principally from memory, and can therefore lay no claims to critical exactness.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

One thousand years ago very few people had more than a single name—the name which they had received in Baptism. There are, indeed, traces of family-names in the history of ancient Rome, but these seem to have entirely disappeared with the downfall of the empire; and for hundreds of years afterwards the great were distinguished by their titles and estates, while the poor were called, Jack, or Jill, or some other simple name, and that was the end of it.

In the course of time, as men grew more intelligent, there arose a desire even among the humbler classes to be remembered after death in the persons of their descendants. With this object they at first attempted to preserve the first syllable of their own names in the names of their children. Thus, for instance, a man named Oslaf called his children Oslac, Oswald, Oswin, and Osbeorth. In the days of Charlemagne, about A. D., 775, a man called Hildebardus named his two sons Hildoardus and Hildebodus, and his daughter Hildeberga. This custom, however, for obvious reasons, never became universal.

In England, we find but few traces of settled surnames before the Norman conquest, which occurred in A. D., 1066. Camden, the celebrated antiquary, however, claims to have discovered several instances of persons who bore two names a few years earlier. One

of these was a man called Whyte Hatte, all of whose children were also called Hatte. This is a peculiar name, and would now be written, WHITE HAT! With William the Conqueror surnames became fashionable. The members of his royal household whose offices were generally hereditary, accepted their titles as family names, while others of the nobility and gentry assumed the names of their castles, or manors. Of the former character are, probably, such names as Falconer, Chamberlain, and others—of the latter such as Buckingham, Huntingdon and Washington.

For a long time after this date, the great body of the people remained destitute of surnames; but by degrees almost every individual received a nick-name from his neighbors. There were John on the Hill, and Tom in the Dale; Dick in the Forest, and Will by the Waters. There were also the Smith and the Tailor; the Butcher and the Baker; the Carpenter and the Gardener, with many others in whose families similar employments were hereditary, and who consequently at last assumed them as permanent surnames. Some men were called after some physical or moral quality. An old Anglo-Saxon warrior was said to be *praet*, or crafty, and from him the Pratts were said to be descended. In the same way we have Good, Strong, Wise, Sharp, as well as Craven, a Coward, Cowan, an eve's-dropper, and a host of others. Some of these were named after some peculiarity in their personal appearance, and then we derive such names as Longfellow, Broadhead, Crookshanks, and others which at first-sight appear somewhat ludicrous.

In most instances, however, where there was no salient point in the history or character of the individual, on which a nick-name would hang, it was but natural that he should be designated by adding the name of his father to his own. Thus if the name of John's father had also been John, he was called John Johnson, or Johns, and in Wales, Jones. In this way all conceivable Christian names have become patronymics, and as these have since endured every possible variation of orthography and pronunciation, they account for a vast number of modern surnames. The prefix *Mac*, so often found in Irish and Scotch names, means *son*, and thus the son of Donald would in Scotland be Mac Donald and not Donaldson. Sometimes the trade or profession is indicated. Thus, Mac Pherson is said to signify *the son of the parson*; and Mac Intyre, *the son of the carpenter*. The Irish prefix *O'* means nearly the same thing, but is supposed to refer in more general terms to the race from which the individual is descended. Thus, if a man's name is O'Brien, it would be held to indicate that he is of the "*rale ould stock*" of the Briens—perhaps descended from the great King of Ireland, Brian-boru, himself. Many ancient

Christian names have now become entirely obsolete, and we no longer recognize Sigimer in Seymour, and Sigimund in Sigmund and Simmons.

GERMAN NAMES.

In Germany the variety of surnames is probably greater than in any other country in Europe. This may, in part, be owing to the fact that whole communities did not, as for instance, in Scotland, assume the name of their feudal master, but that each individual seems to have received a name for himself alone. In some instances, it is said, when surnames had been legalized by the government, the nobles amused themselves by naming their dependents, and in this way originated many of those whimsical and amusing names which are so common among the Germans. There are many respectable families in Pennsylvania whose names are so peculiar, that we can hardly suppose them to have been voluntarily assumed by their respective ancestors, as, for instance, Ochsenreiter (Ox-rider), Breivogel (Pap-bird), Haberfeld (Oats-field), Truckenmiller (Dry-miller), Butterfass (churn), Schlangenlauf (Snake-track), Teufelbiss (Devil-bite) and many others.

Names derived from Geographical localities, such as countries, cities, mountains and rivers, are proportionally more numerous among the Germans than in any other nation. Thus, we have Deutch, Deutscher, and Deutschland. Preuss (Prussian), Baier (Bavarian), Hess, Anspach, Pommer (from Pomerania), Sachs (Saxon), Schwab and Schwabenland. Among the names derived from cities are Basler, Strassburger, Bamberger, Metz, Kehl, Cassel, Damstädter, Bingenman, Danenberger, Muench and many others. Then, we have a vast multitude of names ending in *berg* (mountain), *au* (plain or meadow), *heim* (home—a very common termination of the names of villages), and *bach* (brook), to all of which we may confidently assign a local origin.

Trades and professions play an important part in German surnames. We have these names, not only in their simple form, such as Schmidt (Smith), Schneider (Tailor or Cutter), Becker (Baker) Metzenger (Butcher), etc., but most of these occur in innumerable combinations. Thus we have Messerschmidt, Klingenschmidt, Kaltschmidt, Goldschmidt, and so on almost *ad infinitum*.

Names ending in son, or sohn, though not rare, do not appear to be as common among the Germans as they are elsewhere. They are most numerous among the Jews, who were probably led to adopt them by the fact that it was an ancient Hebrew custom to mention the name of the father in connection with that of the son. Hence, we find among them such names as Jacobsohn, Mendelsohn, and Wolfsohn.

It is said that the great body of the Jews refused to adopt surnames until they were forced to do so by the civil government. They were then allowed, for a brief period, to adopt names to suit themselves, and many of them improved the opportunity by selecting those eminently beautiful surnames for which the German Jews are celebrated. Among the names of this kind, some of which in the great cities we hear almost daily, are Blumenthal (Flower-vale), Rosengarten (Rose-garden), Lilienbach (Lily-brook), Vogelsang (Birdsong), Honigseim (Honey-comb), and many others, which are so sweet as almost to cloy upon our taste. A few Jews were so wedded to their ancient customs that they refused to accede to the wishes of the government, and the officials subsequently amused themselves by assigning them the most horrible names they could think of. Some of these were afterwards changed on the payment of a large sum of money, but a few remain to the present day to torment their unfortunate possessors.

CORRUPTED NAMES.

Very few surnames have preserved their original orthography. Languages are constantly changing, and it would be strange if surnames were not subject to the same law.

Foreign names are everywhere liable to alterations, which entirely destroy their identity. If not translated into the language of the country, their original meaning is soon forgotten, and an attempt will probably be made to make sense out of them, generally with the most unfortunate results. An English writer says, that many of the Danish names in England, were, in this way, shockingly mangled. Asketil, was transformed into Ashkettle, Guthlac, into Goodluck, and Gundbald, into Gumboil!

Similar instances have frequently occurred in this country. There was a German family in Pennsylvania, named Hochmeier, which signifies High-bailiff, or High-steward—a prominent civil office in Germany. Removing to Virginia, this family, of course, forgot its mother-tongue, and their descendants now write their name HOGMIRE! “O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!”

Many amusing changes have occurred in attempting to translate German names into English. One of these is recorded by Mr. I. D. Rupp, and he must vouch for its genuineness. He says: “Upwards of thirty years ago, a German family named *Feuerstein*, settled near Dayton, Ohio. The schoolmaster was abroad there too; he translated the name into *Flint*—a stone used in fire-arms, before percussion caps were introduced. The *Flints* were proud, as every one ought to be, of this advance in literature. One of the young *Flints* settled afterwards in Marion county, Indiana,

and there *Mein Herr Flint* met with the schoolmaster abroad, whose well-practiced ear misled him to mistake *Flint* for *Flinte*—a fowling piece. To show his translating abilities, “the master” turned *Flint* into *Gun*! Feuerstein, Flint and Gun, all in close relation!!”

This thing of translating surnames, is in every case a piece of folly; but still is less objectionable, it seems to us, than the corruption which is so extensively practiced, when folks attempt to preserve the pronunciation of one language, by adopting the orthography of another. If you have, for instance, inherited from your ancestors, the respectable name of Lauterbach—derived from the town beyond the Rhine, where a certain ancient German minstrel was so unfortunate as to “lose his stocking”—please do not change it into Louderbaugh or Louderback! If you have become so English, that you cannot suffer your respectable old name to remain intact, translate it at once into CLEARBROOK, and be done with it. It would then be sufficiently pretty, to satisfy the most fastidious, and it is probable that future generations would suffer it to remain unchanged.

CURIOUS NAMES.

Some years ago, a New England editor attempted to amuse his readers by publishing a list of curious names, which he had transcribed from the advertising columns of a Pennsylvania paper. We do not remember what names he selected, but among them, were probably some such respectable appellations as Riemenschneider, Reifschneider, Hinterleitner, Kunzenhauser, Lautenschlaeger, Pfaffenschlaeger and Shalckenbecher. The Pennsylvania editor retaliated, by extracting from the New England paper, a list of surnames which would be similarly amusing to Pennsylvanians. Among these were Peabody, Stringfellow, Oxenham, Goatshead, Ramsbotham, Ketchum, Cheatum and Ticklepenny. The Yankee editor had not imagined that such names could amuse any one, for the simple reason that he had been familiar with them from childhood.

A correspondent of one of our city papers informs us, that in the New York City Directory this year, there are 15 Frames but no pictures, 2 Pickups, 1 Pickles, 1 Ship, 3 Crews, 43 Hale, 3 Hearty, 5 Sick, 1 Tosick, 2 Well, 8 Weller, and 1 Twogood. Then there are 3 Noahs and 1 Ark, 3 Furs, 1 Feather, 26 Shepherds, 13 Flocks and 63 Lambs, 3 Pilgrims with 6 Staffs, 1 Car and 6 Drivers, 2 Mean and 2 Lovely, 5 Constables with 1 Clubb, 2 Jurys with 6 Foremen, 6 Pastors and 40 Churches. There may also be found 9 Canarys and 30 Singers, 1 Dollar and 2 Shillings, 1 Bowels, 15 Houses, 1 Roof and 3 Leaks, 2 Lawyers, 5 Learned

and 5 Nott, 80 Parsons, 2 Fast, 2 Slow, 1 Sly, 1 Fatt and 10 Loud, 2 Hens, 1 Chick and 1 Duck, 3 Clocks and 3 Hands, 18 Christians, 2 Sinners and a Devil, 1 Scow and 4 Sailors. The Smith family are very well represented, as that favorite name appears over 2,300 times, while that of Jones is printed over 600 times. The Mcs. occupy over 100 columns, and the O's 20 columns.

The study of surnames, is still, to a great extent, an untrodden field. Though many books have been written about them, they have not, as yet, found a lexicographer. Perhaps, if some great philologist, like Max Muller, were to lay hold of the subject, he might bring order out of the apparent chaos, and develop the laws which underlie their interminable variations. In the meantime, we can only hope to show, that the subject is not as dry and barren, as is generally supposed, and in this way to contribute to the amusement of our readers.

THE SIGNERS

The signers of the Declaration of Independence were all natives of the American soil, with the exception of eight. Sixteen of them were from the Eastern, or New England colonies, fourteen from the Middle, and eighteen from the Southern colonies. One was a native of Maine, nine were natives of Massachusetts, two of Rhode Island, four of Connecticut, three of New Jersey, five of Pennsylvania, two of Delaware, five of Maryland, nine of Virginia, and four of South Carolina. Two were born in England, three in Ireland, two in Scotland, and one was born in Wales.

Twenty-seven of the signers had been regularly graduated in colleges, or about one-half. Twenty others had received an academic education, and the remainder had each been taught at a plain school or at home. Of the fifty-six signers, twenty-five had studied the institutions of Great Britain, while sojourning in that country. All had something to lose if the struggle should result in a failure to them. Many of them were very wealthy, and, with very few exceptions, all of them were blessed with a competence.

Thirty-four of the signers were lawyers, thirteen were planters or farmers, nine were merchants, five were physicians, two were mechanics, one was a clergyman, one a mason, and one a surveyor. The youngest member of Congress when the Declaration was signed (Rutledge) was twenty-seven years of age; the oldest one (Dr. Franklin) was seventy. Forty-two of the fifty-six were between thirty

and fifty years of age ; the average age of all was forty-three-years and ten months.

Not one of the signers ever fell from the high estate to which that great act had elevated him. It has been well said that "the annals of the world can present no political body the lives of whose members, minutely traced, exhibit so much of the zeal of the patriot dignified and chastened by the virtues of the man."—*Benson J. Lossing, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

HOW MUCH IS THE BIBLE WORTH?

How much is your Bible worth? Scientific men are trying to show us, through the newspapers, and through philosophic papers, that our race descended from the monkey. Get out of my way with your abominable Darwinian theories! Scientific men cannot understand the origin of this world. We open our Bibles, and feel like the Christian Arab, who said to the skeptic when asked by him why he believed there was a God: "How do I know that it was a man instead of a camel that went past my tent last night? Why I know him by his tracks." Then, looking over at the setting sun, the Arab said to the skeptic: "Look there! that is not the work of a man. That is the *track* of a God." We have all these things revealed in God's word.

Dear old book! My father loved it. It trembled in my mother's hand when she was nigh four-score years old. It has been under the pillow of three of my brothers when they died. It is very different from the book it once was to me. I used to take it as a splendid poem, and read it as I read John Milton. I took it up sometimes as a treatise on law, and read it as I did Blackstone. I took it up as a fine history, and read it as I did Josephus. Ah! now it is not the poem; it is not the treatise on law; it is not the history. It is simply a family album that I open, and see right before me the face of God, my Father; of Christ my Saviour; of heaven, my eternal home.

"How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day."

As I take up my family Bible to-night, bright with promises and redolent with boyhood memories, and mighty with principles that are to regenerate the world, I ask you, ye men who are descended from those who fought until they died in their tracks, for the defence of this book; ye sons of the covenanters, who were hounded among the Highlands of Scotland; ye sons of men who went on ladders of fire from English soil to heaven for this grand, glorious triumph, and God-given book, "How much owest thou to my Lord?"—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

NEARER HOME.

[By PHOEBE CARY. Written in New York, in 1852. Many variations of this poem have been published; but the author desires the following to be considered hereafter her authorized version.]

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before:

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea:

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly on the other side
Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I'm nearer home
Even to-day than I think:

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

A CHICKEN'S STORY.

The first recollection I have of myself, I was shut up in a little dark prison-house. I didn't like it, and I pecked very hard at the walls, and somehow, I hardly know just how, I by and by found myself free. I soon discovered that I was a very queer little fellow, with two nice legs, and two really elegant little wings. I had a very sharp little bill too, and such cunning little feathers all over me. That was all I made out distinctly, though I nearly broke my neck and quite lost my balance trying to see what was on the top of my head. I didn't find out—never have seen it, in fact, but I know there's something there.

I had five little brothers and sisters, and such a nice, warm mother! I do wish you were acquainted with my mother; I am sure you would say you had never seen such a cosy little mother as she is. Two of my brothers were black, and one was white. I had a little yellow sister, and a speckled one, and I am sure I don't know what color I was; but my mother called me "Top-knot." How we used to run around in the nice dirt, and under the leaves and bushes! And didn't our mother scratch for us! How she would find the worms and bugs and little seeds for us! When she called, "Come quick, come quick," how we would all scamper! Jet was a greedy little fellow and got more than his share; but our mother was an industrious old hen, and none of us went hungry.

Every night she cuddled us under her dear, warm wings, and she wasn't at all afraid. But it was only a fence-corner where we slept, and one night a rat, or something dreadful, and I don't know what, came and most frightened us into spasms. He actually did carry off my little screaming brother Jet, though my poor mother lost every one of her tail-feathers in our defence. I just wish that old rat or something had all his tail-feathers pulled out! But Jet was a most awful greedy chicken! Mother said we must sleep in the hen-house after that. I am now a very fine chicken—can scratch for myself pretty well, and in many ways make myself useful to the family; but I shall never forget that dreadful night.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

ALL our murmurings are as so many arrows shot at God himself, and they will return upon our own hearts; they reach not him but they will hit us; they hurt not him, but will wound us.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

A writer in the *Evening Mail*, comparing the sacred art of America with that of England says :

“ Take the four largest English cathedrals : St. Paul (old) has an area of 72,460 feet, a length of 590, a general width of 90, a transept of 3000, a ceiling height of 102, and a tower height of 527. York Cathedral has an area of 63,800, a length of 486, general width of 106, transept of 222, ceiling height of 101, and tower height of 198. The new St. Paul’s, with an area of 59,700 feet, is 460 long and 94 wide, with a ceiling height of 88 feet, a tower height of 356 feet, and a transept of 240. A fourth English cathedral (Lincoln) has an area of 55,580 feet, a length of 468 feet, a width of 80, transept 220, ceiling height of 82, and a tower height of 262 feet. A fifth has an area of 53,480 feet, six range from 40,000 to 50,000 six more from 30,000 to 40,000, sixteen from 20,000 to 30,000, forty-one range in area from ten to twenty thousand feet, and half a dozen others exceeding nine thousand, fall short of ten. How unlike the mushroom upspringing of American edifices was the rearing of some of these, and how it suggests the temple of the Ephesian Diana ! Thirty-five years was St. Paul’s, in building ; one hundred and fifty the Cathedral at York. Nave, tower and transepts of Oxford sprung out of the quarry in the days of Knut, the Dane—1150—80 ; an addition in the middle of the thirteenth century ; another in the middle of the fourteenth—in consequence a structure that is *per se* a history of the Gothic, from late Norman to perpendicular. Dreamy old Lincoln begins with the early English style of 1073 and runs into the Norman of 1282. Not buildings erected but growths are the leading European cathedrals—as really growths as the civilizations that surround them.”

WE are often more ashamed than grieved and humbled for our sins. Our own consciousness of them, and of God’s being privy to them, does not pain us near so much as it would to have them known to others ; see, therefore, whether what you call your penitence is not more pride than anything else.—*Thomas Adams*.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

A SINGLE brake will stop a car at starting, but many powerful brakes will be unable to stop it when under full headway. The Sunday school applies the brake at the starting point of a whole generation downward.

NOBLE WORDS.—Admiral Farragut wrote to his wife, April, 1862: "My country has bestowed upon me the highest honors, and I must take upon me the highest responsibilities. I never will ask men to go where I am not willing to lead the way." Words fit for the monument of a hero!

THE Duke of Wellington had given orders to an officer to undertake a duty involving great personal peril. He did not shrink from it. But he said to the Duke, "*Let me before I go, have ONE GRASP OF YOUR ALL-CONQUERING HAND, and I can do it!*" So the Christian worker must take hold of Christ's hand and go forward.

As the stag which the huntsman has hit, flies through brush and brake, over stock and stone, and thereby exhausts its strength, but does not expel the deadly bullet from its body, so does experience show that they who have troubled consciences run from place to place, but wherever they go, bear with them their dangerous wounds.

A CELEBRATED infidel, on shipboard, in sunshine, caricatured the Christian religion, and scoffed at its professors. But the sea arose, and the waves dashed across the deck, and death seemed imminent, and he began to cry out, "O God, what shall I do? What shall I do?" The unbeliever's joy will not live through the storm. The infidel's creed is not good to trust in when death is near.

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—"I am on the bright side of seven y," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty four years old; "I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." To an humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied, "I know I am; but, blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it, I hope it."

AN old minister used to carry about a little book with only three leaves, and no words in it. The first leaf was black, the next scarlet, the last white. Day by day he looked at it and at last told what it meant, something in this way: "Here is the black leaf that shows my sin, and what it deserves. Then comes the red page to tell me of Jesus' blood. I look at it and weep, and look again. Lastly comes the white leaf—a picture of my dark soul washed in the cleansing fountain and made clean."

A GENTLEMAN, wandering on the beach of Scotland, where the high rocks came near the sea, was unmindful of the fact that the tide was rising, which would soon cut off his retreat. A man on the top of the rockss shouted to him, "Hallo! the tide is rising, and this is the last place through which you can escape; you had better climb up on the rocks." The man laughed at the warning and went on. After a while he became alarmed and sought to return, but found his retreat cut off. He tried to scale the rocks; he clambered up a little way, but could get no further. The waves came to his feet, to his waist, to his neck, and with a wild shriek for help he perished.

CUT OFF.—When our college professor of electricity wished to test the power of his electrical machine, he used to place a student on an insulated stool with glass legs. The stool was thus cut off from all contact with the rest of the room. As soon as the machine was set in motion, the student became charged with the electric current, and if touched his body gave off the keen, bright sparks. Now you must insulate yourself from all sinful alliances and practices, if you would become filled with the current of heavenly influences. Cut off the world! Cut off favorite sins! They have drained away your very life.—*Cuyler*.

WHY THEY DIDN'T GO TO CHURCH.—A curious man, who keeps a note of all that he hears, has given to the public, six months of excuses for not attending church; they are as follows:

Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to friends; mean to take a walk; going to take a ride; tied to business six days a week; no fresh air but on Sunday; can't breathe in church; always so dull; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel a little lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; tore my muslin dress down stairs; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; wasn't shaved in time; don't like the liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayer; don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, too prosy; nobody to-day but our own minister, can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when at church, fell asleep last time when I was there, shan't risk it again.

Editor's Drawer.

PERVERTSITY OF SPEECH.—If d-o-u-g-h spells “doe,” and n-e-i-g-h spells “nay,” and b-e-a-u-x spell “bows;” then the proper mode of spelling “potatoes” is *poughteightedaux*.

CHANGE OF FASHION.—“Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?” demanded Mr. Jones. “Home, sir, home; don’t detain me; I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes.”

IRISH BULL.—“Never be critical upon the ladies,” was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; “the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman, is to shut his eyes.”

NEAR Rochester there is an eccentric old fellow who lives alongside a grave-yard. He was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. “No,” said he, “I never j’ined places in all my life with a set of neighbors that minded their own business so stiddy as they do.”

“Do you make any reduction to a minister?” said a young woman at Boston, last week, to a salesman with whom she was talking about buying a sewing-machine. “Always. Are you a minister’s wife?” “Oh no; I’m not married,” said the lady, blushing. “Daughter, then?” “No.” The salesman looked puzzled. “I’m engaged to a theological student,” said she. The reduction was made.

“YOU hev heern, gentlemen of the jury,” said an eloquent advocate—“you hev heern the witness swar he saw the prisoner raise his gun, you hev heern him swar he saw the flash and heerd the report, you hev heern him swar he saw the dog fall dead, you hev heern him swar he dug the bullet out with his jackknife, and you hev seen the bullet produced in court: but whar, gentlemen, whar, I ask you, is the man who saw that bullet hit that dog?”

A METHODIST minister, who lived on a small salary, was unable at one time to get his quarterly installment. He had called a number of times, but each time he had been put off with none. At last he went to his steward and told him he must have his money, for his family must have the necessities of life. “Money!” replied the steward—“you preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls!” “Souls!” rejoined the minister—“I can’t eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand souls like yours to make a decent meal.”

DUBIOUS GRATITUDE.—There is nothing like perspicuity when one wishes to thank people. An instance of this we find in the *Dallas (Texas) Herald* of June 21, 1873, in the form of "A Card," which reads as follows: "I wish to return my thanks to the many citizens of Dallas for the noble and effective efforts to save my house and all I had left to me from the late fire, from the burning flames on Friday night; for nothing but their timely appearance and manly energy saved my home from ashes; and I do ask and hope that all good citizens will assist me to ferret out the heartless scoundrels. JOHN OWENS."—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

SOME people cannot understand how two lawyers who contend so furiously against each other in court should be friends. The following is leveled at the heads of those who feign hostility in the way of business:

"Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
'Zounds!' cries the losing client, 'how came you
To be such friends who were such foes just now?'
'Thou fool!' one answered, 'lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between!'"

ANECDOTE OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER.—While residing on Long Island, in early life, he was returning home just at evening from a visit to old Dr. Woolworth. Seeing what he thought, in the dark, to be a rabbit by the roadside, a little ahead, he reasoned with himself: "They are tender animals—if the fellow sits still till I come up, I think I could hit him with these books," a goodly number of which he had in his handkerchief. Hit him he surely did; only it proved to be not a rabbit, but a skunk. The logical sequence followed, and he returned to his family in anything but the odor of sanctity. In after life, being asked why he did not reply to a scurrilous attack which had been made upon him, the doctor answered, "I discharged a quarto once at a skunk, and then I made up my mind never to do it again."

THE strong figure of speech with which Corney illustrated the great size of Ameriky has also a hit at the Scotch, which they will relish as well as they do punch. "Where did baccy come from?" inquired Mary. "Why, from 'Meriky, where else?" replied Corney, "that sent us the first petaty. Long life to it for both, says I!" "What sort of a place is that, I wonder?" "'Meriky! They tell me it's mighty sizable, Moll, darlin'. I'm told that you might roll England through it an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh-water ocean inside of it that you might dhrown Ireland in, and save Father Mathew a wonderful sight of trouble; an' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it except it might be by the smell of the whisky!"

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THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper, and do all in their power in co-operating with the Editor, to make THE GUARDIAN a pleasant and profitable perusal to subscribers.

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“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

No. 11.

D. R. B. Bausman

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE

GUARDIAN:

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OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.

No. 907 Arch Street.

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GUARDIAN, NOVEMBER, 1873.

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Wm J. Stewart, Chambersburg, Pa.,	1 00	25	A. W. Prugh, Piqua, Ohio,	1 50	24
M. J. Person, Bethlehem, "	1 50	24	Christ'n Seibert, Pittsburg Pa.,	3 00	23 & 24
Jacob Surbeck, Swanton, Ohio	7 50	21 to 22	Minnie Voigt, "	3 00	23 & 24
Rev. G. W. Aughenbaugh,			L. P. Johnston, "	3 00	23 & 24
Meyerstown, Pa.,	2 00	24	B. Wolff, Jr. "	1 50	26
T. D. Bausher, Reading, Pa.,	1 50	24	J. B. Rota, Lancaster, "	1 50	24
Marg't High, "	1 50	24	Miss Amelia Meyer, Hano-		
Lucy S. Whitman "	4 50	20 to 22	ver, Pa.,	1 00	24

THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXIV. NOVEMBER, 1873. No. 11.

THE PARENTAGE OF DR. GARDINER SPRING.

BY THE EDITOR.

MORE than a dozen years ago I happened to spend a night in New York. In the evening I strolled leisurely along Beekman street. Among the restless tide that thronged the pavement I was a total stranger. Despite the crowd, I felt isolated and forsaken. For we are never more solitary and lonely than just among such a moving mass of strange humanity. A place of worship would have been a great relief to me. But where can a stranger find such a place on a week-day evening in New York? At length I reached a venerable brick building, which I afterwards learned was "the Old Brick Church." By this name it had long been known as one of the principal Presbyterian churches of New York. The door was open and the church lighted. I followed the few who entered, for it was yet early in the evening. Less than fifty persons had been assembled in the large church. Ere long, as the hour of service approached, the body of the building was well filled. On the pulpit sat a tall, well-built old clergyman, with a massive head, decked with gray locks. His white side-whiskers added an aspect of dignity to his stately figure.

The venerable pastor evidently felt uneasy as to the probable attendance on the services that evening. He watched the people as they entered, now and then raising his tall form a little so as to be able to look over the pulpit, and tell who was coming up the aisle. He seemed to suffer with weak eyes, for in these efforts to see the comers he held the hand over them as a shade.

After opening the services in the usual way, he called certain parents forward, and baptized their child. I was impressed with the earnestness and unction of his prayer. It was a preparatory service, at which a stranger preached.

It was to me a pleasant and edifying occasion, and the more so because it gave me an evening in "the Old Brick Church," and a glimpse of one of the pillars of the New York pulpit, Dr. Gardiner Spring. He was a man of great force of character, with a strong mind, and a strong will, which, when wrong, gave him no little trouble.

Some one ridicules the Germans for their ancestral pride. "In giving a sketch of his life, a German will always begin with his great-grandfather." It may be, but the English, and the Yankees have the same weakness. In a half apologetic way Dr. Spring says, he has not been able to trace his paternal ancestry beyond the year 1634. On his mother's side several generations of these were ministers of the Gospel. They descended from the Puritans, and lived in New England. His father, Samuel Spring, was a minister, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews" as to his New England views on theology and piety. A man of intense earnestness, and great influence. He studied at Princeton College and Seminary, one hundred years ago. The year after being licensed, in 1775, he entered the continental Army as Chaplain, and served under Gen. Arnold and Col. Burr in the expedition to Quebec. In later life he visited his son Gardiner, in New York, in company with Drs. Lyman Beecher and Taylor. The father asked the son to go with them on a visit to Col. Burr. Gardiner replied that since the murder of Hamilton, Burr had lost caste, and that he had better not call upon him. For a while the old man yielded to his son's advice. But before leaving New York he repeated the request:

"*My son, I must see Burr.* We went through the woods together; I stood at his side on the plains of Abram, and when Montgomery fell, I have not seen him since, and *I must see him before I go.* The last time I saw him was after Montgomery had fallen, and *little Burr*, up to his knees in snow, was trying in the face of the enemy, to bring off Mon'tgomery's body. My son, I must see him."

"We called at his office in Nassau street, but he was out, and did not return the call till toward evening. I will not speak of the particulars of that interview. It was a beautiful, yet a strange interview. Mrs. Spring and the two gentlemen just referred to were present, and listened to many a tale of by-gone days. Burr was no friend of Washington. Said he, 'You know, Dr. Spring, that Washington was a coward.' Dr. Beecher could scarcely restrain himself. Said he, 'I wanted to knock him down.'"

Well may Gardiner Spring be thankful for a pious ancestry. For they had much to do to make him a good and useful man.

And his father, Samuel Spring, was not the least of them. Although stern and severe in his religious habits, and unyielding in matters of principle, on proper occasions he unbent and indulged

in innocent fun. He firmly held to the old Puritan view of the Sabbath."

"He would not shave his face on the Lord's day, nor allow my mother to sew a button on her son's vest; and on one occasion, when his nephew, the late Adolphus Spring, Esq., arrived in haste on a Saturday evening with a message that his father was on his bed of death, he would not mount his horse for the journey of seventy miles, until the Sabbath sun had gone down." * *

"He was a working-man in his youth, and a working-man in his old age. He knew how to take hold of things by the right end, and frequently instilled the lesson upon his sons. He was not only watchful of the books we read, the principles we imbibed, the company with which we associated, and the amusements we indulged in, but the *manner* in which we did our work."

The Springs, for generations past, have been a long-lived tribe. Dr. Gardiner Spring reached 88, and his father 73 years. His father, a few months before his death, preached his last sermon on the words: "Behold, now I am old, I know not the day of my death."

On his death-bed he was asked how his past life appeared to him; he replied: "Oh! it appears as if it needed grace thrown over the whole of it." His son says:

"I did not know of his last sickness until a few hours before his death. It was at noon on the Lord's day that the mournful intelligence reached me. The following morning I left New York, hoping to be in time for his funeral; but a violent snow storm so obstructed the travelling, that I did not reach Newburyport until the day after his interment. I could not, however, resist the desire to look once more upon that loved and venerated face. I had the grave uncovered—the sexton only with me, and took a last look at the dear form of my departed father, his robe of office inwoven with his shroud. I merely said, '*Yes, it is my father,*' and wept."

His lineage on his mother's side Dr. Spring traces back to 1648. She was born in 1760, in Hadley, on the Connecticut River. The year 1766 was memorable in this town for the destruction of a certain private dwelling. It was the house of a large family.

"It was a cold night in midwinter, and the owner of the house (Dr. Samuel Hopkins) then in the vigor of manhood, was almost frantic with anxiety for the safety of *a beloved daughter*, then but six years of age. She had escaped at the first alarm without being noticed, and was running in her night dress, and with naked feet, when a kind lady took her in her arms and carried her to her own bed. In the midst of his deep agony for his beloved child, the father was told that his daughter was safe, when he turned to the blazing mass and exclaimed, '*Now burn!*' That little child, so kindly cared for by a watchful Providence, was *my beloved mother*. She was the daughter of Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D.,—a wife meet for such a husband as my father; in piety, in personal accomplishments, and activity, fitted to be his helper, his adviser, his comforter in his arduous work."

Humanly speaking, how near came the little girl ending her life at six years of age. Ending here, Samuel Spring would not have gotten Hannah Hopkins to wife, and what then of Gardiner Spring? On how many providences—so-called accidents and deliverances—does our existence depend.

A kind Providence gave these parents a goodly flock of children. Already at his baptism the mother devoted Gardiner to God, with the hope that he would become a minister. His wayward habits in youth gave his parents much pain. He was inclined to vice. In spite of their entreaties, warnings, reproofs and corrections he persisted in his evil ways. When God in mercy had turned him to Himself, the mother reminded him of his youthful vices:

“You well remember the day of fasting and prayer set apart by your father and myself on your account. My heart was that day overborne with sorrow. I thought it would be comparatively easy to follow you to the grave, to what I then suffered. It is impossible for me to describe to you, unless you know experimentally what it is to ‘wrestle with God,’ the ardor of my soul before God on your account.”

These parents knew and felt the responsibility of having children entrusted to them. They could not endure the idea of having a child live and die out of Christ. These family fasts, and wrestlings with God, show what spirit dwelt within them. The parents were pious from early youth. The mother had read Henry’s Commentary through before she was fifteen years of age. At eighteen she joined the Church. She helped the father much in the religious education of the children. On Saturday evening she would gather them around her in a Bible-class, which, as one of them says, “were more to them than all the Sunday-schools in the world.” She was quick and emphatic to rebuke wrong; and very ready and gentle to forgive if they “owned up.” She never spoiled them with luxuries, nor encouraged them in effeminate habits. She sought to train them in rugged manly virtues, and to trust in God and breast themselves for the battle of life. She would laugh at their complaints of the winter’s cold, and tell them to go and warm themselves by shovelling away snow.

On a certain Sunday Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, preached for Dr. Spring. It was a powerful sermon to the young. How the mother prayed for her boys during that sermon none but God could see and hear. After church she always retired to her closet for prayer. This time she came from her closet to the table. She said nothing, but all noticed the tears trickling down her face, as she poured out the tea. It was too much for her two boys. They could not eat. They felt that their mother’s tears fell for them, and left the table weeping.

Some of our readers may act as did the Spring boys. Turn a deaf ear to the advice and entreaties of their pious parents. Like them they may be kind and obedient to them in all points save one ; refuse to give themselves to Christ, by wholly consecrating themselves to Him in a consistent membership with His Church. No appeals are so eloquent and solemn as those of a tender mother, mutely weeping over a wayward child, or tearfully praying for the wanderer's return.

“ Sweet as the image of the brooding dove !
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love !
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years,—
The only love, which on this teeming earth.
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.”

The mother makes the man. And good Gardiner Spring's mother had much to do in making him the useful man which he became. And full well the grateful son knew it. The most affecting thought to him on the death of his parents was, *that he had lost their prayers.*

“She was a sweet mother O ! we loved her, and we love to dwell on her memory. I feel while writing these few pages, as though she was near me, and communing with me. I told my family at breakfast this morning, that I was going to-day to enjoy her company. She was our earthly refuge. The church loved her, as much as they did their pastor. The whole town, with all their denominational differences, loved and respected Mrs. Dr. Spring. She was at the head of their charitable institutions, alike honored by the rich and sought after by the poor. She was fifteen years younger than my father, and survived him but a few short months.”

Dr. Spring was tenderly attached to his parents. From his fifteenth year he always wrote them a letter on his birth-day. And when they had entered into rest, he grieved at its return that he could not unburden his heart in the usual letter.

“They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. Since their death I have felt myself very much like an *orphan*. I could not reach the house of mourning in time, for my father's funeral, but had the satisfaction of passing the week after his death with my sorrowing mother. On the morning on which I left I saw that my poor mother was much depressed. As I bade her farewell, I simply said at parting, Dear mother, let *not* your heart be troubled ! I could say no more. It was the last sentence I ever uttered to my mother. We wept and parted—I for my field of labor, she for her rapid maturity for heaven. In the following June I was called to visit her. But on my way I learned that by a fatal hemorrhage of the lungs her spirit had fled. On my arrival I found it so. I entered the chamber where she was dressed for the grave. *Dear mother !* I said as I kissed her clay-cold corpse ! I could not utter another word. Many a time have I blessed God for such parents ; and I will praise Him for them while I live. I mourn that I ever grieved them, and praise Him for all the comfort they derived from my subsequent history.”

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see ;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares :
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred ;
And palpitates the veil between
With breathing almost heard.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear—
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently laid in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evils sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side ;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream,
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

— *Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

EGYPTIAN LIGHT ON BIBLE TEXTS.

Customs and habits of life still existing in Egypt illustrate many usages referred to in the Bible. *The Sunday at Home* gives the following example :

“Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.” Exodus 3 : 5.

This putting off the shoes is an invariable custom in the East as an act of courtesy or reverence. The Mussulman on entering his mosque, the Copt in passing into his church, leaves his shoes at the door ; it is, indeed, common to all Orientals in the act of worship ; nor that alone, for it is done as a mark of respect on appearing before a superior.

“Now Israel loved Joseph, . . . and he made him a coat of many colors.” Genesis 37 : 3.

Such a coat we often see in the streets of Cairo ; it comes from Syria, and is made of pieces of cloth of divers colors, so arranged as to form a rude though effective pattern. The edges are then braided, and sometimes very elaborately.

“Over Edom will I cast out my shoes.” Psalm 60 : 8.

Casting a shoe at a wife is at this day in Egypt a sign of divorce and of great contempt.

“By faith, Jacob, when he was dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph ; and worshiped, leaning upon the top of his staff.” Hebrews 11 : 21.

The Coptic Christians, down to the present time, lean upon a staff, or sort of crutch, in their worship, as they have no seats in their churches ; it is made with a transverse piece of wood at the top, thus, T ; on this staff they place both hands, and thus support themselves as they stand during the prayers and the reading of the gospel. Their services are very long ; but this is doubtless a primitive usage.

“On the tops of their houses, and in the streets, every one shall howl, weeping bitterly.” Isaiah 15 : 3.

This custom still obtains here. Dressed in the dark blue cotton of the country, I see women wailing, or, more literally, howling, on the housetops ; and we often hear them making “a great cry” in the streets.

“Their throat is an open sepulchre.” Psalm 5 : 8.

Many of the Arabs bury without coffins to the present day ; and where a coffin is used, they do not fasten down the lid, but

cover it with cashmere shawls. The wealthy have family vaults, the walls of which rise a foot or two above the surface of the ground. When the vault is opened for a fresh tenant, or when the wall yields to natural decay, as is not uncommon, the effluvium proceeding from the open sepulchre is fearful—like the words of the wicked.

“Elijah girded up his loins and ran before Ahab.” 1 Kings 18: 46.

The groom who prepares to run before his master always wears a broad girdle round his loins, which he tightens as occasion requires; and he generally tucks one side of his flowing garment therein, which give a greater freedom to the legs.

“When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house if any man fall from thence.” Deuteronomy 22: 8.

I am reminded of this merciful injunction when I see the large and lofty houses in Cairo, with flat roofs, called terraces, where the inmates take the air at eventide. These are generally surmounted with a slight lath and plaster barricade, with a battlement top, as is the case of the mission-house, giving it a castellated appearance: but in many instances modern innovation has substituted fancy palisades to prevent the hazard of any one falling from the roof. Few houses are so insignificant as not to have a terrace and protecting barrier.

DEBORAH, THE SERVANT OF JACOB.

BY THE EDITOR.

Lately, as I was seated in the office of a certain dentist, the door-bell rang. An old lady stepped in, leading a sorrowful child by the hand.

“Good morning, ‘Auntie,’ what can I do for you this morning?” said the doctor, kindly.

“Doctor, I’ve brought this little girl to you. She has such dreadful pain in her teeth. Can’t you do something for her, doctor? But, doctor, the poor little thing can’t pay for it, she is poor.”

“All right, ‘Auntie,’ bring her in this afternoon.”

Overhearing this conversation in an adjoining room, I afterwards inquired: “Doctor, who is ‘Auntie’?”

“Don’t you remember old ‘Auntie,’ who lived with us many years? The poor soul, she pitied the little girl so, that she could not help crying. She is a very tender-hearted kind old woman.”

The incident started a pleasant train of thoughts in my mind. "Auntie" had lived with the doctor many years. She always proved herself kind and trustworthy. And the family were kind to her. In her old age, after she had left the family for a number of years, she picks up a penniless child in the street, crying with the tooth-ache. She has no one to pity, no one to care for her. The sight is too much for the kindly heart of "Auntie." She thinks of her former mistress and her kind husband. Would he not relieve the poor girl without pay? She knew her man. Leading her many squares to the office of her friend showed a certain kind of faith in the doctor's skill and charity, which seemed as flattering to his heart as to hers.

We have a touching instance of this kind related in the life of Jacob.

"So Jacob came to Luz, which is in the land of Canaan (that is Bethel), he and all the people that were with him. And he built there an altar, and he called the place El-beth-el; because there God appeared unto him, when he fled from the face of his brother. But Deborah (which means a bee), Rebekah's nurse, died, and she was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak: and the name of it was called Allon-bachuth (the oak of weeping)."

In wealthy and noble families of the ancients in the East the nurse of a child was kept for life. After the child had grown up she followed its destinies, as a friend and companion and in turn became the nurse and foster mother of its children. When Jehosheba stole Joash from among the sons of Ahaziah, she took the nurse along with him. (2 Kings 11: 2.)

And when Abraham's faithful servant, Eliezer, had secured the consent of Rebekah to become the wife of Isaac, the blushing bride took her nurse with her to her distant home; most likely the woman who had nursed her when an infant. "And they sent away Rebekah their sister *and her nurse*." (Genesis 24: 59). This "Nurse" doubtless was Deborah, who must have nursed Rebekah when a child. Now she follows her as her foster mother and friend, and the nurse of coming generations. She nurses Jacob and Esau. In Jacob's family she continues to live till her death. We are not told whether Jacob had her brought to Mesopotamia, or whether she met him on his return, at Succoth or Shechem. After tarrying a while at both these places, he at length reaches Bethel, where twenty years before he had spent a solemn night. Now he builds an altar, as he then promised. Great preparations are made for this solemn service. The strange gods or images must be put away. Their garments must be cleaned. Even their ear-rings or amulets, used for idolatrous purposes, are given up. And Jacob buries them under the oak at Shechem. Then they proceed to Bethel, build the altar, and offer sacrifices of thankfulness.

While here engaged in this solemn act, the old nurse Deborah dies. She must be over a hundred years old. Though a servant, she was an important member of the patriarchal family. Her pious heart and diligent hand helped to mould the character of Rebekah, of Jacob and his sons. We are not told when and where the wife of Isaac died, or where she was buried. Strange that her nurse is honored with such a notice. She must have been tenderly loved by the sons of Jacob. The friend of their early days, who relieved their child-wants and woes, gently chided their wayward feet, and joined them in their plays and their prayers to the God of Jacob their father. In her old days they kindly cared for her. When she is too feeble to walk or work, they help and support her as she nears the end of life's journey. And now, when she dies, they lay her gently under the old oak, into her dusty bed. The large family of Jacob had seldom seen such a sorrowful day, as was that of her burial. So great was the weeping and lamentation by the grateful children of Jacob and their parents, under the old tree, that it was ever thereafter called "the oak of weeping."

The question of domestic help is perplexing the minds of many people. It is so hard to get good help, and so hard to keep it. Servants are not now what they used to be. Bridget has become a saucy independent personage, who claims the right to serve where she pleases, and to have things very much her own way. Doubtless the fault lies not all on one side. Corruption and fashion descend like a stream, from the higher to the lower classes, from the wealthy to the poor, from the mistress to the servant. Bridget sees the airs, flummery and feathers of her mistress, and admires and apes them. To do that she must have time and high wages. In many cases servants simply reflect the morals of their employers.

Would it not be well to adopt the patriarchal plan on this subject? Try and get little girls or quite young women. Give them a Christian education and training. Help them to a character that will make them pleasant and useful companions to yourself and children. Have an eye to their religious habits; be to them a trusty friend and counsellor. Insist on the cultivation of piety and habits of prayer.

Then do not make strangers of them. Give them good books and papers to read, and allow them to read them in your cozy sitting-room, and do not push them on a cold cheerless garret. Give them good wages, and they will try all the more to serve you well, in the Lord. Give them the assurance that if they obey you and behave well that you will never forsake them in time of trouble, sickness or old age. That if you should die before they, you would charge your children to be kind to them, and, if possible, give them a home.

Thus did the patriarchs with Deborah. She was a life-member of their family, a permanent fixture in their home arrangement. Laban gave her to Rebekah, and she gave her to Jacob, doubtless always with the understanding that come what might, she should have a life-home with them, and finally be buried with all the honor and solemnity of a parent or child. Indeed, she reminds one of what Paul says to Philemon, of Onesimus, whom he should receive "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, especially to me." Thus Deborah was treated as a sister beloved rather than a servant. This divests the relation of a servant from some of its most odious features. Not as a slave or menial servant is the dear old Deborah treated, mourned and buried, but as before God a sister and an equal, because she is a child of God. No less a "faithful servant" of His than the patriarchs, themselves

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

While there is much truth in the following, which we clip from an exchange,—its author is certainly in error about the cook and chambermaid. Is it not possible to elevate them too, or are all who labor in that relation to be given over to irremediable degradation? If it is to be taken for granted that none but ignorant, low people can be used therein, we do not blame poor young girls for refusing to hire out as servants.

THERE seems to be something very unnatural and unmother like in the way in which women of refinement and culture, women who really love their little children, entrust them to the care of ignorant, coarse, uneducated nurses. The mind or disposition of the child, the disposition which through life shall be either gentle, tender, loving, and forgiving, or unforgiving, revengeful and selfish, is usually moulded before the child is ten years old. The mother cannot have the entire care of the child, and a nurse is employed. In nine cases out of ten, she is either a sharp-tempered, sharp-toned, ignorant woman, or she is a thoughtless young girl whose care never goes beyond the washing, dressing, and undressing of the child. The little one is with the nurse more than with any other person, and just as she speaks, be it gently or mildly, or the reverse, so will he learn to do; just as she is affectionate, forgiving, and tender in her actions toward him and others, so will he grow to be; just as her language is pure and grammatical, and right, or full of slang and idioms, so will his be, and these first impressions on the susceptible mind of the little one will follow him all through life. The language, the manners, the disposition moulded in the nursery cling to him until an old man. Knowing this, why are people not more careful whom they employ as nurses? Why do they select women and girls of little or no education or culture to be the constant companions, and, in many cases, almost take the place of the mother of the children? Why do they employ the same girl—the same so far as intellect, cultivation, and refinement are concerned—for the nurse that they do for the cook or laundress? Do they answer, it is difficult to obtain a woman of education, a lady in every sense, to act in capacity of nurse? Let me ask, why is it difficult? The purest, most noble, and holiest feeling placed by God in the heart of every true woman,

be she ever so young, is the love of children, the yearning of her mother-nature to have little ones to love and cling to her; and hundreds of young women who to-day are advertising for positions as "companions to a lady," "copyist," "any position not menial," would gladly accept a situation as child-nurse instead of those other unnatural positions, were it not for one thing. People, even Christian people, dislike the idea of in any way associating with those in their employ. Madame Grundy would scorn the idea of their making a companion of their child's nurse, even if she be their superior in intellect and education, and every way companionable. She must be the associate of the cook and chambermaid; she must be dressed in a white cap and all the paraphernalia of a nurse, if with you she takes her little charge out for an airing, that in case you meet any of your friends, they may know she is "the children's nurse."

To the young woman of true innate refinement and delicacy of feeling—the woman who alone is fit to be the constant companion of your child—whose finer feelings have been nurtured as tenderly as yours, these associations are repulsive, and for that reason, and that alone, you cannot find a suitable one who will accept the situation of nurse in your families. The fault is your own, fathers and mothers, that your children are under the constant influence of coarse, common natures.

"I TAKE THE OTHER HAND."

On a lovely day in the commencement of spring, a young lady, who had been anxiously watching for some weeks by the bedside of her mother, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air, for her heart was full of anxiety and sorrow. After strolling some distance, she came to a rope-walk, and being familiar with the place, she entered. At the end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel. Thinking this too laborious employment for such a mere child, she said to him, as she approached:—

"Who sent you to this place?"

"Nobody, ma'am, I came myself."

"Do you get pay for your labor?"

"Indeed I do; I get ninepence a day."

"What do you do with the money?"

"Oh, mother gets it all."

"You give nothing to father, then?"

"I have no father, ma'am."

"Do you like this kind of work?"

"Oh, well enough, but if I did not like it, I should still do it that I might get the money for mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine till twelve in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

“Do you get tired of turning this great wheel?”

“Yes, sometimes, ma’am.”

“And what do you do then?”

“Why, I take the other hand.”

The lady gave him a piece of money.

“Is this for mother?” asked the well-pleased urchin.

“No, no, it is for yourself, because you are a good little boy.”

“Thank you, kindly, ma’am,” returned he, smiling, “mother will be glad.”

The young lady departed and returned home, strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy by the words and example of a mere child. “The next time duty seems hard to me,” she said to herself, “I will imitate this little boy, and take the other hand.”—*Kind Words*.

NIGHT IN A JAPANESE HOTEL.

As I was about to pass my first night in a Japanese house, I watched anxiously the preparations for sleeping. These were simple enough; a mattress in the form of a very thick quilt, about seven feet long, by four wide, was spread on the floor; and over it was laid an ample robe, very long, and heavily padded, and provided with large sleeves. Having put on this night dress, the sleeper covers himself with another quilt, and sleeps, *i. e.*, “if he has had some years’ practice,” in the use of this bed.

But the most remarkable feature about the Japanese bed is the pillow. This is a wooden box about four inches high, eight inches long, and two inches wide at the top. It has a cushion of folded papers on the upper side to rest the neck on, for the elaborate manner of dressing the hair does not permit the Japanese, especially the women, to press the head on the pillow. Every morning the uppermost paper is taken off from the cushion, exposing a clean surface without the expense of washing a pillow-case.

I passed a greater part of the night in learning how to poise my head in this novel manner; and when I finally closed my eyes, it was to dream that I was being slowly beheaded, and to awake at the crisis to find the pillow side up, and my neck resting on the sharp lower edge of the box. During my stay in the country, I learned many of its customs, mastering the use of the chopsticks, and accustoming my palate to raw fresh fish, but the attempt to balance my head on a two-inch pillow I gave up in despair, after trying in vain to secure the box and tying it to my neck and head.—*Pumpelley’s Travels*.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Somehow, as one advances in life's journey, he thinks with increasing tenderness of his early Masters. No matter what their infirmities and foibles may have been, seen through the soberer and riper years of life's experience, one sees only their kindlier and nobler traits. There is one, whose memory to my mind is tinged with hues of sadness. He was a true friend to me at one of the important turning-points of my life. J. G. Shuman, was a self-taught man. If I remember correctly he learned and for a while worked at the cooper trade. Meanwhile, being very fond of reading, he procured such books as his means allowed, and devoted his fragments of leisure to their study. The village people noticed the sober, steady habits of the young cooper. Saw, too, how he had made himself the most intelligent young man in the place. The old school teacher had become superannuated, and gone to the west. It seemed natural that the voice of the neighborhood should unite on this young man as the teacher of their children. Besides being well qualified to teach, he possessed excellent traits of character. He had a very amiable disposition, was very gentle and mild in his manners, indeed a fine specimen of a gentleman.

He scarcely ever used the rod. Indeed had no occasion to use it. For his method of governing the school made it unnecessary. And when he did use it, he showed not the least sign of anger or excitement. One could see that he did it from a sheer sense of duty, and not to give vent to anger at an unruly scholar. He never seemed to be in a hurry or in any way excited. Neither was he late or lazy. He gently moved about among the scholars, and attended to one class after another, more after the manner of a leisurely pastime than a routine of duty. He taught for a number of years, perhaps the most popular man in the village. At the request of his friends he at length consented to be a candidate for the Legislature at Harrisburg. He never loafed about at taverns, courted votes with whiskey, nor used the low tricks and schemes usually resorted to by politicians. Yet for this honorable conduct he was admired and supported even by the rowdy element of the community. He served for several successive terms, and

Lancaster county has had few more honest and faithful representatives than Jacob G. Shuman. He died in the prime of life, respected as a kind neighbor and a good citizen.

His early religious training was neglected. In his neighborhood there were no Sunday-schools then. Although an honest man and a high toned gentleman, he never formally connected with the church. He was a very companionable man, and an agreeable associate, yet a singular vein of sadness seemed to run through his conduct. He would not indulge in boisterous mirth, like many others of his age, but preferred the society of his more serious and quiet friends.

This was shown, too, in his literary tastes. I remember for weeks to have often heard him, during recess, repeating to himself from memory one of Mrs. Hemans' poems. Once he repeated it to me, with the remark ; "Is not that very pretty?" Sometimes in his half audible rehearsal of this poem he seemed to be soliloquizing with himself, as, with careful accent, and a sad tone of voice, I listened to him repeating verse after verse from memory. His whole soul seemed to be in sympathy with the theme and the poetry. Seldom does his name occur to me, without calling to mind these verses. The poem is entitled,

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

It is recorded of Henry the First, of England, that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile. And this forms the subject of the following poem :

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on ;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son ?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain ;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn ?
—He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
—He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round ;
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring ;

A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
—He never smiled again!

Hearts in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were borne for other years—
—*He* never smiled again!

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GEROK.]

The bells of the churches are ringing—
Papa and mamma have both gone—
And their little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to sit still in a pew,
These busy religious small people
Determined to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune:
Our worship, perhaps, may be better—
But *theirs* reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
His heaven is made bright by these flowers;
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children—your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love;
All nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on—for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worships of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on—our devotion is colder,
Though wisely our prayers may be planned,
For often, we, too, who are older,
Hold *our* book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on—our harmonic inventions
We study with labor and pain;
Yet often our angry contentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on—our struggle and battle,
Our cry, when most deep and sincere—
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
A breath in the Infinite Ear.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, in *Harper's Magazine for August*.

AN OLD TORTOISE OR LAND TURTLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have from a boy felt a deep interest in this singular animal. It carries its house on its back, as some silly people carry their fortunes. And its house is well-built and water proof and warm. It is without beauty, and, as some erroneously suppose, without feeling. No one has any sympathy or care for it. It leads a very roving sort of life, and strolls over the people's premises without asking their consent. Leading a sort of gypsy life, but more honest. It has a general license to go whither and do what it pleases. Often was our boy curiosity puzzled with its habits. We could see naught but the head, feet and tips of the tail. How did the other part of the body look? What did it eat? where abide in winter? How old was it? Many readers of the *Guardian* know how eagerly one seizes the newly found turtle, and searches for some date on its nether side. What a sense of triumph we felt when the date carved there would run forty or fifty years back! And that would set one a pondering. Who carved the date there? Was it a boy, or perhaps an old man? Is he still living? And where was he then living? And where has the poor speechless turtle been all this time?

The following about "An old Tortoise" taken from *Notes and Queries* we read with interest:

In the hall of the Episcopal Palace of Peterborough, England, there is preserved under a glass case the shell of a large tortoise, which appears to have been a double "centenarian." Besides the shell there lies a description of this remarkable animal, a copy of which the Lord Bishop of Peterborough kindly permits me to send to *Notes and Queries*:

“THE PETERBOROUGH TORTOISE.

“It is well ascertained that this tortoise must have lived about two hundred and twenty years. Bishop Parsons had remembered it for more than sixty years, and had not recognized in it any visible change. Bishop Marsh (in whose time it died) was the seventh who had worn the mitre during its sojourn here. Its shell was perforated (as is seen) in order to attach it to a tree, to keep it from, or rather to limit its ravages among the strawberries, of which it was excessively fond. It ate all kinds of fruit, and sometimes a pint of gooseberries at a time, but it made the greatest havoc among the strawberries. It knew the gardeners well (of whom it had seen many,) and would always keep near them when they were gathering fruit, etc. It could bear almost any weight; sometimes as much as eighteen stone was laid upon its back. About October it used to bury itself, in a particular spot of the garden, at a depth of one or two feet, according to the severity of the approaching season, where it would remain without food until the following April, when it would again emerge from its hiding-place.

“Palace Peterborough, March, 1842.

“The bishops during whose time it lived were: 1. John Thomas, 1747-1757; 2. Richard Terrick, 1757; 3. Robert Lamb, 1764; 4. John Hinchcliffe, 1769; 5. Spencer Madan, 1794; 6. John Parsons, 1813; 7. Herbert Marsh, 1819-1839.—*Notes and Queries*.

FARMER OR DOCTOR—WHICH?

Sammie B. Wells, Jr., writes us the following: “I take the *American Agriculturist*, and as I see that you advise boys, please give me a little advice. Had I better be a doctor or a farmer? My father wishes me to be a farmer, and my oldest brother, who is a doctor, wishes me to be a doctor. Which is the best business? I think I prefer farming. Please answer me in the next *Agriculturist*.”—Answer you—why, you have answered yourself. Your own preferences are in accordance with your father’s wishes, and what can be better? The only point to be answered is—which is the best business, that of the doctor or farmer? There is no doubt that a successful physician may accumulate money more rapidly than most farmers are able to, but his is a hard life, and, as far as comfort goes, that of the farmer is much to be preferred. But a small share of those who are educated as physicians are successful.

Their reward, when it comes, if it come at all, is only after a long struggle. Then no one could become a physician unless he feels a strong inclination toward the profession. It should not be taken up as a mere business. With all respect to the "old-st brother," we say, if your inclinations are to be a farmer, follow them. It is a calling in which you can invest all the talent you may possess, and be at least sure of a good living, without the inconveniences that attend the physician's life. Of course, these remarks are made on general principles, and without knowing any thing of the persons. There are too many poor doctors, and not near enough good farmers, and we always look upon it as a fortunate thing when a farmer's son himself desires to be a farmer.

THE WAY TO THE END.

No one, child or adult, ever becomes a Christian, or afterwards performs the service of a Christian, without more or less of appropriate feeling. Awakened feeling operates directly upon the will, and necessarily precedes all voluntary action. To move the heart, therefore, is no small part of Sunday-school work. But how shall this be done most effectually? A writer in the August number of the *S. S. Journal* gives the following answer:

"It is a mistake to use the emotion which you have excited in yourself by thought, by study, by prayer, as the chief means of exciting emotion in your pupils. Emotion begets emotion, it is true; but it is the emotion of sympathy that is thus forgotten. What you want is emotion of intelligence. The emotion of sympathy is transient. It is a reflection, which vanishes when the emotion that produced it is withdrawn. Besides, it is not a fruitful emotion. It is emotion and nothing else. It even tends to impoverish instead of enriching. The heart is not fed—the heart is exhausted by it. On the contrary, the emotion of intelligence is as durable as emotion can be or ought to be. It does not depend upon the presence of other emotion in some one else. It springs from within, and not from without. It is a product of thought.

"Therefore, *teach* the children. Feed them with knowledge. Set them to thinking. Thinking will make them feel. Consider how you came yourself to feel as you do in meeting your class. You had used your mind. That is subject to your will. Your heart is not. You cannot feel by willing to feel. But you can think by willing to think. And after thinking, with thinking, feeling comes without willing—nay, against willing even.

"It is natural to want a straight road to the heart. And the mind lies between. You must not seek generally to apply your

own emotion to awaken emotion. To excite emotion in another without first exciting thought is like lighting a fire without using kindling. Thought is the kindling for setting emotion in a blaze. So aim to lead your class through a course of thought similar to that by which you were yourself led to feeling as you do. Teach, brethren and sisters, teach. Again I say, teach.

“Christ was a teacher. For all that appears, he was himself outwardly calm when taught. He trusted to the truth. You must trust to the truth. Never fear but if you reach the mind of your pupil with gospel truth—*gospel* truth, remember—the mind in turn will reach the heart with it. ‘Sanctify them through thy truth,’ was Christ’s prayer. The mind is the heart’s mouth. Thrust truth into the child’s mind. If it is the bread of life to the child it will not stay in his mind; it will sink down deeper. It will go to his heart. And the hunger of the heart will grow more and more forever. ‘Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.’ Why? Because they will eventually cease from hungering and thirsting for righteousness? Not at all. That would be no blessing. It would be a curse. But because they shall be filled, and keep on hungering and thirsting, to be filled again and again. Feed the sheep. Feed the lambs. Truth is the bread of life. Truth is the water of life. The mind is the mouth to the heart. Put truth into the mind. Teach, teach, teach!”

A BENEFACTOR OF THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

To many readers of the *GUARDIAN*, the name of Dr. John Todd is familiar. His many books for children are among the very best to be found, and are eagerly sought after in all our Sunday-schools. He was born in Rutland Vermont, October 9th, 1800. At twenty-two years of age, he graduated in Yale College, at twenty-seven in Andover Seminary. Soon after he was ordained to the ministry in the Congregational Church, in which he labored with unabated zeal until his retirement from his active ministerial duties a few years ago.

We question whether there is a writer in this country who has written so much for the young and so well. His volumes are numbered by the dozen. Todd’s *Student’s Manual*, no student can afford to leave unread. In 1855, 150,000 copies of this work had been sold in England alone. Many of his volumes have been translated into German, French, Dutch, Greek and Tamil.

Since 1842 he was pastor of the First Congregational Church, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Whilst the faithful shepherd of this large flock, he wrote the most of his books. He was a warm friend of children. Down to old age, he continued in ardent, tender sympathy with the young and greatly enjoyed their society. His books have been, and still are read by millions of children in all lands. Eternity alone can fully reveal how much this sainted father has done in moulding the hearts and minds of the world's population for Christ. Men of great erudition, the leaders of thought in science, philosophy and theology, have done great service for the truth. Their name and fame are perhaps more widely proclaimed through the press than that of Todd. They sow their seed into more matured minds. He sowed his into the tender heart of childhood. He bent the twig in the right direction; others try to bend, when no longer a twig but a firm tree. Few writers have had and still have so large and favorable a class of readers as this apostle to children, father John Todd.

At his burial, a few months ago, the young people of Pittsfield, literally laid him on a bed of evergreen and flowers. The whole presented a most touching and impressive scene.

A correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, writing from Pittsfield concerning the funeral of this venerable man, says:

"This town, in honoring to-day the memory of Rev. John Todd, D. D., honors itself. The funeral of this godly man has shown the estimation in which his name is held by his fellow-citizens. The church in which he preached packed to overflowing, the profusion of flowers, the heavy drapery, the presence of distinguished men, all churches, including even Catholics and Shakers, represented, showed the tender affection with which he was held. Outside, closed stores, flags at half-mast, the quiet hush of the streets, tell that a godly man has ceased.

"The young ladies of the church, knowing the peculiar love which Dr. Todd ever had for flowers, have for two years past taken great pleasure in adorning the pulpit with them, and to-day have relieved the sombre drapery of the church by most elegant rare flowers, arranged with exquisite designs, in the finest taste. On the outside of the casket were a sheaf of ripe grain and a wreath of laurel, and in his hand he held a palm-branch.

"His portrait, to-day encircled with oak-leaves already tinged by the touch of autumn, is placed by the side of his pulpit, while in letters of gold, above and below, are the words (the last he ever uttered,) 'Glory' and 'Everlasting Love,' constantly on his lips in his sickness. In accordance with one of his last requests, Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., of Williamstown, was called to preach his sermon, and his son, John E., of New Haven, and three sons-in-law, were to place him in the grave.

“A large number followed the remains to the cemetery, two miles distant, where rest the bodies of Governor Briggs, Dr. Humphrey and other good men; and here at the grave, occurred the most tender, touching scenes of the day. His old classmate, Rev. H. N. Brinsmade, of Newark, N. J., and his immediate predecessor at Pittsfield, a venerable old man, stepped out from the crowd, and, like an inspired prophet of old, spoke in words of winning tenderness to the tearful throng of the great love of Christ, and the honor of being permitted to serve so glorious a leader, alluding so beautifully to the relations existing between him and the deceased. Then the widow and bereaved children, and the lambs of the flock, the little grandchild in its mother's arms, threw into the open grave fragrant flowers, filling the air with their odors. The ladies of the South church, with a delicate thoughtfulness, had covered the ground and lined the sides of the grave with such a profusion of evergreens and choice flowers as to cover every semblance of fresh earth, so when the four sons lowered the coffin, it was like letting it down into a bed of perfume and beauty. And when the only son, in a few manly words, spoke of his father, and thanked the friends for their deep love to him, it was a scene never to be forgotten. And such a tribute was deserved, for gentlemen and ladies alike, by their delicate attentions to friends and mourners, have won from a host the words, ‘Behold, how they loved him!’”

WALKING BY FAITH.

To come to the power of walking by faith seems the very highest power of a human soul. It does not give up reason or suppress the exercise of judgment, but judges in faith and loving trust. This is the only union possible to bind child to parent, friend to friend, neighbor to neighbor, citizen to government, creature to creator. Is it any wonder then that faith is everywhere in Scripture required of us and urged as a prime duty?

Every soul has faith in something. Probably most have faith in cunning, or lies, or money, or brute force. “Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, will He find faith?” Do men who profess to love Him, trust Him, and walk in trust? We want, not mere blind faith in faith, or faith in religion, or faith in prayer, but more faith in God: confidence in His integrity and love, and a perfect confidence in His character as benevolent—so that we shall live as His children, never doubting. To what degree shall each one of us obtain this most powerful and most peaceful trait of character.—*Congregationalist*.

GIVE TO US CHARITY.

BY REV. J. B. W.

Give to us charity,
Heavenly charity,
That flows through a smile, that beams on the brow,
That is ready to love, that is quick to endow,
That follows the Saviour in deed as in vow.

Give to us charity,
Christian-like charity,
Willing in love from the depths of the heart,
Like a fountain whose waters pleasingly start,
To gladden the cheerless, its joy to impart.

Give to us charity,
Loveable charity,
That draws like a magnet the friendship and love;
Whose nature is winning and bland as the dove;
Whose wooings are accents from heaven above.

Give to us charity,
Sociable charity,
That dons not the pride and the selfishness bold
Of the Pharisee sect of the ages of old,
Whose rancor was warm, whose love was so cold.

Give to us charity,
Meekest of charity;
For the meekest must come from the good and the true,
Where love in soft tones is constantly new—
A charity this that is owned but by few.

Give to us charity,
Sympathy's charity,
That visits the poor when affliction draws near;
That joins with the mourners in shedding a tear,
At the bed of the sick, at the side of the bier.

Give to us charity,
Permanent charity,
That moves not by spells and affected caprice;
That vauntingly swells but to wane and decrease;
But which, rooted in love, will not waver nor cease.

Give to us charity,
Personal charity,
That comes not by agents who deal out the pelf,
Which apathy gave from the coffers of wealth;
But charity fresh from the donor himself.

Give to us charity,
Willing and kind ;
That deems it an honor to visit the cell,
The cellar and cot where the desolate dwell,
With alms to disperse and glad tidings to tell.

Give to us charity,
Brotherly charity,
That maketh men feel as true brothers should feel ;
That maketh men deal as true brothers should deal ;
That kindleth the heart with compassionate zeal.

Give to us charity,
Passionate charity,
Flowing in streams from the Saviour so dear ;
That banishes feelings of envy and fear ;
That gives to the wretched comfort and cheer.

Oh that this charity,
Rarest of charity,
Fresh from the Saviour would fill every breast ;
That men with its power might richly be blest ;
Then thousands would rise from the gloom of unrest.

MARRIAGE AND WORSHIP AMONG THE BEDOUINS OF SINAI.

BY THE EDITOR.

The customs of uncivilized nations of the East are an interesting and instructive study. Their unwritten laws and traditional habits have been handed down through many centuries. Without schools or any fixed system of training, the Towara or Sinai Bedouin have their specific customs to which parents train their children from generation to generation. Without the knowledge of letters, as ignorant of the outside world as if they lived in the heart of benighted Africa instead of a few days' travel from the thoroughfare of civilization, they rigidly adhere to certain ceremonies taught them by the ages past.

Very singular is their way of seeking a wife. Without any previous acquaintance or courtship, the youth in quest of a help-meet with five or six friends, calls upon the father of the girl of his choice. He entertains his company with a bowl of food and some coffee. After the meal, the candidate for wedlock informs the fa-

ther that he would be pleased to become more intimately related with his family. With true Arab courtesy the old man bids him welcome to such a boon, but frankly tells him that he will have to pay, say 1000 piastres for such a privilege. The young man protests against the high price. In a short time they are hitched in a boisterous excited bargaining, which seems more likely to end in a hand to hand fight than in an espousal for marriage. At length they agree on 500 piastres. This is the signal for rejoicing by the friends of both parties. The young men engage in games and shooting at a mark—usually at the head of a wild goat hung over the tent-door.

All this while the girl is kept in ignorance of what is going on. Most likely has never spoken to, or been spoken to by her future husband. She is not in the least consulted in the matter.

The wooing and the marrying are usually attended to the same day. The clerk or notary of the tribe is called in to perform the ceremony, for even the Bedouin have a marriage-form. He wraps a piece of herb, called gassaleh, in the turban of the bridegroom. He then places the folded turban between both their hands, which he holds in his, and pressing them closely together, he says to the father :

“Are you willing to give your daughter in marriage to ——?”

He replies : “I am.”

Then he asks the bridegroom : “Do you take the girl to wife for better or worse?”

He replies : “I do take her.”

The clerk adds : “If you ill-treat her, or stint her in food or raiment, the sin be on your neck.”

After these questions and answers have been repeated three times, the ceremony is considered complete.

If the girl should happen to learn anything about the bridegroom's and the father's intentions before her marriage, etiquette requires her to flee to the mountains to escape from him, however much her heart may incline towards him. This affected effort usually happens in the following way. Returning in the evening with her father's flocks from the neighboring wadys and mountains, she sits down to rest in his tent. Then some of the family approach her by stealth from behind with a small vessel containing coals of fire with incense laid thereon. With this they smoke her as a protection against “the evil eye,” or the envy and jealousy of other maidens and their parents. For the Arabs hold that an envious person can blight your greatest blessings. Whilst this is done the clerk stealthily approaches from behind, and throws the bridegroom's mantle over her, and says :

“The name of God be with thee ! None shall take thee but —— (naming the bridegroom).”

This is the signal for the flight. With loud cries and shrieks she calls upon her father and mother for help and protection. But the women present seize her, and repeat the clerk's words in a noisy, wild chorus.

After this a tent is erected for her, in front of that of her father. Thither she is led, where her friends sprinkle her with the blood of a sheep sacrificed for the occasion. After abiding in the tent three days, a procession of women lead her to a spring of living water, where she performs her ablutions. From here they lead her to the tent of her husband, who makes a feast in honor of his wife. The neighbors sacrifice a sheep, which forms part of the feast. The father is glad to get rid of his daughter. At her birth there is no feast made as at the birth of a boy, because, as they say: "Girls are good for nothing." And the poor Bedouin girl must feel this through life; as a child, a maiden and a mother, she is treated as an inferior being. Occasionally a Bedouin girl protests against the choice of her father. Should her heart have been fixed on another, she takes advantage of the three days' grace allowed her, and seeks refuge in the tents of the neighbors. To them she cleaves until the unwelcome candidate withdraws his claims, and her relatives consent to her marriage with her lover.

The Bedouin are a heathen people. Yet according to the light they have, they are more religious than many so-called Christians. Without the Holy Scriptures, or a set form and place of worship, the religious habits of many of these children of nature put to shame the undevout, indifferent habits of many worldly church-members. Their views and prayers contain detached and distorted fragments of truth. Of the creation they hold:

"In the beginning God created man, and when he had made him, he turned him not adrift, but created also for his use the camel and the ass, the sheep, the goat, and the ibex, which is in the mountains. And the Lord taught him to sow and reap, and to milk camels, and gave him, moreover, the axe wherewith he might fell trees. And the Lord made small birds when He was wroth with man, to eat up the seed which he had sown, and spoil the young crops and the fruit, that man might be humbled from his pride. Then God made the serpent; he made it deaf one month and blind one month alternately, that it should not harm mankind. But when man forgets his Maker then the serpent stings him. Times and seasons too, did God create for the service of man; and if the Lord wills it, man prospers, but when He wills it, He can make him poor indeed."

"At the end of the world there will be a general resurrection, and on that day the world will melt. Then those who have done good and those who have done evil shall rise together from their tombs; the good shall rise with their hands above their heads, and the wicked with their arms close down by their sides. Then there shall come a dreadful flight of vultures to assail them, and the good, having their hands free, shall repel their attacks and receive no harm, but the wicked shall remain helpless until their eyes are all pecked out."

E. H. Palmer, who has written an interesting book, entitled *The Desert of the Exodus*, from which some of the above facts are taken, says, the Bedouin are by no means as profane and irreligious as they are often represented. Able to converse with them in their own language, he had an opportunity of studying their religious habits better than most travelers can. He says: "It is true, they do not often perform the ostentatious Mohammedan ceremonial worship, but I have frequently seen our Arab guides grow silent and contemplative toward sunset, as they walked along with their camels, and on riding up to them have overheard the following simple prayer :

"O Lord, be gracious unto us! In all that we hear or see, in all that we say or do, be gracious unto us! Have mercy upon our friends who have passed away before us. I ask pardon of the great God. I ask pardon at the sunset, when every sinner turns to Him. Now and forever, I ask pardon of God. O Lord, cover us from our sins, guard our children, and protect our weaker friends !

At sunrise they pray :

"I seek refuge, with the great God, from Satan accursed with stones. Deliver me from evil, provide for me and for my brethren the faithful. O Lord, be gracious unto us, for a people that prospers is better than a people that strives. O Lord, uncover not our inmost faults, protect our children and our weaker friends. O Lord, provide for me, Thou who providest even for the blind hyena."

Before sleep they pray :

"I lay down my head to rest, and the Lord is my security against remote evil and against present harm."

Every prayer they begin with :

"I desire to pray, and seek guidance from God ; for good and pure prayers come from God alone. Peace be unto our Lord Abraham and our Lord Mohammed."

Alas ! how many so-called Christians are less conscientious in performing their daily devotions than these untutored children of Esau ! Will it not be more tolerable in the day of Judgment for the Bedouins than for the favored yet faithless people of Christian lands ? It is true, their prayers are a dreary groping after God, in darkness. But so far as their meagre knowledge goes, they go to much trouble in their religious duties. How empty and comfortless are these prayers compared with those the Christian addresses to his Father in heaven ! O the preciousness of such prayers when uttered in faith, and with the right motives.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

THE CROOKED STICK.

"Christ has a service for all His members," said James Therrall, an old carpenter, in a village on Salisbury plain, to a young Christian who complained that she was unworthy to work for the Lord. "Let not one of the members say, 'the Head has no need of me.' I used to think as you do long ago, but He taught me otherwise by a crooked stick.

"One day my son went to a sale of timber, and in the lot was a stick so twisted and bent that I spoke sharply to him, saying, 'You have a bad bargain there, lad; that crooked stick will be of no use to any one.'

"'It's all timber,' replied my son, not the least vexed by my reproof. 'I paid the same price for it as the rest. Depend upon it, no tree grows for nothing. Wait a bit; don't fret, father; let us keep a look-out, there's a place somewhere for it.'

"A little time after this I had a cottage to build; a queer bit of a house it was, and pretty enough when it was finished; there was a corner turn in it, and not a stick in the yard would fit. I thought of the crooked one, and fetched it. Many a hard day's work would have failed to prepare a joist like it. It seemed as if the tree had grown aside for this very purpose.

"'Then,' said I 'there's a place for the crooked stick after all! Then there's a place for poor James Therrall. Dear Lord! show him the place into which he may fit in building Thy heavenly temple.' The very day I learned that what God gives me He gives me for His glory; and poor and unlettered as I was, there was a work for me. There is a work for YOU; God has something for you to do, and nobody else can do it."

FAINT not; the miles to heaven are few and short. There are many heads lying in Christ's bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest.—*Rutherford*.

OUR principles are the springs of our actions; our actions the springs of our happiness or misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be taken in forming our principles.—*Skelton*

EXPECT much and much will be given. Like Mary, do what you can, and no doubt God will bless it, and reward it openly.

SEEK to be lamb-like; without this all your efforts to others will be as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

THE GENTLENESS OF POWER.—There is no gentleness in the world like that which is manifested by power. To see a strong, giant-built man meet in the way a little child, and raise it up, and say to it, “bless you, my darling;” to see his great, coarse hands, and his arms that are like bears’ paws, go down, and accompanying the act with some sweet words, lift the child to his bosom—that is a most beautiful sight. There never was a breastpin in a man’s bosom to be compared with a sweet little child. To see a slender, pale-faced woman and mother take up a child is beautiful; we expect that; but to see a great, brawny man take up a child, with tenderness and gentleness, is beautiful indeed. Everybody marvels at that. “A little child shall lead them.”

Nothing is so sweet as the softness and gentleness of power. A man that has a gigantic intellect; a man that can control battalions and armies in the field; a man that has courage, and will, and determination; a man that has a lordly pride, and knows his strength, and moves among men with power—such a man, who is subdued by the influence of the dear Spirit of God, and who has such sweetness and gentleness that he treats all men with lenity, and kindness, and forbearance, and patience, has what is here meant by gentleness.—*H. W. Beecher.*

READING not long since the statement of a mother that she was terrified if her children were not converted by eight years of age, I felt like calling it over anxiety. The usual presumption has been that a child could hardly realize a conversion before from ten to fifteen.

But thinking of it makes the position of the mother seem more and more a sound, earnest one. I have remembered this, that every form of diseases or physical weakness that torments me I can trace back to causes prior to eight years of age. And the influences that bent my whole intellectual career run back quite as far. Lord Shaftesbury not long since stated that he had ascertained by careful personal observation that nearly all the adult male criminals of London had begun a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen—and that the chances of honesty being forfeited after twenty years of age were as only three to one hundred.

WHEN the late Dr Guthrie lay on his death bed, he said to those about him, in his own touching Scotch language, “Give me a bairn’s hymn.” And they sang for him that little hymn which few hearts have ever yet heard unmoved:

“There is a happy land.”

Christ knew when He set a little child in the midst of the people as a type of Christian life, that though so simple that man might at first scorn it, yet was this very simplicity of childhood the most difficult thing for man to attain to. After years of effort to be deep even to unfathomableness in our

theology, we must all at last come to acknowledge and long for such easy, unaffected trust as a child can give. That which is simple enough for babes and fools is also deep enough for the wise.

THE following anecdote, though old, will bear repeating: "A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you will look at this web on the grass, you will see as fast as ever I put the water on it the sun dries it all up, and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter!"

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—PSALM cxix. 105.

As there are not street lamps in Jerusalem, one must have his lantern when needing to be in the streets after sunset; both because he would be laid hold of by the guard as a suspected person if found without a light, and because the rough, narrow streets really require it. Our Jerusalem waiter, Gabriel, considered it as regular a part of his duty to come for us with his lantern as to wait at table. On he marched before us, up one narrow street and down another, always holding the light as near the ground as possible to show the ruts and stones, for it was our *feet* that alone seemed to need the light. We thus found new meaning in the passage. "Thy Word is a *lamp* unto my *feet*, and a *light* unto my *path*."—*H. Bonar*.

"NOW I LAY ME."—The following prayer, "Now I Lay me," is universally taught to little children in Scotland:

This night, when I lay down to sleep,
I gi'e my soul to Christ to keep;
I wake a'noe, I wake a never,
I gi'e my soul to Christ forever.

The following version of this in English some like better than the common form:

This night, as I lie down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
Wake I at morn, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ forever.

Here is something that is good for a morning prayer:

Now I wake to see the day,
I give my soul to Christ away;
If I shuold die before the even,
I trust He'll take me up to heaven.

Editor's Drawer.

A German divine, who had been decorated with a title, sent to the University a request that the same degree might be conferred upon his horse; to which he received the reply that there was no precedent for bestowing the honor upon a horse, though the University had in one case given it to an ass.

CURIOSITIES OF LANGUAGE.—The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility." The Russian dictionary gives a word the definition of which is, "not to have enough buttons on your footman's waistcoat;" a second means to "kill over again;" a third "to earn by dancing." The Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing that they wore shoes before gloves. The French, strange to say, have no verb "to-stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach he, in his politeness, makes of it, is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot," the same thing, probably, to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy, of our "kick." The terms "up-stairs" and "down-stairs" are also unknown in French.—*Exchange*.

A BOY'S IDEA OF HEADS.—"Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not hold the most. Some people can tell what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are long-headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anybody, is called hot-headed. If he isn't quite so bright, they call him soft-headed. If he won't be coaxed or turned, they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. When your head is cut off, you are beheaded. Our heads are all covered with hair, except bald heads. There are barrel heads, heads of sermons—and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon; pin heads, heads of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen; head winds; drum heads; cabbage heads; and loggerheads; come to a head; heads of chapters; head him off; head of the family, and go ahead—but first be sure you are right.—*Young American, Rogersville, Tenn.*

AN amusing story about Thiers is going the rounds of Paris now, said to have been told of himself by the President at one of his last receptions. M. Thiers was walking one morning lately alone in the new camp which he has established near Versailles. He saw a soldier stationed on guard, and at the moment, vigorously engaged in eating bread and cheese. "Good morning, mon garçon," said M. Thiers. "Good morning, ma petite vielle" (my little old woman), replied the soldier. "Eh bien! You don't get tired, do you, of your camp life?" "That depends on the hour. At pres-

ent, not. I am off duty, and am eating my bread and cheese, as you see." "And the camp bread, it's good, isn't it? I find it far superior to that they gave us before." "Tiens! Do you eat it? What are you, then? Are you an oil merchant or a hospital nurse?" "Better than that," replied M. Thiers. "Bah! Then you're a second lieutenant." "Better than that." "Captain?" "Better than that." General?" "Better than that; I'm the President of the Republic." "You are Thiers: Sacredieu! Then quick, hold my bread and cheese, so I can present arms to you!"—*Paris Letter*.

STORIES ABOUT BEADLES.—A church in the north country which needed a pastor had a beadle who took an active interest in all proceedings taken to fill up the vacancy. One of the candidates, after the afternoon service was over, put off the cloak in the vestry and stepped into the church, in which our worthy was just putting things to right. "I was just taking a look at the church," said the minister. "Ay, tak' a guid look at it," said the beadle, "for it's no likely ye'll ever see it again." At a country church, a young minister from the west, and a great swell, came to do duty one Sabbath. Entering the vestry, he doffed his coat and vest previous to donning the cassock and cloak, and looked round for the looking-glass, which generally forms part of the vestry furniture. He searched, however, in vain. At last, losing patience, he cried out, "Church offisaw, church offisaw!" After calling for some time, the head of a gray-haired man peered in at the door, and a stentorian voice demanded, "What's yer wull?" "Where's the mirraw?" demanded the minister. "Sir," said the other. "The mirraw—the looking-glass," said the minister, impatiently. "Oh, the looking-glass. Ye see, oor minister's sic a handsom man nateral-ly, that he doesna need a lookin' glass; but I'll bring ye a pail o' water, if ye like."

VICTORIOUS PITMEN.—An amusing incident is reported by a correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, who moreover guarantees it to be genuine, Scene: A roadside station of the Blythe and Tyne Railway. Time, Saturday morning. A swell in a first-class carriage, smoking a cigar. Two pitmen enter, to swell's infinite disgust. Swell, after viewing them all over for some time, and addressing them with a supercilious air: "Have you first-class tickets?" Reply: "What's that to ye?" Swell: Very good, we will see about it when we get to the next station, as the train has started." Leading Pitman: "Oh, vary well, as yer so curious, luck at yur tickets. They are all reet, are they not?" Swell, after examining them carefully, "Yes, that is so." Leading Pitman: "Now, will ye put yer cigar out? Ye know this is not a smoking carriage." Swell, with indignation: "No, I won't." Leading Pitman: We'll see when we get to the next station whether you will or not." Train pulls up at station. Leading Pitman, with his head out of the window: "Hi, guard, come and turn this fellow out of the carriage. He will smoke when he has no reet to do." Guard, appearing at the doorway and addressing swell, "You must come out of the carriage, Sir; you have no right to smoke here." Exit swell with feelings that may be better imagined than described, leaving pitmen "masters of the situation."

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1873.

No. 12.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
No. 907 Arch Street.

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M. L. Alspach, A. J. Whitmore, J. F. De Long, J. S. Kline, S. E. Hedges, Mrs. E. J. Samsel, R. Peysert, F. B. Hahn, J. S. Cline, J. C. Beck, J. B. Pennepacker, Rev. W. R. Yearick, Rev. J. Beck, C. Kane, M. E. Doll, C. P. W. Fisher, M. D., G. Besore, H. D. Fetzer.

GUARDIAN, DECEMBER, 1873.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

I. M. Gault, New Port, Pa.	4 50 21 to 23	Vincent Keeler, Harleysvi', Pa.	1 50 24
Sallie C. Frost, Frostburg, Md.	1 50 24	Jacob G. Brown, Lebanon, Del.	4 50 22 to 24
Miss Lydia Croushorn, Otter-		Rev W R Yearick, Hilltown, Pa.	7 50 20 to 24
bein, Va.	1 35 24	Mrs Ann Eyerman, Easton, Pa.	1 50 25
Mrs A. E. Mayburry, Phila., Pa.	3 00 23 & 24	Peter Weaver, Boalsburg, Pa.	3 00 23 & 24
J. F. De Long, (st) Bowers, Pa.	2 00 23 & 24	Geo. Besore, Waynesboro, Pa.	3 00 23 & 24

THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXIV. DECEMBER, 1873. No. 12.

THE EARLY LIFE OF DR. GARDINER SPRING.

BY THE EDITOR.

“I was born in the town of Newburyport (Massachusetts), on the 24th of February, 1785. I recollect nothing of my infancy, very little of my childhood, and nothing so early as my proneness to evil. As far back as I can remember anything, I can remember that I was a selfish, wilful boy, and very impatient of restraint. As I grew to riper years, my sinful tendencies were expressed, sometimes in bold, and sometimes in deceitful forms. And I have remarked with pain and deep humiliation, that the sins I struggled against in manhood, and even now am struggling against in old age, were the dominant and cherished sins of my youth. The poison rankles there still. I clearly see, as I look back upon the past, that the natural tendencies of my mind were all on the wrong side of the question. I was ‘by nature a child of wrath.’”

Thus writes Dr. Spring of his childhood and youth, after he has become an old man. It is very evident that he was not a born saint, but became such through many a hard-fought battle with himself. His parents strove to train him aright. The teachings and tender entreaties of his mother often moved his heart. Like all strong, positive natures, he was early subject to seasons of depression. While other youths abounded in hilarity and sports, he often felt very sad. At such times he would get by himself and pray in secret. Once his father took him aside, and got him to read the first twenty-one verses of Exodus xx., and the eighteenth chapter of John's Gospel. Thereby he taught him that “the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

When he was ten years of age, his little sister Hannah died. This was a new page in his early life; a dark sorrow, which he

could not understand. It made a passing impression on his mind, which soon vanished away.

He was not openly wicked. No rowdy. Found no pleasure in vice. But he wanted to be his own master, before he was old enough for it. He chafed under the severe discipline of his parents. He was not allowed to join boys of his age in their ordinary amusements. It is not unlikely that there was fault on both sides. Probably they tried to force their boy prematurely into manly habits; to put a man's head on a boy's shoulders, which is unnatural and unwise. He often wished he was old enough and strong enough to run away from his father.

His parents had devoted him to God, "with the earnest desire that he might become a minister of the Gospel." At the age of twelve he was sent to the Berwick Academy, in Maine. The poor boy soon got home-sick, and returned to study in his native place.

At fifteen he entered Yale College. It was a sad mistake to have entered at so early an age. "I was a severe student, and as ambitious as Julius Cæsar." At the close of the first year he was again taken home. While here his father preached a sermon on "God so loved the world," &c. More than fifty years later he still gratefully remembered the solemn impressions it made upon him. Again he returned to College. From the time of his first entry he was in the habit of engaging in secret prayer. Sometimes he devoted hours to prayer. He alternated between peace and despair. Once he seemed to have attained great peace and spiritual joy. Then again his "religious hopes and impressions *all vanished*." Probably much of his trouble came from his peculiar views of conversion and religious experience. He seems to regard a certain kind of feeling as the only sure evidence of a change of heart. Indeed this view runs through his autobiography. He puts greater stress on feeling than faith.

At twenty he graduated at Yale College. The subject of his graduating oration was: "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus." (Let me be either Cæsar, or nothing.) Surely his subject proves the correctness of his own sentence upon himself: "I was as ambitious as Julius Cæsar." Such a young man will not select the Gospel ministry for his profession. What has the meek and lowly Saviour to offer to such an aspiring mind! In spite of his parents' wishes, young Spring selected the Law. When his father left him at New Haven, he had but four dollars in his pocket. A friend loaned him \$250. With the help of this he supported himself in his studies. Ere long he accepted the position of a Classical and Mathematical Teacher on the Island of Bermuda. For fifteen months he taught and studied Law.

From his birth the parents have given him to God, in the service of the ministry. Must their prayers remain unheard, their fond hopes be disappointed? Thus the father reminds him gently of their wishes. Hear the son's reply: "I *have* felt as though a race of political and legal glory would be the great object of my heart. I am very strongly biased in favor of the office of a clergyman. I think, *were I a true Christian*, and could *earnestly* engage in an employment like this, diadems and thrones would be nothing to me. But, Papa, notwithstanding all this, I roll sin as a sweet morsel under my tongue. I am attached to the world. I am avaricious, and in the present state of my family make *money* my God. I am *altogether* dissatisfied with myself. I am an almost Christian. I am not sufficient for these things. It will not do for me to be a clergyman. I am taught myself, and I cannot teach others. I must be in *some* business. To prevent my falling into want, I take to the Law. I am afraid I shall go very near heaven, and never get there."

Meanwhile he felt lonely and forsaken in Bermuda. He lacked the sympathy and counsel of his parents. His patrons were high-toned aristocrats, who regarded him patronizingly as the Yankee Schoolmaster. In a neighboring parish he attended church, and wept during the sermon. The elders spoke kindly to him, and again he wept. They offered him better inducements in his work.

At New Haven he formed the acquaintance of his future wife, a lady of rare worth and intelligence. It looks very much as if his haste to get married was a secret obstacle to his becoming a minister. Like many others, he could not bear the idea of deferring his marriage for three or four years longer. He does not say so, but his conduct seems to admit of this construction. Love, especially in young people, is impatient of delay. Many a theological student has crippled his usefulness for life by a premature affiancement of this kind.

Dr. Spring first met Miss Susan Barney at the weekly singing school. "Before I was aware of the attachment, my heart was led captive by one who had captivated more hearts than mine. She knew my character in College; she knew my poverty; she had confidence in me, and though I urged her to an absolute engagement before I left Bermuda, she gave me no other encouragement, than that I might correspond with her, and if I returned unscathed she would then be happy to see me."

Certainly a very sensible girl. And we do not think strange of Gardiner Spring falling over head and ears in love with her. How could he endure to wait three or four years, till he had finished his theological course, before he could make her his own? Meanwhile some one might take his precious prize from him. This helps to

bring on spells of melancholy on Bermuda's dreary Island. He returns to New Haven. "Susan was embarrassed by my return; but in opposition to her father's wishes, and of her devoted and pious mother, she consented to my urgent request. My parents did not approve of my sudden and hasty marriage, though they were then and ever after greatly pleased with their new daughter. My father especially was gratified with my choice. The evening before we left our parents at Newburyport, we were seated by an open window, in the month of June, and my father, himself a great lover of music, requested us to sing one of the songs of Zion. We did so; they were the words beginning with

"Pardon, and grace, and boundless love
Streaming along a Saviour's blood."

It was a sweet hour to us all. My father wept, and said, "I don't wonder that Gardiner and Susan have concluded to mingle their voices." He then turned to the Bible, and requested me to read the forty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah. When we came to the fifth verse, and I was reading the words, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not," my father said, "Stop! that is enough." This was his parting counsel. "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."

More than another year did the happy couple spend in Bermuda. A child was born to them. On their return he had saved \$1,500. He began the practice of Law in New Haven. His profession at length promised to gratify his ambition. He met with encouragement.

From the second evening of their marriage he held morning and evening worship in their family. Yet only several years later did he connect with the church. At the following commencement of Yale College Dr. John Mason preached his great sermon on the text, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Dr. Spring says: "As I led the choir, I sat immediately opposite the preacher. And never did I hear such a sermon. I could not refrain from weeping. Hundreds wept. Dr. Dwight wept; Dr. Backus wept like a child; senators wept. When I left the church, I could think of nothing but the Gospel. I crossed the green exclaiming, 'The Gospel! the Gospel!' I entered the little parlor where my lovely wife was nursing her babe, and exclaimed, 'The Gospel! the Gospel!' I thought, I prayed, I resolved, if the providence of God should prepare the way, to become a preacher of the Gospel. My purpose was formed."

How can this man study Theology? His family is dependent on him. He has no means but what he earns. God provides a benevolent lady who kindly furnishes the needed support. His

legal associates received the news of his determination with varied surprise. An old teacher laughed at him. One Judge was silent. Another said: "Mr. Spring, you were formed for the pulpit rather than the bar."

His wife was an accomplished lady, but at this time not yet a professing Christian. Evidently a lady of the world, who felt proud of her husband's professional attainments and prospects. Whose heart perhaps was set upon the future wealth and high social position of her family. And it was surprising to what extent this feeling had taken possession of the good lady's heart. Her husband understood his wife. He knew very well that Susan Barney consented in holy wedlock to a lawyer, and not to a clergyman. It was before "*The Shady Side, or a Life in a Country Parsonage*" was written. Still she knew what kind of a life is led in many a Parsonage, and what some of the burdens of a Pastor's wife were. It was a great cross for the ambitious, rising lawyer, to break the news to his equally ambitious wife.

"One morning she came unexpectedly into my chamber, and found me on my knees. She made no apology; she uttered not a word. Instead of retiring, she threw herself beside me, put her arm upon my shoulder, and remained kneeling until the close of the prayer. It was but the beginning of the end. Yet was she a worldly woman, and sought the honors of the world for her husband. I knew not what to do. I could not broach the subject without a contest with emotions which I desired to gratify."

He formed a plan, which thereafter he always followed. When a resolution was formed, he would quietly carry it into effect, and meet the storm afterwards. His wife had no suspicions of what was coming. He sent her away to his sister, whilst he made his arrangements to study Theology. When he returned to his wife, he felt that he could keep silence no longer.

"I could not at once disclose my plans to my wife, and was saved that painful interview by the suspicion of Mr. Taft, who told her that he believed I was going to be a clergyman! She laughed at him; but she saw a change in my deportment, and began to suspect it herself. I told her all. She went to her chamber and wept, and for a long time. But she came down, subdued indeed, but placid as a lamb, and simply said, 'It is all over now; I am ready.'"

This couple was well mated. Both had strong minds, and were constitutionally self-willed. In their characters were combined elements of strength and weakness. The ambitious lawyer becomes an humble and untiring pastor, and one of the great lights of the New York pulpit. The accomplished wife of the young lawyer, worldly and aspiring, becomes, by the grace of God, a model of a

pastor's wife, and the mother of sixteen children. Aside of her corpse, the stricken husband, his once tall and robust form bowed beneath the burden of many laborious years, moans thus over his loss.

"I have been her husband, and she my wife, for four-and-fifty years; our attachment has been mutual, and strong and sweet to the end. I had no friend on earth in whom I had such reliance; no counsellor so wise; no comforter so precious. For the last thirty years we have rarely differed in opinion; when we did, I generally found she was right and I was wrong; and when I persevered in my judgment, she knew how to yield her wishes to mine, and would sometimes say, with a smile, 'God has set the man above the woman. You are *king*, my husband; but I am the queen.' In her person, she was beautiful even to old age; in youth I have never known a more attractive woman. I bless God that I had such a wife—that I had her at all, and that I had her so long. But, alas for me! My darling wife, I give you joy; but what shall I do without you? I cannot look to earth; clouds darken on my pathway now."

The life and history of Dr. Spring abound with useful lessons. In his prime many regarded him as an "old foggy," unprogressive, and not abreast with the times. This arose from his steadfast adherence to the plain, clear teachings of the Gospel. He never resorted to the clap-trap methods of sensational preachers. He would not allow any pressure of the press or public opinion to divert him from the plain duties and proprieties of his office. He started in his ministry as Pastor of the Brick Church, in 1810, and continued therein till 1873. His father was pastor of a church over forty years. These long pastorates of the fathers are fruitful in blessings, and are a most pleasing lesson to study.

A very singular incident in his closing life is his second marriage. Whether this was wise or unwise, we will let our readers judge, giving his own version of the story.

"I never thought I could love another. But I was advanced beyond my three-score years and ten, and partially blind, and needed a helper fitted to my age and condition; no one needs such a helper more than a man in my advanced years. I sought, and God gave me another wife. Only a few days more than a year after the death of Mrs. Spring, on the 14th August, 1861, I was married to Abba Grosvenor Williams. She is the heiress of a large property, and retains it in her own hands. She is intent on her duty as a wife, watchful of my wants, takes good care of me, is an excellent housekeeper, and instead of adding to the expenses of my household, shares them with her husband. Not until after our mutual engagement was entered into, did we know that we were descended from the same stock, and that our great grandmothers *were sisters.*"

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothing to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin'?"
And that's what I say to wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine.
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course, there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson, they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister, he went on to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'.'

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
But once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah! says I, for the minister,
Of course I said it quiet;
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin',
And a nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, That sermon's pat,
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' folks
Won't take the application.

Now if he had said a word about
 My personal mode o' sinnin',
 I'd have gone to work to right myself,
 And not set here a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
 "And now I've come to the fellers
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
 As sort o' moral umbrellers.
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brothers';
 Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
 You've tried to fit for others."


My wife, she nudged, and Brown, he winked,
 And there was lots o' smilin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
 It sot my blood a bilin',
 Says I to myself, our minister
 Is gettin' a little bitter;
 I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
 Ain't at all that kind of critter.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A tourist who was asked in what part of Europe he felt the heat most, replied: "When I was going to Berne."

A young fellow offered to bet the principal of a young ladies' seminary, who was boasting of the proficiency of his pupils, that he hadn't a girl in his school who would "decline" a husband.

An old farmer, on being informed the other day that one of the judges owed him a grudge, growled out, "No matter; he never pays anything."

 The next number of the *GUARDIAN* will begin a new year. Now is the most convenient time to subscribe. We earnestly request our friends in time to renew the clubs of subscribers. Those wishing to discontinue should inform us of their intention soon, before the January number will be sent out.

The next issue will be a Christmas number, which, besides its usual variety, will contain the first of a series of articles by the Editor, on "Reminiscences of the Civil War." *Publishers.*

PRAGUE, BOHEMIA.

BY N. C. S.

It was late on Saturday evening when our party reached the above named city. The hotels were crowded by strangers, who had come to witness the ceremonies of the following day. Nine hundred years had elapsed since the foundation of the *Praguer Bisthum* (Bishopric); this event was celebrated by a series of exercises, which lasted from the latter part of August until the beginning of October. The interest reached its climax on the 28th of September, the day on which pious Bohemians invoke their patron Saint, the Holy Wenceslaus. Early in the morning the streets began to resound with the music of brass bands, the chants of priests and monks, and the measured tread of military parades. These were all on their way to the northern suburbs, from which a grand procession was to start at 9 o'clock, and proceed to the Cathedral known as St. Veit's Dom. Meanwhile crowds of people came streaming into the city. Many of them approached the knightly statue of St. Wenceslaus with uncovered heads and knelt down before it to say their prayers. Others hastened to the chapel where his body lies buried. At first I could not understand why everybody was anxious to touch the iron ring which is held by the jaws of a lion's head fastened to the door, but the mystery became plain as soon as I learned that this was the ring to which the Saint clung when he was murdered by his brother. In the main auditory of the Dom, women could be seen confessing their sins to priests through latticed partitions. By moving along with the crowd I found my way into the imperial palace, which is open to the public, whenever the ex-emperor is not at home, but on this occasion the rabble soon became so unmanageable that the doors had to be closed for the remainder of the day. At last the long expected procession came, the flying banners with embroidered crosses, the waving crests of the soldiers, and the long array of priests and monks robed in black, singing spiritual songs, inspired the crowd with awe, and many took off their hats out of reverence. The ceremonies were of an imposing character, sermons were preached in different languages, the people uncovered their heads, bowed, knelt and crossed themselves at given signals

with military precision. Of course, a ritual of this kind must be seen in order to be appreciated; a description would only weary the reader. After the services were over, the citizens returned to their homes to eat the customary goose and a species of small round cake called, *Böhmische Kolatschen*. The rabble went to the public saloons where there was music and dancing during the whole afternoon and evening.

The St. Wenceslaus here spoken of, must not be confounded with a later King of the same name, who seems to have been more like a beast than a human being. It was he who threatened to destroy every hamlet inhabited by Germans. Fortunately he was prevented from carrying out his design by the victorious career of Rudolph, the founder of the present dynasty of Austria. Towards his own people his conduct was no better. In a fit of rage he kicked his wife that she died from the effects, and because the priest Nepomuk refused to disclose the contents of her confession, the King drowned him in the Nooldau. This occurred March 21, 1383, but the body was not found until the 16th of May. A statue marks the place on the bridge where he was thrown into the river. Thither thousands of pilgrims repair for the purpose of kissing the cross at the feet of the statue. Those coming from Moravia wear white mantles and red or green pantaloons. Many sleep on the bridge for several nights in succession, which they do with perfect safety, because during the festal week, horses and carts must cross the river elsewhere. Divine services are also held on the bridge, the neighboring island is illuminated by fire-works; and the surface of the river is covered with small boats having dim lights and carrying brass bands, which play at intervals to increase the magnificence of the occasion.

At sunset, I was promenading on the heights of Belvidere, watching the golden tints of the western sky. The one hundred towers for which Prague is noted, reminded me of the county seat of my native county; but the noise and the tumult presented a strange contrast with the quietness of that city on Sunday evening. I made some remark to this effect to an aged man with whom I had entered into conversation. His reply was: "In former times things were different here too. When Sunday morning came every business place was closed. But in the tumultuous days of 1848, things were turned topsy-turvy. The people declared that as they were compelled to pay tax for a whole year, it was no more than right to make money on every one of the 365 days. The Bishops in vain protested, saying, that business transactions should not be allowed to disturb the divine services on the Sabbath." My own opinion is that the example of the rulers only encourages this state of things. In Vienna, I watched very close-

ly for the emperor in St. Stefan's Cathedral, where he has an elevated seat, partitioned off by glass windows, but he was not there. In the afternoon I saw him and the King of Italy drive a four horse team. They were on their way to the international horse races! If such be the example of the monarch, what else can be expected of his people?

While looking down from these heights upon the ancient buildings of Prague, a person can not help thinking of the mighty events which have transpired in this city. It was here that the great reformer, John Huss, exposed the vices and heresies of the Romish Church, and taught those truths for which he was burned at the stake and his ashes thrown into the Rhine, lest some disciple might collect and preserve them as a sacred relic. The servants of the palace still point out the window from which the mob cast the two statesmen, Slawata and Martinitz, and their private Secretary, Fabricius, thereby occasioning the well-known Thirty Years' War. The place, where they fell, is now a garden. In those days it was covered with manure, a fact which explains why they did not hurt themselves in falling a distance of at least eighty feet. About one hundred and forty years later, the city was saved from coming into the hands of Frederick the Great by an accident, the particulars of which are known to but few. The Austrian army, 50,000 strong, had taken refuge within the walls for the purpose of defending themselves against the victorious Prussians. The keen-eyed king perceived that the heights of the Belvidere were left unprotected. A few cannon on these heights would have placed the enemy's troops at his mercy, and enabled him to dictate terms of peace to the Austrian government. The capture of a city with 50,000 soldiers by storm, and in broad day light, would be regarded fabulous if recorded in the annals of war; nevertheless such a feat would certainly have been accomplished, had not a monk while taking his morning walk perceived a cloud of dust in the distance. He immediately repaired to the observatory, and by means of a spy-glass, saw an approaching squadron of cavalry. The Austrian commander was informed of the danger; several thousand Kroatians were sent to occupy the heights, the Prussians came a few minutes too late, and the war lasted six years longer. A little thing has more than once determined the fate of a nation.

In Prague, we also have relics of the persecution which the Jews were obliged to undergo during the middle ages, in almost every European city. They still pay three times as much tax as the other inhabitants. An old synagogue, that was dug out of the ground, is still on exhibition. Men are required to keep on their hats when they enter this Sanctuary; women are never admitted,

they can only see the inside through a glass-window from a small side room. The neighboring grave-yard is said to be over 1200 years old. This is very likely a mistaken supposition. The stone which is made the basis of this reckoning has on it the figures 606. Without doubt this date should be 1606, because the stone in question does not look near as old as many others which have a more recent date. Here too there are unmistakable traces of persecution. Having no other place in which to bury their dead, they were forced to fill up with ground so that now five layers of dead bodies are buried one upon the other. My guide also pointed out the wire which encloses that part of the city in which all the Jews were formerly obliged to live. A clock in this part of the city has Hebrew numerals, the hands moving contrary to the usual direction. The clock on the Rathshaus is, however, a far more interesting curiosity. It strikes up to 24, shows the hour, day, month, and all the festivals of the entire year, and represents the phases of the moon and the aspect of the heavens. Just before the clock strikes, two windows open; the twelve apostles pass by in a procession; Peter stretches his hands towards heaven; John pronounces a benediction; Paul nods and Thomas shakes his head; each one does something. On one side stands a man with a money bag in his hand; on the other an image of death inverts a sand glass, rings a bell and shakes its head. The popular interpretation is, that the man with the money bag represents a rich Jew, who tries to bribe death to spare him but in vain. Truly the words of the prophet have been fulfilled, that the name of the Jews should become a by-word among all nations.

THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF "CANAL PACKETS."

BY THE EDITOR.

The old style of travelling is rapidly going out of favor and out of practice. The heavy four-horse coaches, hung on huge leathern straps are rarely found, save along the outskirts of civilization. And the slow and tedious sailing vessel, finds few patrons since the brisk commodious steamers offer to the traveller greater comfort and speed. Yet some of the old-fashioned forms of travelling were not without their comforts and amusements.

So far as I know, "Canal Packets" have entirely gone out of use in this country. It is not very many years since these miniature ships were wholly supplanted by the Railroad train. The travel-

ling on "the raging canal" had its advantages. One could thereby get a voyage without peril or pain. No storm, however violent, could disturb the calm canal, or the steady motion of the boat. There you could make a journey by water without getting sea-sick. You were not annoyed by the sickening odor of the ship, which itself is sufficient to turn one's stomach. To be sure, you could not career over and enjoy the scenery of the grand old ocean. The roaring, rolling waves, the huge ship in long and laborious gallops careering over them, are more picturesque and impressive as seen in a description, than from the deck of a storm-tossed vessel. Besides, the most poetic taste soon tires of the monotonous watery waste, unrelieved by plants and varying landscape.

The canal packet would bear you leisurely on your journey, at the rate of four miles an hour. The most fearful and nervous persons felt safe, within twenty yards of the shore. Of fire and boiler-explosions there was no danger, the patient trusty horses being the only motive power. Often it would traverse districts abounding in beautiful scenery. Its slow and steady progress gave you ample time to enjoy this. And many a pleasant word of greeting could be exchanged with the people laboring and living along the canal.

The "packet" was philosophically planned. As its name indicated, its grand problem was to pack the largest possible number of people into the smallest space. This had a two-fold effect, either to promote pleasant social intercourse, or unpleasant friction. Persons of kindly disposition would readily take to one another. Many a one has found a life-long friend on the deck of a "canal packet." The giddy and the gay found those of kindred tastes, who would soon be started in all the frivolous trashy talk in which such people excel. Persons of angular, sour disposition were sure soon to emit sparks on somebody, or strike them from others. Few places were better adapted to bring to view the manners and disposition of a person than "the canal packet."

Sometimes the tedium of the voyage would be relieved by some startling accident, which afforded the passengers material for amusing conversation. One of these is vividly impressed upon my memory. My two Buckeye brethren, Rev. S. Mease, of the *Christian World*, and Rev. P. C. Prugh, of the Church of the Cross, Cincinnati, were fellow-voyagers. We made a student's tour to Ohio. Somewhere beyond Pittsburgh, we travelled by canal. Among the crowd was a boisterous brawling skeptic, who did his best to annoy the passengers with his impious talk. It was our first canal voyage; indeed our first voyage of any kind, save our little exploits in fishing boats. Night came on us, and it was a very dark night. Where can all these people sleep? one would naturally ask. The

boat had but one long room or cabin, ten or twelve feet wide. At both sides three rows of narrow beds were arranged like shelves, one above the other. There the compressed crowd, people of various callings, climes and creeds, were laid away on the shelf. Quietly they submitted to their fate. Soon naught was heard but the heavy breathing of the sleepers. A few snorers kept up an unearthly noise. My travelling on packets has afforded me an opportunity of studying the philosophy of snoring. It has its swells and cadences, its short and long sounds, like music. Many were in the habit of beginning on a low soft key, gradually they would rise. In force and expression the sounds increased. Strange, how a man asleep can keep time as accurately as the leader of an orchestra with his baton. Louder and louder grew the unconscious snore, until at length it exploded in a terrific snort, which seemed to shake the very timbers of the boat. The compressed force must find an outlet; the boiler explodes, and "nobody is hurt." While we were wrapped in gentle sleep, our boat collided. If I remember rightly, the shock butted our heads against the headboard of the berth. The noise of the collision occurring when all were asleep, sounded like the crash of doom. A short ominous hush followed. Then began the uproar. Such a headlong tumbling out of bed cannot be adequately described. Surely the sides of the boat must somewhere be broken through! Did we not hear the timbers crack? The large trunks on deck might fall into our berth! Hark! The water is already rushing through the saloon! All is fright and confusion. The ladies, of course, shriek! dear, oh dear what shall we do? The children cry. The contents of the shelves are emptied on the floor. Pell mell they tumble out. In the excited hurry to escape for their lives, some cannot find their boots, others try to put on the garments of their neighbor's. The captain coolly assures the terrified crew that there is no danger. Axes are brought to take up part of the floor, to ascertain whether "the ship has sprung a leak." They find water, the sight of which starts the panic afresh. Through two or three inches some made their way to the deck. For an hour or two it never seemed to occur to these panic-stricken travellers, that the boat was within ten paces from the shore, and that any or all of them could in less than five minutes be safely landed on terra firma. In short, it was "a tempest in a tea-pot," but produced for a short time, all the consternation of an accident on mid-ocean.

Before the Northern Central Railroad was extended from Harrisburg to Williamsport, Pa., the "Canal packet" was the means of summer travel between these places. Many of our readers have seen the scenery along this part of the Susquehanna. You

get but a faint impression of it from the Railroad train. To take in the whole, in all its varied beauty and grandeur, you must leisurely jog along on the "canal packet," with a group of a dozen or more persons around you, who are capable of enjoying such scenery. You must get up at early dawn, and see the sun peep up from behind the mountains. With the ripple of the water against the keel of the boat, and the occasional shout of the steersman to the boy-driver and the lock tender, mingle the morning melodies of innumerable birds. From the tall mountain tops down to the green meadows in the valleys, receding from the river bank, their sweet songs are heard in praise to the great Creator. About the farm-houses, in view from the canal, you see the milk-maids, with their large pails under the patient cows, busy at their work in the barn-yards. How refreshing, too, is the pure bracing morning air, after breathing the close, confined, sickly atmosphere of the quarters below deck. You attend to your toilet on deck, at the head of the narrow stairway. You take a tin ladle, with a long handle, fastened to a chain, and dip water out of the canal into a tin basin, and hurry through the performance with soap and towel that scores have used before you, while a dozen are standing at your elbow, watching and waiting impatiently for you to make room for them.

As the time for breakfast approached, all had to vacate their beds, to make room for the tables. The bedding was packed away under the seats or lower berths; a row of long narrow tables was improvised. Frequently there was a rude scrambling to get at the first table. Scores of the less courteous passengers stationed themselves at one end of the cabin, while the table was being spread, meanwhile venting their rude sport upon the active colored waiters. Scarcely could they wait till the ladies had been seated. Then each rushed for a chair with tumultuous violence, some of them rudely seizing and wholly appropriating a favorite dish, regardless of the wants of others. Furiously they fell to. One took possession of a plate of omelets, another of a pile of buckwheat cakes, in a grab-game style.

Frequently, when crowded, many had to sleep on the floor. With the greatest good-humor some bore their discomfort, whilst others annoyed their neighbors with their growling ill-temper. In the spring of the year the packet was usually crowded with lumber men or raftsmen. They were a set of rough, hardy mountaineers, given to drunkenness and profanity. They abounded in boisterous quarrels, and not unfrequently frightened the more timid passengers with their fights. There was no way of getting away from such annoyances. The packet was a little world in itself, where one had a chance to study human nature and the diverse dispositions of people.

How charming were the sunsets from the packet deck along the Susquehanna! The broad river, rolling calmly along the deep great furrow which it has wrought through these high mountain ranges, long ages ago; the beautiful, ever-changing landscape; the gorgeous coloring of the western sky; the peaceful hush of eventide; scores of delighted people seated on the deck, some humming familiar hymns, others merrily chatting; all gently floating along without a single unpleasant motion of the boat, giving you ample time to see and enjoy the scene through which you passed, without a sight or sound to mar the enjoyment. With joy I remember it all. You may laugh at the slow "canal packets," but with all their annoyances, they afforded enjoyments which the noisy, rushing Railroad train lacks.

After dark the people amused themselves to suit their respective tastes. Some of a more poetical turn of mind, kept on deck to enjoy the starry heavens and the night scenery. Below deck others gathered in groups for conversation; some played cards, whilst others intently pored over their books and newspapers. Sometimes the evening would be spent in a more religious way. One of these I remember with pleasure. Quite a number of Reformed and Presbyterian ministers were on board. The former on their way to attend the annual meeting of the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church, the latter to attend the annual meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Philadelphia. With the consent of the Captain, a religious service was held in the crowded cabin. The late Dr. Edward Yeomans delivered a touching address, all aglow with Christian love; Rev. A. G. Dole led in prayer; a hymn or two was sung. A solemn subdued feeling seemed to pervade the whole meeting, in which all on board felt a deep interest.

One incident of a night voyage I have special reason to remember. It was at the beginning of my ministry at Lewisburg, Pa. I "bunked" in one of the lower berths. Scarcely two feet above me lay a burly, rotund traveller, of over two hundred pounds; in dimensions and appearance resembling a prosperous English Squire, or Sir John Falstaff, if you please. I had often had misgivings as to the safety of these nether berths, still hoped for the best. In due time I turned in, and soon was soundly asleep, until startled with a crash overhead, attended by a stunning blow on my forehead, leaving a bleeding gash. The cord on which the fat sleeper's bed hung broke, and the wooden edge of the berth frame saw fit to fall on my face, with all his weight on top. I had barely enough of consciousness left to see the crest-fallen stranger sprawling on all-fours on the floor, like an overgrown frog. The impression of a fractured skull unfits one to relish a ludicrous scene, which this fallen neighbor very strikingly presented, in his

awkward way of getting out of bed surveying the havoc he had made on his knees, horrified at the thought that he might have broken my skull, whilst I wiped the blood from my aching forehead. Many a curious question was provoked by the black face of the pastor, to whose people such a mark was a serious annoyance.

Charles Dickens gives a graphic description of his experience on one of these "packets," running between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh:

"At about six o'clock in the evening, all the small tables were put together to form one long table, and everybody sat down to tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham chops, black puddings and sausages. There is no doubt the meal was disposed of somewhat ravenously, and that the gentlemen thrust the broad-bladed knives and the two-pronged forks further down their throats than I ever saw the same weapons go before, except in the hands of a skillful juggler; but no man sat down until the ladies were seated, or omitted any little act of politeness which could contribute to their comfort.

"By the time the meal was over, it became feasible to go on deck. It was somewhat embarrassing at first, to have to duck nimbly every five minutes, whenever the man at the helm cried 'Bridge!' and sometimes, when the cry was 'Low Bridge!' to lie down nearly flat. The night was cloudy yet, but moonlight too; and when we crossed the Susquehanna river, it was wild and grand. I have mentioned my having been in some uncertainty and doubt relative to the sleeping arrangements on board this boat. I remained in the same vague state of mind until 10 o'clock, or thereabouts, when going below, I found suspended on either side of the cabin, three long tiers of hanging book-shelves, designed apparently for volumes of the small octavo size. Looking with greater attention at these contrivances, I descried on each shelf a sort of microscopic sheet or blanket; then I began dimly to comprehend that the passengers were the library, and that they were to be arranged, edge-wise, on these shelves, till morning.

"The politeness of the person in authority had secured to me a shelf in a nook near this red curtain, (which formed the partition wall between the ladies and gentlemen's apartments,) in some degree removed from the great body of sleepers. I found it, on after measurement, just the width of an ordinary sheet Bath post letter-paper; and I was at first in some uncertainty as to the best means of getting into it. I was much alarmed on looking upward, to see, by the shape of his half yard of sacking, (which his weight had bent into an exceedingly tight bag,) that there was a very heavy gentleman above me, whom the slender cords seemed quite incapable of

holding ; and I could not help reflecting upon the grief of my wife and family in the event of his coming down in the night. * * * *
As to the ladies, they were already a-bed, behind the red curtain, which was carefully drawn and pinned up at the centre ; though as every cough, or sneeze, or whisper, behind this curtain, was perfectly audible before it, we had still a lively consciousness of their society. * * * And yet despite these oddities—and even they had, for me at least, a humor of their own—there was much in this mode of travelling which I heartily enjoyed at the time, and look back upon with great pleasure. Even the running up, bare-necked, at five o'clock in the morning, from the tainted cabin to the dirty deck ; scooping up the icy water, plunging one's head into it, and drawing it out, all fresh and glowing with cold, was a good thing. The fast, brisk walk upon the towing-path, between that time and breakfast, when every vein and artery seemed to tingle with health ; the exquisite beauty of the opening day, when light came gleaming off from everything ; the lazy motion of the boat, when one lay idly on the deck, looking through, rather than at the deep blue sky ; the gliding on at night, so noiselessly, past frowning hills, sullen with dark trees, and sometimes angry in one red burning spot high up, where unseen men lay crouching round a fire ; all these were pure delights."

THE FLOWERS OF THE BIBLE.

BY KIRKLAND.

One can easily understand why Palestine has been famous for honey. There are inexhaustible ranges for bees, feasts of sweetness ; and wild honey can be gathered from the rocks to-day as in David's time. Where there is no more showy growth, sweet herbs are abundant. Scarce a mountain so barren but tufts of hyssop or sage or thyme find fissures through which their searching roots suck moisture, and, with the wondrous alchemy of vegetation, transmute the life they draw from seeming barrenness to pungent flavor and perfume. Even amid desert sands, here and there a stalk of lavender and rosemary can be found ; and one of the dreary mountains of stony Petra is clothed with fennel.

The southern part of Palestine is less fertile than the northern ; there is no such rankness of grass, and profusion of flowers, as on the plains of Galilee and Samaria. Still the neighborhood of Hebron, which is the first entered by the way of the desert, is one

of exceptional richness and beauty—the more apparent from the sterility of the region below. The Sinaitic peninsula is meager in vegetation; probably far more so now than when the Israelites wandered amid its flinty wastes. There is not much variety nor brilliance in its productions—here and there a clump of palms, where a little underground moisture suffices for the spongy roots; the “burning-bush;” much broom, with its canopy of white flowers; shrubs of myrrh clinging to the rocks; a few little blue and yellow-flowered plants of prickly herbage, on which the camels love to feed; acacia, tamarisk, willow, hawthorn, and hollyhock, along the ravines; some beautiful flowers, and plenty of herbs; but, in general, desolation and barrenness in comparison with the Promised Land. But, as one approaches the south country, the aspect changes. Around Beersheba it seems a struggle between desert and cultivation; even there, however, hyacinths, crocuses, lilies, and other elegant flowers, bloom on the very outskirts of the waste. Then, all at once, a new scene opens to the delighted eye. So fair, said one, was Hebron, with its velvety sward spotted with daisies and blood-red anemones, with its “white roses on their brier-bushes,” that it was like a glimpse of a green nook in England. No other such blooming spot presents itself until we reach Shechem, which is almost a paradise.

Though there is a great apparent variety in the character of the soil of Palestine, and mountain-ridges and dry water-courses contrast with rich plains and valleys, the general appearance is that of sterility. But this must, to a considerable degree, be deceptive; for the land once so rich in corn and oil, and capable of supporting such a large population, would, under careful management and irrigation, prove fruitful again. Many of the best fruits of the earth adapt themselves easily to the climate, and yield rich returns. Under no conditions, however, could any other portions compare with some of the upper plains, which are marvellous for fertility. Near by where Jacob’s sons took their flocks when the grass nearer home had dried up, the white clover grows to the height of two feet; and grass intermingled with wild oats and daisies grow so tall, that a man riding on horseback finds their tops reaching to the horse’s shoulders, and the sheep and goats feeding there can hardly be seen—like the rich bottom-lands of the West for fertility, says one.

It is there, and on Carmel and Tabor and the neighboring hills, that flowers most abound. The south country is by far outrivalled by Sharon and Tabor and the regions around Nazareth and Capernaum. Those broad levels and grassy slopes are variegated like our Western prairies. The flowers are a wonder for profusion, gorgeousness, and variety. You cannot set your foot down

without crushing them; and their brilliance is unsurpassable. One writer speaks of being at Carmel in April, and counting forty-four kinds of flowers immediately around him, without including all. They were perishable, and would be gone in a month. Here are a few of those which he noticed: "Tall red hollyhocks, pink convolutions, valerian, a beautiful large red liliun, gladiolus, cerum, red tulip, ranunculus (large and red), pheasant's-eye of endless varieties, cyclamen," etc., and many very handsome flowering-shrubs. To the list, either in bloom then, or to come later, might doubtless be added iris, crocus, and hyacinth of almost every hue; mallows, linum, cistus, geranium; the little white flower called Star of Bethlehem; orchid, daisy, pink, rose, and poppy; anemone, tulip, narcissus, amaryllis; a splendid hibiscus; and many others.—*Christian Banner*.

REST.

The mind is best rested by diversion to a different subject of thought, or by muscular activities; the most complete rest is that which sleep gives; after great mental excitement sleep is often impossible, but if there is diversion in muscular occupation for a while refreshing sleep will follow.

Rachel, the greatest tragic actor of her day, on returning to her rooms after a theatrical performance of an extraordinarily exciting character, found most rest in changing the furniture of the room, or from one room to another. This had the double effect of diverting the blood from the brain, and of giving exit to the nervous excitement through the muscles.

Some persons, at the end of a public address, find themselves in such a state of mental excitement that they cannot rest, especially as the mind will run back on the performance, going round in a circle all the time. Such should go at once into lively company, or engage in active exercise or exciting work; if these are not practicable, the perusal of a newspaper or book of short sentences or proverbs is a good substitute.

If from any cause a man feels himself almost exhausted, mentally or muscularly, a cup of hot black tea affords an instantaneous and most delightful relief.

If very tired physically, lie on the back, knees drawn up, the hands clasped above the head, or resting on the elbows, the forearm at right angles, and the hand hanging over by the bend of the wrists.

Some persons are best rested by lying on the face for a while. Sometimes persons become tired and restless in bed, being waked up, and cannot go to sleep again. Rest and sleep may be often had by getting up and using a

TOWEL BATH,

thus: Take a towel, dip a corner of it in water, cold or warm, as is most agreeable, lay the dampened part flat on the hand, and with mouth shut and breast protruding, rub the whole surface of the body, fast and hard, as far as can be reached in every direction, and then go to bed again; the feeling of refreshment and vigor, from such an operation, properly performed, is often-times most agreeable, to be followed by quick and delicious sleep, provided the mind is not bent on disagreeable topics. If so, it is better to get up, dress, and go to work, or take a trot on a horse, even if it be at midnight. These turmoils and wrestlings of the mind at night must be terrible.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE YOUNG BANKER IN NEW YORK.

I have just come across a letter from an eminent clergyman to his son who was then in college, and is now one of the most successful business men in New York.

“It is easy, my son, to tell you how to be happy. *Set your heart on God.* Say to yourself, God made me, and has a right to me, and shall have my whole heart. Make it your business to prepare to be useful. Do nothing merely because you love to, unless it be right, and wise, and good. Do nothing that you will have to deny you did. Do nothing that you will be ashamed of having done. Do right. Do unto others as you would that they should do to you. Be the best scholar you can be. Lose no time; time is money. “Read your Bible daily, and every day pray for heavenly wisdom. Refuse to be found in the company of vile men. Remember that *character* is made up of *morsels*; every look and gesture, word and smile and frown constitutes each its distinct morsel of that character.

“O my son, you cannot cease to be till the sun goes out, and time runs out, and eternity wears out, and God shall cease to be. Now one that must live so long, and whose happiness through all that long life depends wholly on *character*, cannot take too much pains in forming that character just right. I embrace religion, of

course, in my calculations respecting character. What will render us estimable in the sight of God as well as in the sight of men, is above all price.

"It will soon be too late. The college character is fixed the first year; and the character for life fixed in college, and the character for *eternity*, fixed in *early life*. Now you must love your Maker, or what can you love? Must care for what He says, or whom can you care for, or what? How tremendous are the months that are now rolling over you—months that will tell on your character and destiny, when myriads of ages have rolled away."—*American Messenger*.

LAND POOR.

BY ROBERT COLLINS.

I've had another offer, wife—a twenty acres more,
Of high and dry parairie land, as level as a floor,
I thought I'd wait and see you first, as Lawyer Brady said,
To tell how things will turn out best, a woman is ahead.

And when the lot is paid for, and we have got the deed,
I'll say that I am satisfied,—it's all the land we need.
And next we'll see about the yard, and fix the house up some,
And manage in the course of time to have a better home.

WIFE.

There is no use of talking, Charles,—you buy that twenty more,
And we'll go skimping all our lives, and always be Land Poor.
For thirty years we've tugged and saved, denying half our needs,
While all we have to show for it is tax receipts and deeds!

I'd sell the land if it were mine, and have a better home,
With broad, light rooms to front the street, and take life as it come.
If we could live as others live, and have what others do,
We'd live enough sight pleasanter, and have a plenty too.

While others have amusements, and luxury and books,
Just think how stingy we have lived, and how this old place looks.
That other farm you bought of Wells, that took so many years
Of clearing up, and fencing in, has cost me many tears.

Yes, Charles, I've thought of it a hundred times or more,
And wondered if it really paid to always be Land Poor;
That had we built a cozy house, took pleasure as it come,
Our children once so dear to us, had never left our home.

I grieve to think of wasted weeks, and years, and months, and days,
While for it all we never yet have had one word of praise.
Men call us rich, but we are poor,—would we not freely give
The land with all its fixtures, for a better way to live?

Don't think I'm blaming you, Charles,—you are not a whit to blame,
I've pitied you these many years, to see you tired and lame.
It's just the way we started out, our plans too far ahead;
We've worn the cream of life away, to leave too much when dead.

'Tis putting off enjoyments long after we enjoy,
And after all, too much of wealth seems useless as a toy,
Although we've learned, alas, too late! what all must learn at last,
Our brightest earthly happiness is buried in the past.

That life is short and full of care, the end is always nigh,
We seldom half begin to live before we're doomed to die,
Were I to start my life again, I'd mark each separate day,
And never let a single one pass unenjoyed away.

If there were things to envy, I'd have them now and then,
And have a home that was a home, and not a cage or pen.
I'd sell some land if it were mine, and fill up well the rest,
I've always thought, and think so yet,—small farms well worked, are best.

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden-fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sabbath morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to Church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since faded, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE ACCURATE BOY.

There was a young man once in the office of a Western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and "it paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand-boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did because he was just right.

And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's column, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way ; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE BIBLE.

Here are some examples of men and women who have shown their love for the Scriptures by studying them.

The Emperor Theodosius wrote out the whole New Testament with his own hand, and read some parts of it every day. Theodosius the Second committed a great part of the Scriptures. George, prince of Transylvania, read over the Scriptures twenty-seven times. Alphonsus, king of Arragon, read the Scriptures over, together with a large commentary, fourteen times.

Sir Henry Wotton, after his customary public devotions, used to retire to his study, and there spend some hours in reading the Bible. Sir John Harop, in like manner, amid his other vocations, made the Book of God so much his study, that it lay before him night and day. James Bonnel, Esq., made the Holy Scriptures his constant and daily study ; he read them, he meditated upon them, he prayed over them. M. De Renty, a French nobleman, used to read daily three chapters of the Bible, with his head uncovered, and on his bended knees.

Lady Frances Hobart read the Psalms over twelve times a year, the New Testament thrice, and the other parts of the Old Testament once. Susanna, Countess of Suffolk, for the last seven years of her life read the whole Bible over twice annually.

The Sunday-School Drawer.

SPASMODIC PIETY.—A quaint writer compares a certain class of professors of religion to “sheet-iron stoves, heated by shavings.” When there is a little reviving in the Church they all at once flame up and become exceedingly warm and zealous. They are ready to chide the pastor and the brethren for their coldness and want of activity. But alas! the shavings are soon burned out, and the heat goes down as it went up. They are never seen in the prayer-room, or more spiritual meeting of the Church again, until there is another excitement. If such people had not souls they would not be worth taking into the Church. They encumber it, though they may themselves receive benefit from a connection with it.

A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT.—I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely-dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, “I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?” A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheel-barrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go in the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. “Wait,” said the young girl, springing forward, “I’ll hold the gate open.” And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. “She deserves to have beautiful clothes,” I thought, “for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast.”

NEVER TRIFLE WITH THE TRUTH.—A little boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral, the minister said that, “the boy was killed by a lie, which another boy told with his finger.” I suppose that the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course, nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun, but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and if he ever heard of the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.

HOW TO ADDRESS CHILDREN.—Theodore L. Cuyler says: “The secret of addressing children well is to help them to think up toward your level, instead of trying to talk down to their level. As to language, I doubt whether a minister ought ever to use a word in any of his sermons which an average lad of twelve years cannot understand. The great Teacher never used a big word” This is valuable advice. Children are too often

addressed as if they were idiots ; while all the time it is the speaker who is in danger of making himself what he supposes the children to be. Old age runs backward, but childhood is ever advancing, and often overtakes the thinker and speaker of riper years. Therefore, speak with simplicity, but always give your highest and best thoughts to children.

LAST WORDS OF WILBERFORCE.—“Come and sit near me, and let me lean on you,” said Wilberforce to a friend, a few minutes before his death. Afterward, putting his arm around that friend, he said : “Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me ; I am happy. Think of me, and let the thought press you forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ my Saviour. READ THE BIBLE—READ THE BIBLE ! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other books, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study ; all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experiences and realities of religion, have been drawn from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do in the place of the simple truth of the Bible.”

TWO WAYS OF TEACHING.—I was travelling one day to W. in my Sunday-school work, and in trying to follow the directions given me for going “across lots,” so as to shorten my walk, became confused and lost the way. Coming to a boy picking strawberries, I asked him to set me right. Giving a flirt with his hand, but hardly looking up, he said ; “You see that house ?” “Yes.” “Well, go right on till you come to it, and then *take one of them roads there* and you’ll go straight to W.”

At another time I had been exploring a neighborhood, giving notice of a meeting, and found myself at sunset in a deep thickly wooded valley where a few Swede families had built their log cabins. There was no direct road to the place where I was to pass the night, so a little Swede girl volunteered to put me in a path which wound through the ravines and along the hill-sides directly to the house I wished to reach. She piloted me a quarter of a mile, and then showing me a very narrow way, and pointing out landmarks ahead, closed her directions by saying with much emphasis : “You follow that path there, *you must not turn off any where !*”

The speeches and the teachings I often hear in Sunday school remind me of these two incidents. I thought, from the boy’s remark, that *all* of “them roads there” led to W. But they didn’t. Only one was the right one. And I have been afraid that children, in these you-must be good boys and girls’ exhortations, get a very poor perception, if any at all, of what should be impressed upon each heart—“*You must follow that road there ; you must not turn off any where !*” Only one way leads through the strait gate into the kingdom. May my tongue ever bear the cry, JESUS THE WAY !

THE following figures are from the British Foreign Secretary’s report to Parliament, being the average daily rate paid to mechanics, after being reduced to our money : Austria, \$1 ; Belgium, 60 cents ; France, \$1 10 ; Denmark, 60 cents ; Italy, 40 cents ; Netherlands, 75 cents ; Norway, 60 cents ; Sicily, 30 cents ; Portugal, 40 cents ; Prussia, 75 cents ; Russia, 75 cents ; Sweden, 60 cents ; Switzerland, 60 cents.

Editor's Drawer.

AN æronaut has discovered that a woman's voice is audible at the height of two miles while a man's voice has never been heard higher than a mile.

DUNLOP says that in all European literature there are not more than three hundred distinct plots, and two hundred and fifty of these are earlier than Christianity, and had their origin in Asia. Almost all the newspaper jokes have reached a venerable age; all the Irish bulls on record are Greek.

A school-boy being requested to write a composition on the subject of "pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children—in fact whole families."

"How so?" asked the puzzled teacher; and the boy replied, "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

At a recent examination for admission to Bowdoin College the written papers for geography contained the following spelling: 'Iterly,' 'Merry-mac,' 'Perknobscot,' 'Mishigan,' 'Florady,' 'Missisuri,' 'Nareganset.' It was stated by one candidate that the Catskill Mountains were in Vermont, by another that they were in Pennsylvania. The Alps were placed in Asia. Stockholm was said to be in Holland, Berlin in Spain, Geneva in Italy, and Algiers in France. The Rhine was said to flow southeast and empty into the Atlantic, the Danube to flow westward and empty into the Baltic. By one pupil the Nile was said to empty into the Red Sea; by another into the Atlantic.

John G. Saxe sends the following to a temperance convention:

You have heard of "the snake in the grass,"
my boy,

Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know,
Man's deadliest foe

Is a snake of a different class.

Alas!

'Tis the venomous snake in the *glass*!

JOHN SMITH.—In Latin, is Johannes Smithus: the Italians smooth him off with Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render him Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts him as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten him out into Jean Smeet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonzofi Smittowski. When John gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; but if he clambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelandic says he is Sohne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras, he becomes Ton Qua

Smittia ; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittittiweiski ; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmidd ; when he goes to Mexico, he is booked as Jautli F'Smitti ; if of classic turn he mingles among Greek ruins, he turns Ion Smikton ; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as yourself, as Voe Self.

THE VALUE OF SPARE MINUTES.—Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting in the school-room for the tardy princess to whom she gave daily lessons.

Daguessau, one of the Chancellors of France, wrote an able and bulky work in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner.

Elihu Burritt, while earning his living as a blacksmith, learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, by simply improving his "odd moments."

A celebrated physician in London translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage on his daily rounds.

Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, writing down his thoughts in a memorandum book, which he carried for the purpose.

Kirke White also learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office.

Who uses minutes, has hours to use ;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

THE following is a list of some men of literary note in England who hold official positions: Arthur Helps is clerk of the Privy Council, an office from which he derives \$8500 a year. Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip von Artevelde*, has \$5000 a year as one of the senior clerks at the Colonial Office ; and J. W. Kaye, who began his literary life as the editor of an Indian journal, issued in London, and whose works on Indian history are so highly valued, is the political and secret secretary of the Indian Office. Mr. Dasent, formerly sub editor of the *Times*, a writer of novels and translations from the Norse, is the second civil service commissioner, at a salary of \$6000 ; while William Michael Rossetti, the poet and critic, has \$4000 a year as an assistant secretary at the Inland Revenue Office. W. Rathbone Greg, who succeeded McCulloch, the political economist, as the head official at the Stationery Office, enjoys \$7500 a year ; while Herman Merivale has \$10,000 as permanent under secretary at the Indian Office. Mr. Galton is a director of works at Whitehall ; Frank Buckland has \$3500 a year as inspector of salmon fisheries, and Lionel Brough \$3000 as an inspector of coal-mines. F. T. Palgrave is an examiner at the Educational Council Office, and Matthew Arnold holds the post of inspector of schools ; C. Pernel, the piscatorial writer, gets \$2500 as the inspector of oyster fisheries, while J. Glaisher, and Edwin Duncan do not get more between them for inspecting the stars. Mr. Henry Reeve, editor of the *Edinburg Review*, has a very good position ; while offices are also enjoyed by Mr. J. R. Planché, Sir T. Duffus Hardy, and Mr. T. Walker.

FROM the recent census it appears that there are 3 Greenlanders in the United States (who are they ? some of Barnum's curiosities ?), 2657 native Africans, 864 Asiatics, 63,042 Chinese (not including 518 Chinese born in this country), 40,289 Bohemians, 493,464 British Americans, 301 Central Americans, 5319 Cubans, 30,107 Danes, 116,402 French, 1,690,533 Germans, 550,924 English, 1,855,827 Irish, 140,835 Scotch, 74,533 Welsh, 46,802 Hollanders, 17,157 Italians, 114,226 Norwegians, 14,436 Poles, 4,644 Russians, 4,542 Portuguese, 584 Sandwich Islanders, 3,764 Spaniards, 97,332 Swedes, 75,153 Swiss, 302 Turks, at sea 2,638. The total foreign-born population is 5,567,229. The total native born population is 32,991,142.

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIVth volume, on the first of January 1873. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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